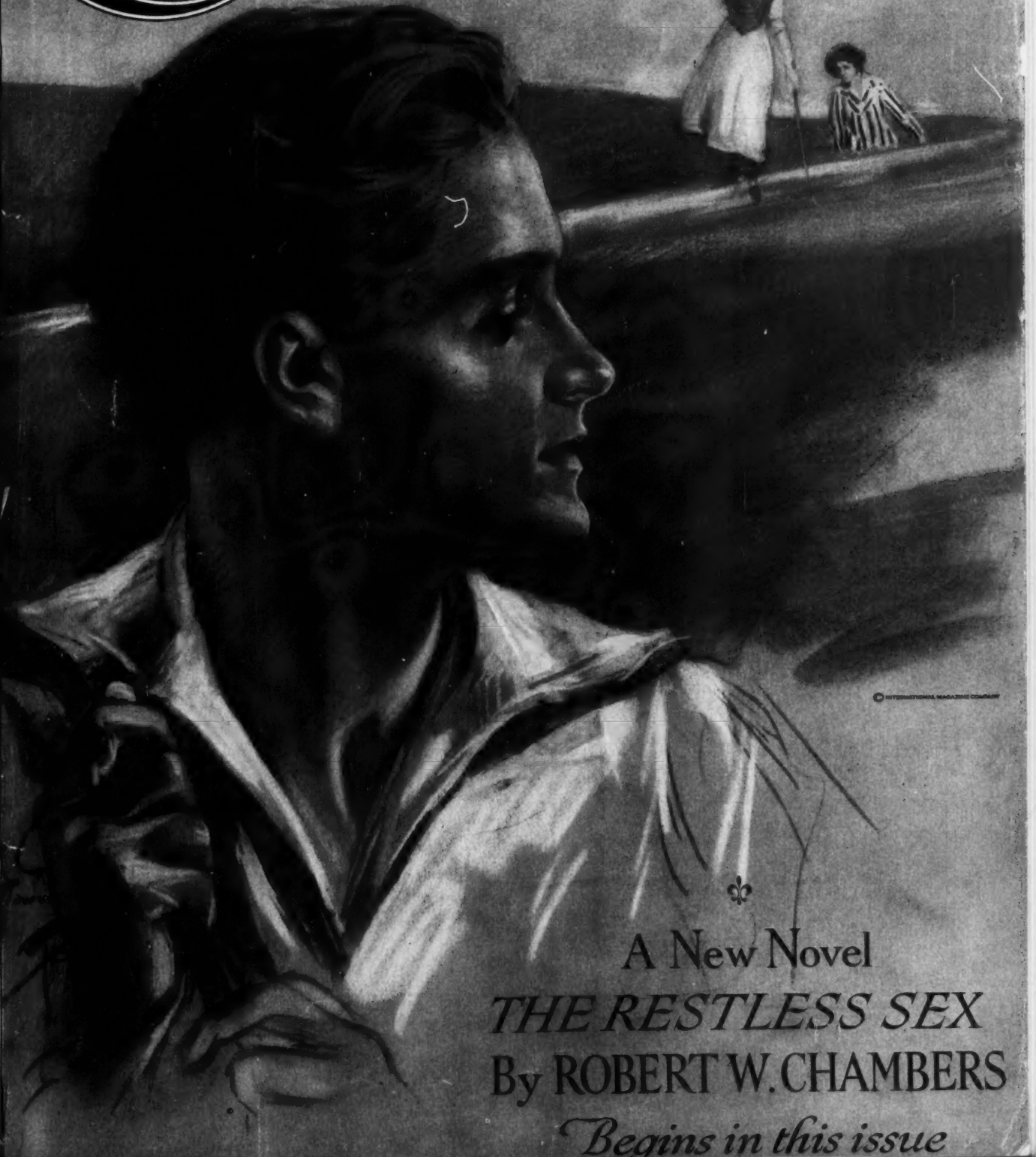


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A New Novel

THE RESTLESS SEX
By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Begins in this issue

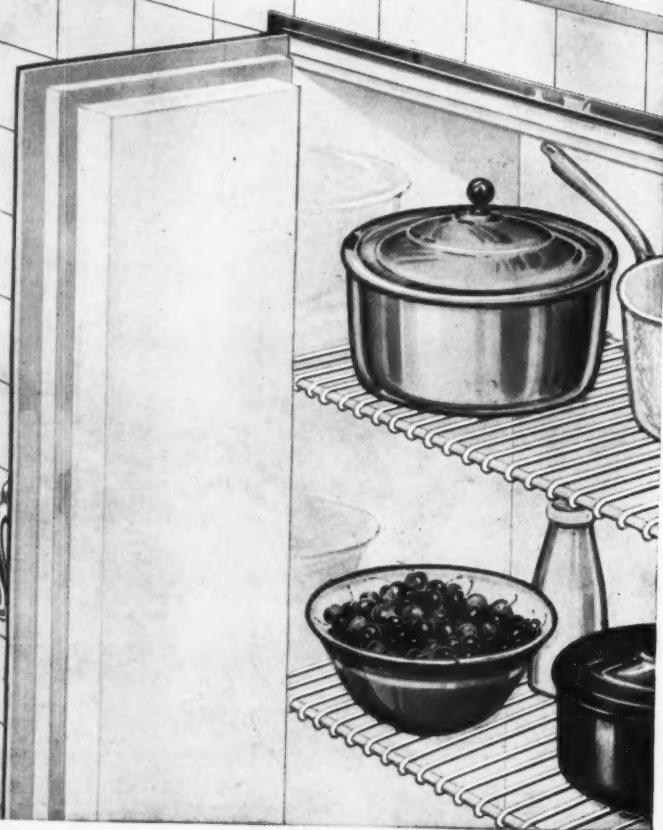
Insures

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For
Metal
Enamel
Porcelain



A Sweet
Hygienic
Refrigerator
Safeguards
Health



COSMOPOLITAN

VOL. LXIII

JULY, 1917

NO. 2

The Sword of Lexington

By Herbert Kaufman

THE Stars and Stripes upon the Western front; America, France, Britain, Belgium, Italy, and Russia united in a common cause; the divine right of kings perishing before the guns of Democracy—this is the supreme hour of our history.

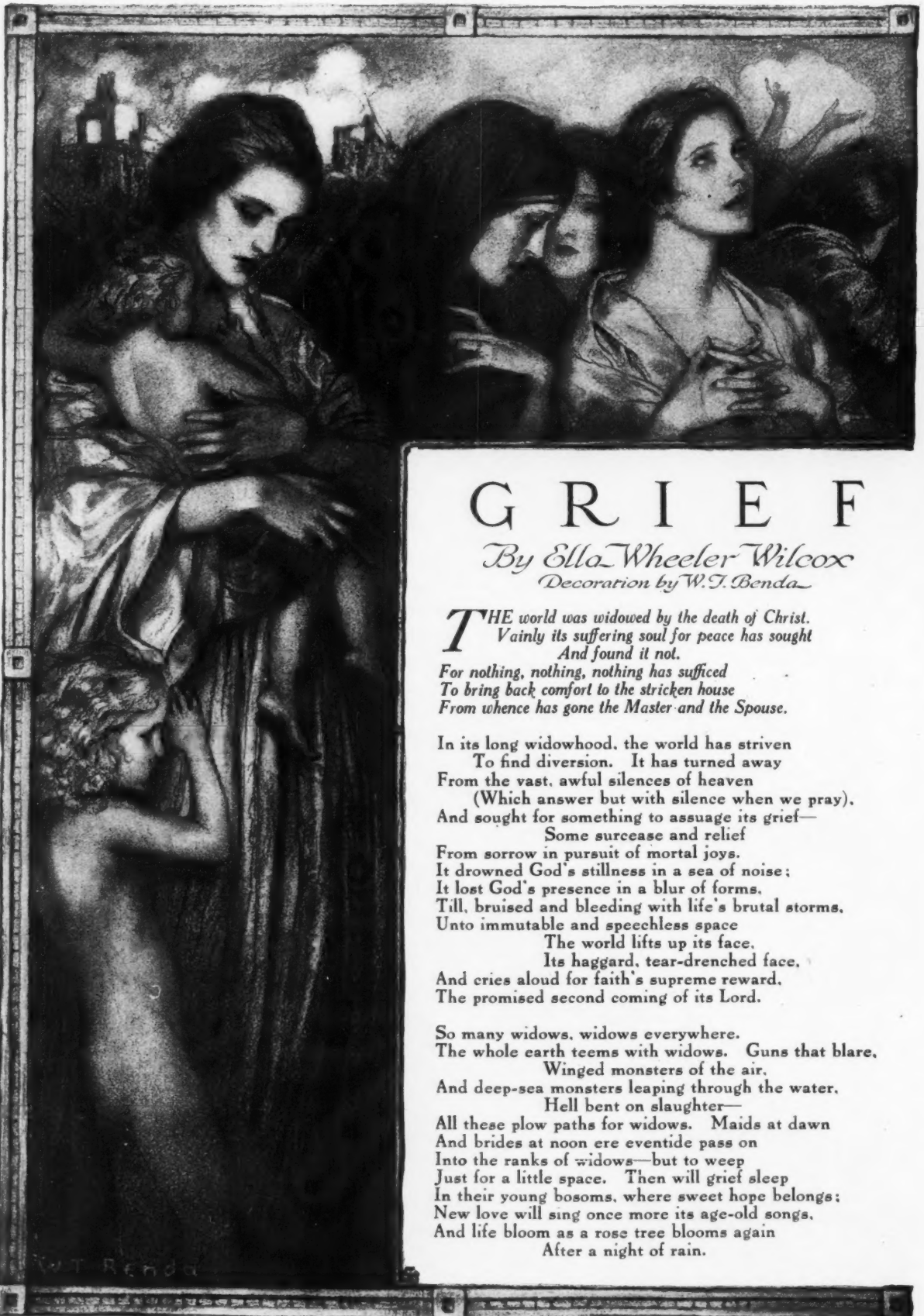
We, the children of the exile, have returned to conquer where our fathers battled tyranny and bore the Cross.

Sons of the wronged, of the Huguenot martyr, the persecuted Pilgrim, the proscribed Jacobite, the down-trodden Pole, the tortured Slav, and the oppressed Jew—our memories inherit their scars, and our hearts are scored with their ancient wounds.

We come, Autocracy, to bear you judgment.

That our kinsmen shall ever walk free, that our children may live in peace, that the crown may not obscure the light of progress, that the knout shall be broken and bigotry slain, that reason shall rule where force has swayed, we, the people of these United States, have risen in arms to uphold the right, to defend the faith, to glorify the sacrifice of our sires.

In the name of Justice and Humanity and Civilization, for God's sake and for universal freedom, we draw the sacred sword of Lexington.



G R I E F

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Decoration by W.J. Benda

THE world was widowed by the death of Christ.
Vainly its suffering soul for peace has sought
And found it not.

*For nothing, nothing, nothing has sufficed
To bring back comfort to the stricken house
From whence has gone the Master and the Spouse.*

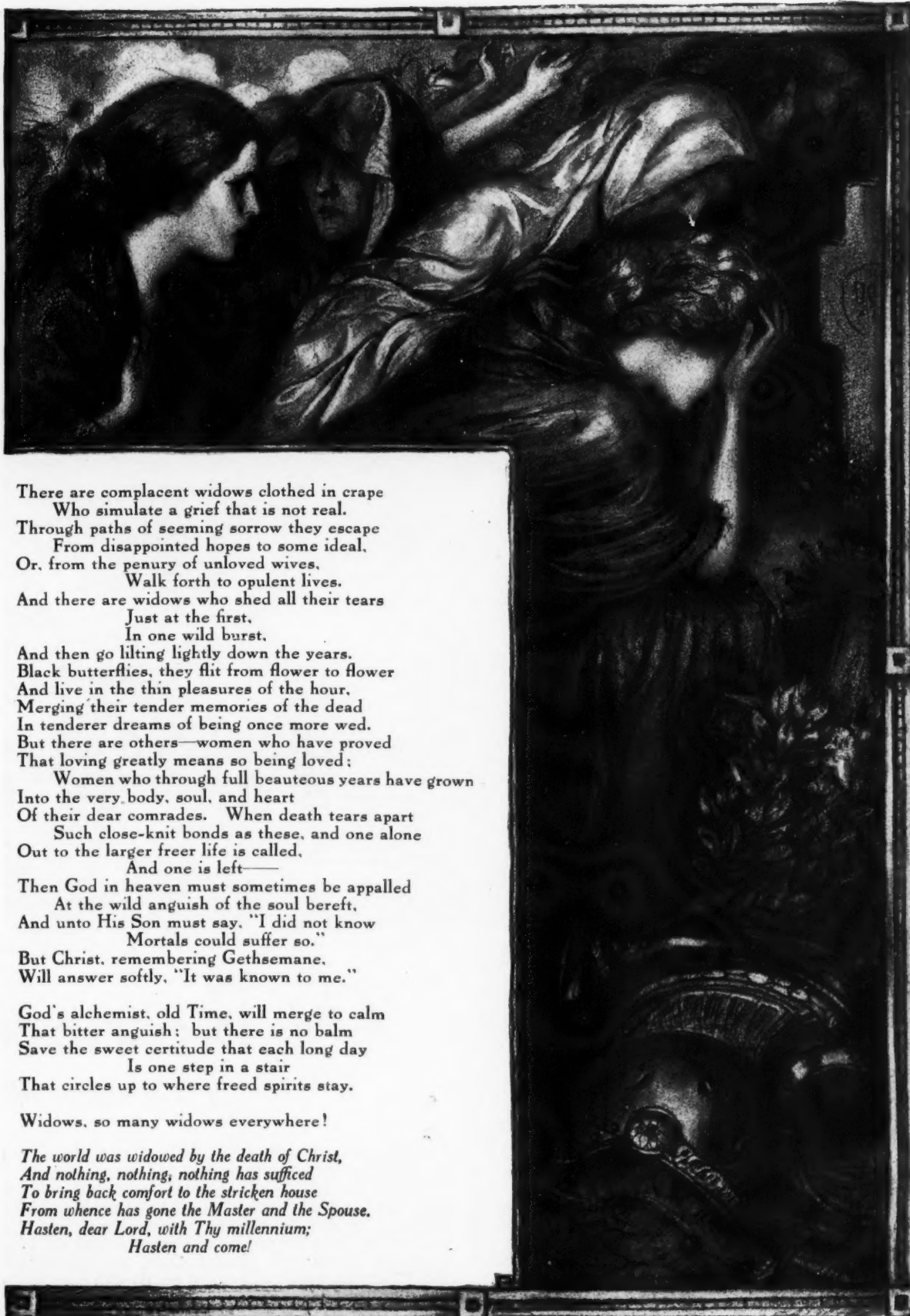
In its long widowhood, the world has striven
To find diversion. It has turned away
From the vast, awful silences of heaven
(Which answer but with silence when we pray).
And sought for something to assuage its grief—
Some surcease and relief

From sorrow in pursuit of mortal joys.
It drowned God's stillness in a sea of noise;
It lost God's presence in a blur of forms,
Till, bruised and bleeding with life's brutal storms,
Unto immutable and speechless space

The world lifts up its face,
Its haggard, tear-drenched face,
And cries aloud for faith's supreme reward,
The promised second coming of its Lord.

So many widows, widows everywhere.
The whole earth teems with widows. Guns that blare,
Winged monsters of the air,
And deep-sea monsters leaping through the water,
Hell bent on slaughter—

All these plow paths for widows. Maids at dawn
And brides at noon ere eventide pass on
Into the ranks of widows—but to weep
Just for a little space. Then will grief sleep
In their young bosoms, where sweet hope belongs:
New love will sing once more its age-old songs,
And life bloom as a rose tree blooms again
After a night of rain.



There are complacent widows clothed in crape
Who simulate a grief that is not real.
Through paths of seeming sorrow they escape
From disappointed hopes to some ideal,
Or, from the penury of unloved wives,

Walk forth to opulent lives.
And there are widows who shed all their tears
Just at the first,
In one wild burst,

And then go liting lightly down the years.
Black butterflies, they flit from flower to flower
And live in the thin pleasures of the hour,
Merging their tender memories of the dead
In tenderer dreams of being once more wed.
But there are others—women who have proved
That loving greatly means so being loved;

Women who through full beauteous years have grown
Into the very body, soul, and heart
Of their dear comrades. When death tears apart
Such close-knit bonds as these, and one alone
Out to the larger freer life is called,

And one is left—
Then God in heaven must sometimes be appalled
At the wild anguish of the soul bereft,
And unto His Son must say, "I did not know
Mortals could suffer so."

But Christ, remembering Gethsemane,
Will answer softly, "It was known to me."

God's alchemist, old Time, will merge to calm
That bitter anguish; but there is no balm
Save the sweet certitude that each long day
Is one step in a stair
That circles up to where freed spirits stay.

Widows, so many widows everywhere!

*The world was widowed by the death of Christ,
And nothing, nothing, nothing has sufficed
To bring back comfort to the stricken house
From whence has gone the Master and the Spouse.
Hasten, dear Lord, with Thy millennium;
Hasten and come!*

Robert W. Chambers'

FOREWORD

CREATED complete, the restless sex presently invented an auxiliary and labeled him ♂.

A fool proceeding, for the inherited mania for invention obsessed him, and he began to invent gods. The only kind of gods that his imagination could conceive were various varieties of supermen, stronger, crueller, craftier than he. And with these he continued to derive satisfaction by scaring himself.

But the restless sex remained restless; the invention of the sign of Mars' (♂), far from bringing content, merely increased the capacity of the sex for fidgeting. And its insatiate curiosity concerning its own handiwork increased.

This handiwork, however, fulfilled rather casually the purpose of its inventor, and devoted the most of its time to the invention of gods, endowing the most powerful of them with all its own cowardice, vanity, intolerance, and ferocity.

I

ABOUT a decade before the Great Administration began, a little girl was born.

She should not have been born, because she was not wanted, being merely the by-product of an itinerant actor—Harry Quest, a juvenile.

The other partner in this shiftless affair was an uneducated and very young girl named Conway, who tinted photographs for a Utica, New York, photographer while daylight lasted, and doubled her small salary by doing fancy skating at a local "Ice Palace" in the evenings.

So it is very plain that the by-product of this partnership hadn't much chance in the world which awaited her; for, neither being expected nor desired, and, moreover, being already a prenatal heiress to obscure, unknown traits scarcely as yet even developed in the pair responsible for her advent on earth, what she might turn into must remain a problem to be solved by time alone.

Harry Quest, the father of this unborn baby, was an actor. Without marked talent and totally without morals, but well educated and of agreeable manners, he was a natural-born swindler, not only of others but of himself—in other words, an optimist.

His father, the Reverend Anthony Quest, retired, was celebrated for his wealth, his library, and his amazing and



"It ain't done that way. I'm tellin' you. Well, all right! You

The Restless

A Chronicle of

heartless parsimony. And his morals. No wonder he had grimly kicked out his only son, who had none.

The parents of this little child, not yet born, lived in Utica over a stationery and toy shop which they kept. Patrick Conway was the man's name. He had a pension for being injured on the railway, and sat in a peculiarly constructed wheeled chair, moving himself about by pushing the rubber-tired wheels with both hands and steering with his remaining foot.

He had married a woman rather older than himself,

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New Novel



can keep her until the thing is fixed up." He went on writing

Sex

By Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by W. D. Stevens

Insurgent Youth

named Jessie Grismer, a school-teacher living in Herkimer.

To Utica drifted young Quest, equipped only with the remains of one lung, and out of a job as usual. At the local rink he picked up Laura Conway, after a mindless flirtation, and ultimately went to board with her family over the stationery shop.

So the affair in question was a case of propinquity as much as anything, and was consummated with all the detached irresponsibility of two sparrows.

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However, Quest, willing now to be supported, married the girl without protest. She continued to tint photographs and skate as long as she was able to be about; he loafed in front of theaters and hotels, with a quarter in change in his pockets, but always came back to meals. On sunny afternoons, when he felt well, he strolled about the residence section or reposed in his room, waiting, probably, for Opportunity to knock and enter.

But nothing came except the baby.

About that time, too, both lungs being in bad condition, young Quest began those various and exhaustive experiments in narcotics which, sooner or later, interest such men. And he finally discovered heroin. Finding it an agreeable road to destruction, the symptomatic characteristics of an addict presently began to develop in him, and he induced his young wife to share the pleasures of his pharmaceutical discovery.

They and their baby continued to encumber the apartment for a year or two before the old people died—of weariness, perhaps, of old age, or grief, or some similar disease so fatal to the aged.

Anyway, they died, and there remained

nothing in the estate not subject to creditors, and as tinted photographs had gone out of fashion, even in Utica, and as the advent of moving pictures was beginning to kill vaudeville everywhere except in New York, the ever-provincial, thither the Quest family drifted. And there, through the next few years, they sifted downward through stratum after stratum of the metropolitan purloins, always toward some darker substratum—always a little lower.

The childishly attractive mother, in blue velvet and white cat's fur, still did fancy skating at the rinks. The father sometimes sat dazed and coughing in the chilly waiting-rooms of theatrical agencies.

Fortified by drugs and by a shabby fur overcoat, he sometimes managed to make the rounds in pleasant weather, and continued to die rather slowly considering his physical condition.

But his father, who had so long ago disowned him, caught a slight cold in his large, warm library and died of pneumonia in forty-eight hours—a frightful example of earthly injustice.

Young Quest, forbidden the presence for years, came skulking round after a while with a lawyer, only to find that his only living relative, a predatory aunt, had assimilated everything and was perfectly qualified to keep it under the terms of his father's will.

Her attorneys made short work of the shyster. She herself, many times a victim to her nephew's deceit in former years, and once having stood between him and prison concerning the matter of a signature for thousands of dollars—the said signature not being hers, but by her recognized for the miserable young man's sake—this formidable and acidulous old lady wrote to her nephew, in reply to a letter of his:

You always were a liar. I do not believe you are married. I do not believe you have a baby. I send you—not a check, because you'd probably raise it—but enough money to start you properly.

Keep away from me. You are what you are partly through your father's failure to do his duty by you. An optimist taken at birth and patiently trained can be saved. Nobody saved you; you were merely punished. And you, naturally, became a swindler.

But I can't help that now. It's too late. I can only send you money. And if it's true you have a child, for God's sake take her in time, or she'll turn into what you are.

And that is why I send you any money at all—on the remote chance that you are not lying. Keep away from me, Harry.

ROSALINDA QUEST.

So he did not trouble her; he knew her of old, and, besides, he was too ill, too dazed with drugs, to bother with such things.

He lost every penny of the money in Quint's gambling-house within a month.

So the Quest family, father, mother, and little daughter, sifted through the wide, coarse meshes of the very last social stratum that same winter, and landed on the ultimate mundane dump-heap.

Quest now lay all day across a broken iron bed, sometimes stupefied, sometimes violent; his wife now picked up an intermittent living in an East Side rink. The child still remained about, somewhere, anywhere—a dirty, ragged, bruised, furtive little thing, long accustomed to extremes of maudlin demonstration and drug-crazed cruelty, frightened witness of dreadful altercations and of more dreadful reconciliations, yet still more stunned than awakened, more undeveloped than precocious, as though the steady accumulation of domestic horrors had checked mental growth rather than sharpened her wits with cynicism and undesirable knowledge.

Not yet had her environment distorted and tainted her speech, for her father had been an educated man, and what was left of him still employed grammatical English, often correcting the nasal, up-state vocabulary of the mother—the beginning of many a terrible quarrel.

So the child skulked about, alternately ignored or whined over, cursed or caressed, petted or beaten, sometimes into insensibility. Otherwise, she followed them about instinctively, like a crippled kitten.

Then there came one stifling night in that earthly hell called a New York tenement, when little Stephanie Quest, tortured by prickly heat, gasping for the relief which the western lightning promised, crept out to the fire-escape and lay there gasping like a minnow.

Fate, lurking in the reeking room behind her, where her drugged parents lay in merciful stupor, unloosed a sudden

breeze from the thunderous west, which blew the door shut with a crash. It did not awaken the man. But, among other things, it did jar loose a worn-out gas-jet. That was the verdict, anyway.

This episode in the career of Stephanie Quest happened in the days of the Great Administration, an administration not great in the sense of material national prosperity, great only in spirit and in things of the mind and soul.

Even the carpenter, Albrecht Schmidt, across the hallway in the tenement, rose to the level of some unexplored spiritual stratum, for he had a wife and five children and only his wages, and he did not work every week.

"Nein," he said, when approached for contributions toward the funeral; "I haff no money for dead people. I don't giff; I don't lend. Vat it iss dot Shakespeare says?"



Cleland junior's fresh, smooth face of a schoolboy had been separation was weighing on them both. That and the empty speech, lest memory strike them suddenly, deep and unawares.

Don't neffer borrow, und don't neffer lend noddings. But I tell you what I do: I take dot leedle child."

The slim, emaciated child, frightened white, had flattened herself against the dirty wall of the hallway to let the policemen and ambulance surgeon pass.

The trampling, staring inmates of the tenement crowded the stairs; a stench of cabbage and of gas possessed the place.

The carpenter's wife, a string around her shapeless middle, came to the door of her two-room kennel.

"Poor little Stephanie!" she said. "You come right in and make you'self at home along of us."

And as the child did not stir, seemingly frozen there

against the stained and battered wall, the carpenter said:

"Du Stephanie! Hey you, Steve! Come home und get you some breakfast, right away *quick!*"

"Is that their kid?" inquired a policeman, coming out of the place of death and wiping the sweat from his face.

"Sure. I take her in."

"Well, you'll have to fix that matter later."

"I fix it now. I take dot little Steve for mine."

The policeman yawned over the note-book in which he was writing.

"It ain't done that way, I'm

got to go to my job. *Schade—immer schade!* Another mouth to feed, py Gott!"

II

ON the Christmaside train which carried homeward those Saint James schoolboys who resided in or near New York, Cleland junior sat chattering with his comrades in a drawing-room car entirely devoted to the Saint James boys, and resounding with the racket of their interminable gossip and laughter.

The last number of their school paper had come out on the morning of their departure for Christmas holidays at home; every boy had a copy, and was trying to read it aloud to his neighbor; shrieks of mirth resounded, high, shrill arguments, hot disputes, shouts of approval or of protest.

"Read this! Say, did you get this?" cried a tall boy named Grismer. "Jim Cleland wrote it! What do you know about our own pet novelist?"

"*Shut up!*" retorted Cleland junior, blushing and abashed by accusation of authorship.

"He wrote it all right!" repeated Grismer exultantly. "Oh, girls, just listen to this mush about the birds and the bees and the bright-blue sky—"

"Jim, you're all right! That's the stuff!" shouted another. "The girl in the story's a peach, and the battle-scene is great!"

"Say, Jim, where do you get your battle-stuff?" inquired another lad respectfully.

"Out of histories, of course," replied Cleland junior. "All you have to do is to read 'em, and you can think out the way it really looks."

The only master in the car, a young Harvard graduate, got up from his revolving chair and came over to Cleland junior. The boy rose immediately, standing slender and handsome in the dark suit of mourning which he still wore after two years.

"Sit down, Jim," said Grayson, the master, seating himself on the arm of the boy's chair. And, as the boy diffidently resumed his seat: "Nice little story of yours, this. Just finished it. Do you still think of making writing your profession?"

"I'd like to, sir."

"Many are called, you know," remarked the master, with a smile.

"I know, sir. I shall have to take my chance."

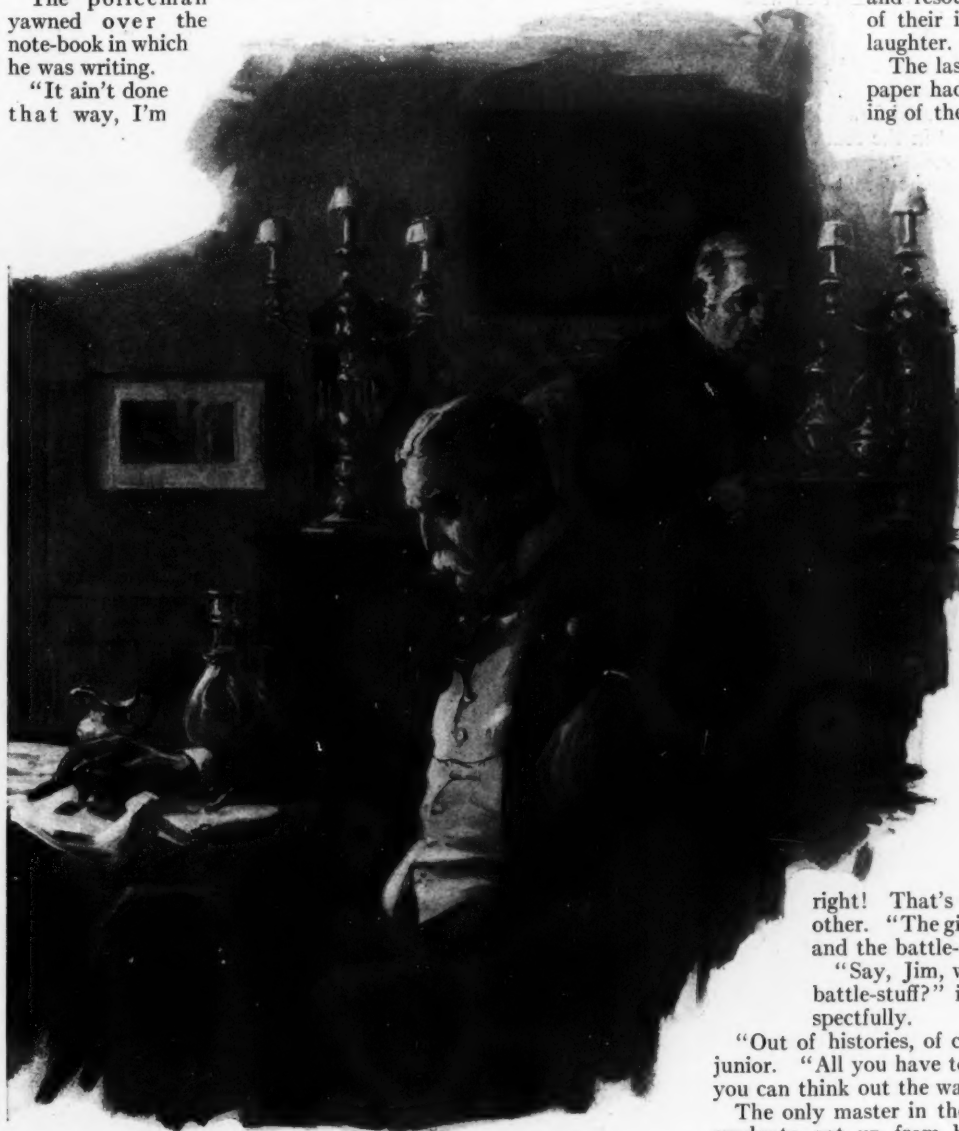
Phil Grayson, baseball idol of the Saint James boys, and himself guilty of several delicate verses in the monthly magazines, sat on the padded arm of the revolving chair and touched his slight mustache thoughtfully.

slowly growing more and more solemn. The approaching third chair by the bay window inclined them to caution in and their voices betray their men's hearts to each other

tellin' you. Well, all *right!* You can keep her until the thing is fixed up." He went on writing.

The carpenter strode over to the child; his blond hair bristled; his beard was fearsome and like an ogre's. But his voice trembled with Teutonic sentiment.

"You got a new mamma, Steve," he rumbled. "Now you run in und cry mit her so much as you like." He pulled the little girl gently toward his rooms; the morbid crowd murmured on the stairs at the sight of the child of suicides. "Mamma, here iss our little Steve alretty!" growled Schmidt. "Now, py Gott, I



"One's profession, Jim, ought to be one's ruling passion. To choose a profession, choose what you most care to do in your leisure moments. That should be your business in life."

The boy said,

"I like about everything, Mr. Grayson; but I think I had rather write than anything else."

John Belter, a rotund youth, listening and drawing caricatures on the back of the school paper, suggested that perhaps Cleland junior was destined to write the Great American Novel.

Grayson said pleasantly,

"It was the great American ass who first made inquiries concerning the Great American novel."

"Oh, what a knock!" shouted Oswald Grismer, delighted.

But young Belter joined in the roars of laughter, undisturbed, saying very coolly,

"Do you mean, sir, that the Great American Novel will never be written, or that it has already been written several times, or that there isn't any such thing?"

"I mean all three, Jack," explained Grayson, smiling.

"Let me see that caricature you have been so busy over."

"It's—it's *you*, sir."

"What of it?" retorted the young master.

"Do you think I can't laugh at myself?"

He took the paper so reluctantly tendered.

"Jack, you *are* a terror! You young rascal, you've made me look like a wax-faced clothing dummy!"

"Tribute to your faultless apparel, sir, and equally faultless features."

A shriek of laughter from the boys, who had crowded round to see, Grayson himself laughing unfeignedly and long; then the babel of eager, boyish voices again, loud, emphatic, merciless in discussion of the theme of the moment.

Into the swaying car and down the aisle came a negro in spotless white, repeating invitingly:

"First call for luncheon, gentlemen! Luncheon served in the dining-car forward!"

His agreeable voice was drowned in the cheering of three dozen famished boys, stampeding.

Cleland junior came last, with the master.

"I hope you'll have a happy holiday, Jim," said Grayson, with quiet cordiality.

"I'm crazy to see father," said the boy. "I'm sure I'll have a good time."

At the vestibule, he stepped aside, but the master bade him precede him.

And, as the fair, slender boy passed out into the forward car, the breeze ruffling his blond hair, he passed Fate, Chance, and Destiny, whispering together in the corner of the platform. But the boy could not see them, could not know that they were discussing him.



It was natural for him to join his finger-tips together while conversing, and his voice and manner left nothing whatever to criticize

III

AN average New York house on a side street in winter is a dark affair; daylight comes reluctantly and late into the

city; the south side of a street catches the first winter sun-rays when there are any; the north side remains shadowy and chilly.

Cleland senior's old-fashioned house stood on the north side of Eightieth Street; and on the last morning of Cleland junior's Christmas vacation, while the first bars of sunshine fell across the brownstone façades on the opposite side of the street, the Clelands' breakfast-room still remained dim, bathed in the silvery gray dusk of morning.

Father and son had finished breakfast, but Cleland senior, whose other names were John and William, had not yet lighted the cigar which he held between thumb and forefinger and contemplated in portentous silence. Nor had he opened the morning paper to read paragraphs of interest to Cleland junior, comment upon them, and encourage discussion, as was his wont when his son happened to be home from school.

The house was one of those twenty-foot brownstone houses, architecturally featureless—which was all there was to New York architecture fifty years ago.

But John William Cleland's dead wife had managed to make a gem of the interior, and the breakfast-room on the second floor front, once his wife's bedroom, was charming with its lovely early-American furniture and silver, and its mellow old-time prints in color. Cleland junior continued to look rather soberly at the familiar pictures now, as he sat in silence opposite his father, his heart of a boy oppressed by the approaching parting.

"So you think you'll make writing a profession, Jim?" repeated John Cleland, not removing his eyes from the cigar he was turning over and over.

"Yes, father."

"All right. Then a general education is the thing, and Harvard the place—unless you prefer another university."

"The fellows are going to Harvard—most of them," said the boy.

"A boy usually desires to go where his school-friends go. It's all right, Jim."

Cleland junior's fresh, smooth face of a schoolboy had been slowly growing more and more solemn. Sometimes he looked at the prints on the wall; sometimes he glanced across the table at his father, who still sat absently turning over and over the unlighted cigar between his fingers. The approaching separation was weighing on them both. That and the empty third chair by the bay window inclined them to caution in speech, lest memory strike them suddenly, deep and unawares, and their voices betray their men's hearts to each other—which is not an inclination between men.

Cleland senior glanced involuntarily from the empty chair to the table, where, as always, a third place had been laid by

Meacham, and, as always, a fresh flower lay beside the service-plate.

No matter what the occasion, under all circumstances and invariably, Meacham laid a fresh blossom of some sort beside the place which nobody used.

Cleland senior gazed at the frail cluster of freesia in silence.

Through the second-floor hallway landing, in the library beyond, the boy could see his suitcase, and, lying against it,



DRAWN BY M. H. RYLAND

"Are you really going to keep me?" faltered the child. "Is it true?"

his hockey-stick. Cleland senior's preoccupied glance also, at intervals, reverted to these two significant objects. Presently he got up and walked out into the little library, followed in silence by Cleland junior.

There was a very tall clock in that room, which had been made by one of the Willards many years before the elder Cleland's birth; but it ticked now as aggressively and bumpiously, as though it were brand-new.

The father wandered about for a while, perhaps with the vague idea of finding a match for his cigar; the son's clear gaze followed his father's restless movements until the clock struck the half-hour.

"Father?"

"Yes, dear—yes, old chap?"—with forced carelessness which deceived neither.

"It's half-past nine."

"All right, Jim—any time you're ready."

"I hate to go back and leave you all alone here!" broke out the boy impulsively.

It was a moment of painful tension. Cleland senior did not reply; and the boy, conscious of the emotion which his voice had betrayed, and suddenly shy about it, turned his head and gazed out into the back yard.

Father and son still wore mourning; the black garments made the boy's hair and skin seem fairer than they really were—as fair as his dead mother's.

When Cleland senior concluded that he was able to speak in a perfectly casual and steady voice, he said,

"Have you had a pretty good holiday, Jim?"

"Fine, father!"

"That's good. That's as it should be. We've enjoyed a pretty good time together, my son; haven't we?"

"Great! It was a dandy vacation!"

There came another silence. On the boy's face lingered a slight retrospective smile as he mentally reviewed the two weeks now ending with the impending departure for school. Certainly he had had a splendid time. His father had engineered all sorts of parties and amusements for him—schoolboy gatherings at the ice-rink; luncheons and little dances in their own home, to which school-comrades and children of old friends were bidden; trips to the Bronx, to the Aquarium, to the Museum of Natural History; wonderful evenings at home together.

The boy had gone with his father to see the "Wizard of Oz," to see Nazimova in "The Comet"—a doubtful experiment, but in line with theories of Cleland senior—to see "The Fall of Port Arthur" at the Hippodrome; to hear Calvé at the opera.

Together they had strolled on Fifth Avenue, viewed the progress of the new marble tower then being built on Madison Square, had lunched together at Delmonico's, dined at Sherry's, motored through all the parks, visited Governor's Island and the navy-yard—the latter rendezvous somewhat empty of interest since the great battle-fleet had started on its pacific voyage around the globe.

Always they had been together since the boy returned from Saint James school for the Christmas holidays; and Cleland senior had striven to fill every waking-hour of his son's day with something pleasant to be remembered.

Always at breakfast he had read aloud the items of interest—news concerning President Roosevelt, the boy's hero, and his administration; Governor Hughes and his administration; the cumbrous coming of Mr. Taft from distant climes; local squabbles concerning projected subways. All that an intelligent and growing boy ought to know and begin to think about, Cleland senior read aloud at the breakfast-table—for this reason, and also to fill in every minute with pleasant interest, lest the dear grief, now two years old and yet forever fresh, creep in between words and threaten the silences between them with sudden tears.

But two years is a long, long time in the life of the young—in the life of a fourteen-year-old boy—and yet the delicate shadow of his mother still often dimmed for him the sunny sparkle of the winter's holiday. It fell across his clear young eyes now, where he sat thinking, and made them somber and a deeper brown.

For he was going back to boarding-school; and old memories were uneasily astir again; and Cleland senior saw the shadow on the boy's face, understood, but now chose to remain silent, not intervening.

So memory gently enveloped them both, leaving them very still together, there in the library.

For the boy's mother had been so intimately associated with preparations for returning to school in those blessed days which already had begun to seem distant and a little unreal to Cleland junior—so tenderly and vitally a part of them—that now, when the old pain, the loneliness, the eternal desire for her was again possessing father and son in the imminence of familiar departure, Cleland senior let it come to the boy, not caring to avert it.

Thinking of the same thing, both sat gazing out into the back yard. There was a cat on the whitewashed fence.



Lizzie, the laundress—probably the last of the race of old-time family laundresses—stood bare-armed in the cold, pinning damp clothing to the lines, her Irish mouth full of wooden clothes-pins, her parboiled arms steaming.

At length, Cleland senior's glance fell again upon the tall clock. He swallowed nothing, stared grimly at the painted dial, where a ship circumnavigated the sun, then, squaring his big shoulders, he rose with decision. The boy got up, too.

In the front hall, they assisted each other with overcoats; the little withered butler took the boy's luggage down the

brownstone steps to the car. A moment later, father and son were spinning along Fifth Avenue toward Forty-second Street.

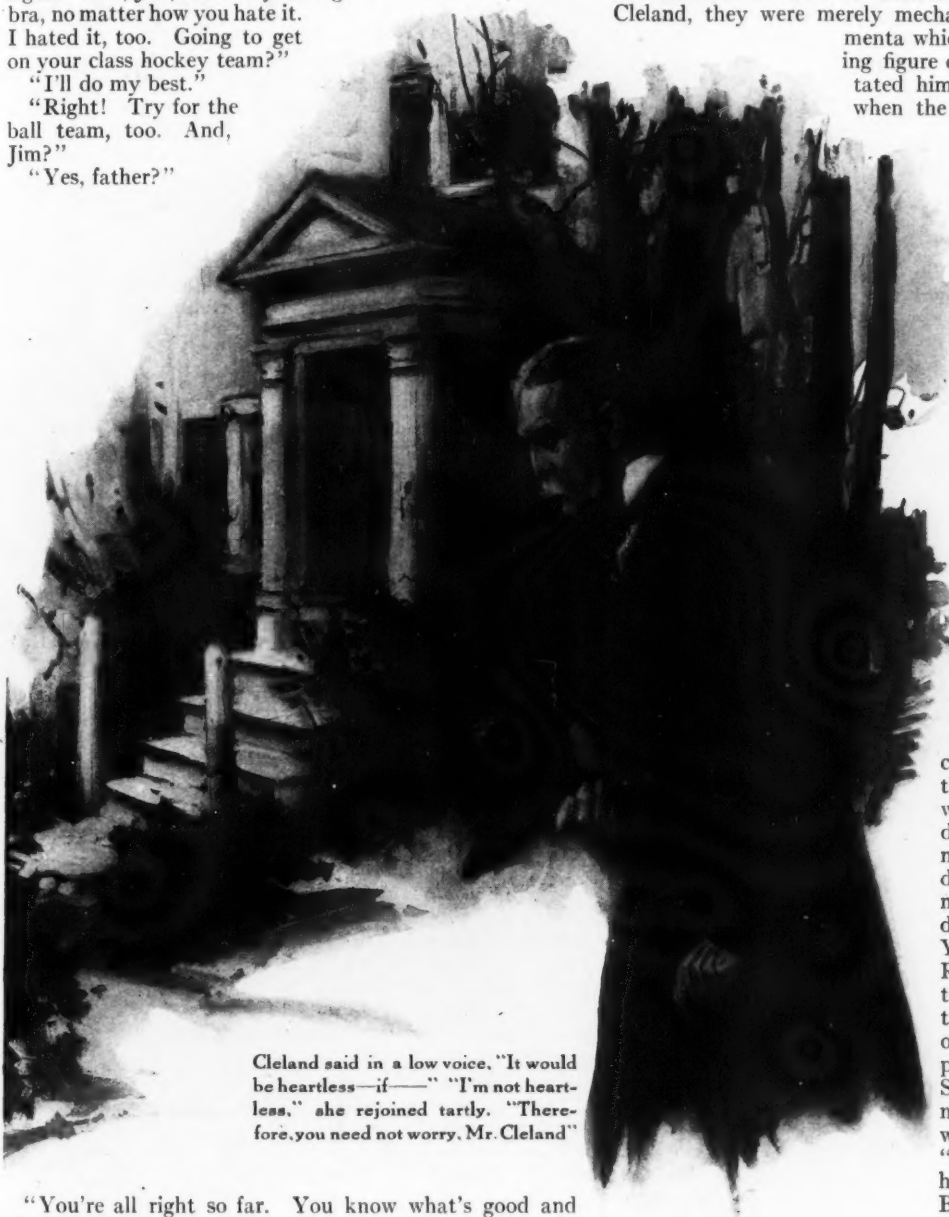
As usual, this ordeal of departure forced John Cleland to an unnatural, offhand gaiety at the crisis, as though the parting amounted to nothing.

"Going to be a good kid in school, Jim?" he asked, casually humorous. The boy nodded and smiled. "That's right! And, Jim, stick to your algebra, no matter how you hate it. I hated it, too. Going to get on your class hockey team?"

"I'll do my best."

"Right! Try for the ball team, too. And, Jim?"

"Yes, father?"



Cleland said in a low voice, "It would be heartless—if—" "I'm not heartless," she rejoined tartly. "Therefore, you need not worry, Mr. Cleland"

"You're all right so far. You know what's good and what's bad."

"Yes, sir."

"No matter what happens, you can always come to me. You thoroughly understand that."

"Yes, father."

"You've never known what it is to be afraid of me, have you?"

The boy smiled broadly, said,

"No."

"Never be afraid of me, Jim. That's one thing I couldn't stand. I'm always here. All I'm here on earth for is you. Do you really understand me?"

"Yes, father."

Red-capped porter, father, and son halted near the crowded train-gate inside the vast railroad station.

Cleland senior said briskly:

"Good-by, old chap! See you at Easter. Good luck! Send me anything you write in the way of verses and stories."

Their clasped hands fell apart; the boy went through the gate, followed by his porter and by numerous respectable and negligible traveling citizens, male and female, bound for destinations doubtless interesting to them. To John Cleland, they were merely mechanically moving impedi-

menta which obscured the retreating figure of his only son and irritated him to that extent. And when the schoolboy cap of that

only son disappeared, engulfed in the crowd, John Cleland went back to his car, back to his empty, old-fashioned brownstone house, seated himself in the library that his wife had made lovely, and picked up the *Times*, which he had not read aloud at breakfast.

He had been sitting there more than an hour before he thought of reading the paper so rigidly spread across his knees. But he was not interested in what he read. The battle-fleet, it seemed, was preparing to sail from Port of Spain; Mr.

Taft was preparing to launch his ponderous candidacy at the head of the Republican party; a woman had been murdered in the Newark marshes; the subway muddle threatened to become more muddled; somebody desired to motor from New York to Paris; President Roosevelt and Mr. Cortelyou had been in consultation about something or other; German newspapers accused the United States of wasting its natural resources; Scotti was singing *Scarpia* in "Tosca"; a new music-hall had been built in the Bronx—

Cleland senior laid the paper aside, stared at the

pale winter sunshine on the back fence till things suddenly blurred; then he resumed his paper sharply, and gazed hard at the print until his dead wife's smiling eyes faded from the page.

But in the paper there seemed nothing to hold his attention. He turned to the editorials, then to the last page. This, he noticed, was still entirely devoted to the "Hundred Neediest Cases"—the yearly Christmastide appeal in behalf of specific examples of extreme distress. The United Charities Organization of the Metropolitan district always made this appeal every year.

(Continued on page 115)



Miss Hassiebrock drew herself up and, from the suzerainty of sheer height, looked down upon Miss Beemis there, so brown and narrow beside the friendship-bracelet rack

HOW saving a dispensation it is that men do not carry in their hearts perpetual ache at the pain of the world, that the body-thuds of the drink-crazed, beating out frantic strength against cell doors, cannot penetrate the beatitude of a mother bending, at that moment, above a crib. Men can sit in club windows while, even as they sit, are battle-fields strewn with youth dying, their faces in mud. While men are dining where there are mahogany and silver and the gloss of women's shoulders, are men with kick-marks on their shins, ice gluing shut their eyes, and lashed with gale to some ship-or-other's crow's-nest. Women at the opera, so fragrant that the senses swim, sit with consciousness partitioned against a sweating, shuddering woman in some forbidding, forbidden room, hacking open a wall to conceal something red-stained. One-half of the world does not know or care how the other half lives or dies.

When, one summer, July came in like desert wind, West Cabanne Terrace and that part of residential St. Louis that is set back in carefully conserved, grovelike lawns did

Golden Fleece

By Fannie Hurst

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

not sip its iced limeades with any the less refreshment because, down-town at the intersection of Broadway and Eighth Street, a woman trundling a bundle of washing in an old perambulator suddenly keeled of heat, saliva running from her mouth-corners.

At three o'clock, that hour when so often a summer's day reaches its stilly climax and the heat-dance becomes a thing visible, West Cabanne Terrace and its kind slip into sheerest and crêpeiest de Chine, click electric fans to third speed, draw green shades, and retire for siesta.

At that same hour, in the Popular Store, where Broadway and Eighth Street intersect, one hundred and fifty salesgirls—jaded sentinels for a public that dares not venture down, loll at their counters and, after the occasional shopper, relax deeper to limpidity.

At the jewelry counter, a crystal rectangle facing broadside the main entrance and the bleached and sun-grilled street without, Miss Lola Hassiebrock, salient among many and with Olympian certainty of self, lifted two Junoesque arms like the handles of a vase, held them there in the kind of rigidity that accompanies a yawn, and then let them flop.

"Oh-h-h-h, God bless my soul!" she said.

Miss Josie Beemis, narrowly constricted between shoulders that barely sloped off from her neck, with her arms folded flat to her flat bosom and her back a hypotenuse against the counter, looked up.

"Watch out, Loo! I read in the paper where a man up in Alton got caught in the middle of one of those gaps and couldn't ungap."

Miss Hassiebrock batted at her lips and shuddered.

"It's my nerves, dearie. All the doctors say that nine gaps out of ten are nerves."

Miss Beemis hugged herself a bit flatter, looking out straight ahead into a parasol sale across the aisle.

"Enough sleep ain't such a bad cure for gaps," she said.

"I'll catch up in time, dearie; my foot's been asleep all day."

"Huh!"—sniffing so that her thin nose quirked sideways. "I will now indulge in hollow laughter."

"You can't, dearie," said Miss Hassiebrock, driven to vaudevillian extremities; "you're cracked."

"Well, I may be cracked, but my good name ain't."

A stiffening of Miss Hassiebrock took place, as if mere verbiage had suddenly flung a fang. From beneath the sternly and too starched white shirt-waist and the unwilted linen cravat wound high about her throat and sustained there with a rhinestone horseshoe, it was as if a wave of

color had started deep down, rushing up under milky flesh into her hair.

"Is that meant to be an in-sinuating remark, Josie?"

"T'ain't how it's meant; it's how it's took."

"There's some poor simps in this world, maybe right here in this store, ought to be excused from what they say because they don't know any better."

"I know this much: To catch the North End street-car from here, I don't have to walk every night down past the Stag Hotel to do it."

At that, Miss Hassiebrock's ears, with the large pearl blobs in them, tingled where they peeped out from the scallops of yellow hair, and she swallowed with a forward movement as if her throat had constricted.

"I—take the street-car where I darn please, and it's nobody's darn business."

"Sure it ain't! Only, if a poor working girl don't want to make it everybody's darn business, she can't run around with the fast rich boys of this town and then get invited to help hem the altar-cloth."

"Anything I do in this town, I'm not ashamed to do in broad daylight."

"Maybe; but, just the same, I notice the joy rides out to Claxton don't take place in broad daylight. I notice that 'tall, striking blonde' and Charley Cox's speed-party in the morning paper wasn't exactly what you'd call a 'daylight' affair."

"No, it wasn't; it was—my affair."

"Say, if you think a girl like you can run with the black sheep of every rich family in town and make a noise like a million dollars with the horsy way she dresses, it ain't my grave you're digging."

"Maybe if some of the girls in this store didn't have time to nose so much, they'd know why I can make them all look like they was caught out in the rain and not pressed the next morning. While they're snooping in what don't concern them, I'm snipping. Snipping over my last year's black-and-white jacket into this year's cutaway. If you girls had as much talent in your needle as you've got in your conversation, you might find yourselves somewheres."

"Maybe what you call 'somewheres' is what lots of us would call 'nowheres.'"

Miss Hassiebrock drew herself up and, from the suzerainty of sheer height, looked down upon Miss Beemis there, so brown and narrow beside the friendship-bracelet rack.

"I'll have you know, Josie Beemis, that if every girl in this store watched her step like me, there'd be a darn sight less trouble in this world."

"I know you don't go beyond the life-line, Loo, but, gee, you—you do swim out some!"

"Little Loo knows her own depth, all righty."

"Not the way you're cuttin' up with Charley Cox."

Miss Hassiebrock lowered her flaming face to scrutinize a tray of rhinestone bar pins.

"I'd like to see any girl in this store turn down a bid with Charley Cox. I notice there are plenty of you go out to the Highland dances hoping to meet even his imitation."

"The rich boys that hang around the Stag and out to the Highlands don't get girls like us anywheres."

"I don't need them to get me anywhere. It's enough when a fellow takes me out that he can tuck me up in a six cylinder and make me forget my stone-bruise. Give me a fellow that smells of gasoline instead of bay rum every time. Trolley-car johnnies don't mean nothing in my life."

"You let John Simeon out of this conversation!"

"You let Charley Cox out!"

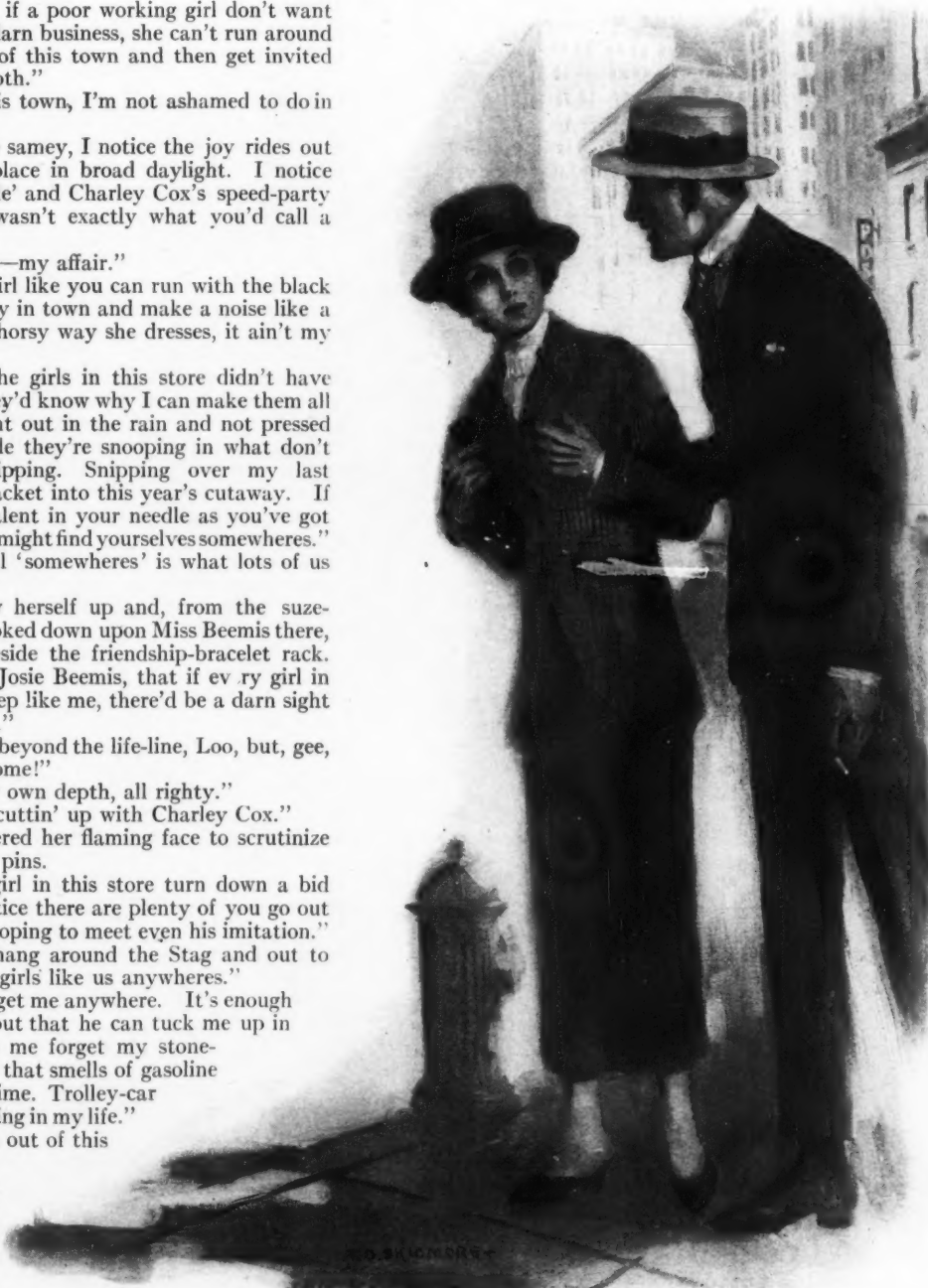
"Maybe he don't smell like a cleaned white glove, but John means something by me that's good."

"Well, since you're so darn smart, Josie Beemis, and since you got so much of the English language to spare, I'm going to tell you something. Three nights in succession, and I can prove it by the crowd, Charley Cox has asked me to marry him. Begged me last night out at Claxton Inn, with Jess Dandy and all that bunch along, to let them roust out old man Gerber there in Claxton and get married in poetry. Put that in your pipe and smoke it awhile, Josie; it may soothe your nerve."

"Y-aw," said Miss Beemis.

The day dwindled. Died.

At Eighth Street where Broadway intersects, the red sun at its far end settled redly and cleanly to sink like a huge coin into the horizon. The Popular Store emptied



"What's your hurry, honey?" She spun about, too, startled. "Charley Cox! Well, of all the nerve! Why didn't you scare me to death and be done with it?"

itself into this hot pink glow, scurried for the open street-car and, oftener than not, the overstuffed rear platform, nose to nose, breath to breath.

Fortunately, the Popular Store took its semiannual inventory of yards and not of souls. Such a stock-taking, that of the human hearts which beat from half after eight to six behind six floors of counters, would have revealed empty crannies, worn thin in places with the grind of routine. The eight-thirty-to-six business of muslin underwear, crash toweling, and skirt-binding. The great middle class of shoppers who come querulous with bunions and babies. The strap-hanging homeward ride. Supper, but usually within range of the range that boiled it. The same smells of the same foods. The cinematograph or front-stoop hour before bed. Or, if Love comes, and he will not be gainsaid, a bit of wooing at the fountain—the soda-fountain. But even he, oftener than not, comes moist-handed and in a ready-tied tie. As if that matters, and yet, somehow, it does. Leander wore none, or had he, would have worn it flowing. Then bed, and the routine of its unfolding and coaxing the pillow from beneath the iron clamp. An alarm-clock crashing through the stuff of dreams. Coffee within reach of the range. Another eight-thirty-to-six reality of muslin underwearing, crash toweling, and skirt-binding.

And yet, not given to self-inventory, the Popular Store emptied itself with that blessed elasticity of spirit which, unappalled, stretches out to-morrows as they come.

At Ninth Street, Miss Lola Hassiebrock loosed her arm where Miss Beemis had linked into it. Wide-shouldered and flat-hipped, her checked suit so pressed that the lapels lay entirely flat to the swell of her bosom, her red sailor-hat well down over her brow, and the high, swathing cravat rising to enclose her face like a wimple, she was Fashion's apotheosis in tailor-made mood. When Miss Hassiebrook walked, her skirt, concealing yet revealing an inch glimmer of gray-silk stocking above gray-suède spats, allowed her ten inches of stride. She turned now, sidestepping within those ten inches.

"See you to-morrow, Josie."

"Ain't you taking the car?"

"No, dearie," said Miss Hassiebrook, stepping down to cross the street; "you take it, but not for keeps."

And so, walking southward on Ninth Street in a sartorial glory that was of her own making-over from last season, even St. Louis, which, at the stroke of six, rushes so for the breeze of its side yards, leaving darkness to creep into down-town streets that are as deserted as cañons, turned its feminine head to bear in mind the box-plaited cutaway, the male eye appraising its approval with bold, even quirking eye.

Through this, and like Diana, who, so aloof from desire, walked in the path of her own splendor, strode Miss Hassiebrook, straight and forward of eye. Past the Stag Hotel in an aisle formed by lounging young bloods and a curb lined with low, long-snouted motor-cars, the gaze beneath the red sailor and above the high, horsy stock a bit too rigidly conserved.

Slightly by, the spoken word and the whistled innuendo followed her like a trail of bubbles in the wake of a flying-fish. A youth still wearing a fraternity pin pretended to lick his downy chops. The son of the president of the Mound City Oil Company emitted a long, amorous whistle. Willie Waxter—youngest scion, scalawag, and scorcher of one of the oldest families—jammed down his motor-goggles from the visor of his cap, making the feint of pursuing. Mr. Charley Cox, of half a hundred first-page exploits, did pursue, catching up slightly breathless.

"What's your hurry, honey?"

She spun about, too, startled.

"Charley Cox! Well, of all the nerve! Why didn't you scare me to death and be done with it?"

"Did I scare you, sweetness? Cross my heart I didn't mean to."

"Well, I should say you did!"

He linked his arm into hers.

"Come on, I'll buy you a drink."

She unlinked.

"Honest, can't a girl go home from work in this town without one of you fellows getting fresh with her?"

"All right then; I'll buy you a supper. The car is back there, and we'll shoot out to the inn. What you say? I feel like a house afire this evening, kiddo. What does your speedometer register?"

"Charley, aren't you tired painting this old town yet? Ain't there just nothing will bring you to your senses? Honest, this morning's papers are a disgrace. You—you won't catch me along again."

He slid his arm, all for ingratiating, back into hers.

"Come now, honey; you know you like me for my speed."

She would not smile.

"Honest, Charley, you're the limit."

"But you like me just the same; now don't you, Loo?"

She looked at him sidewise.

"You've been drinking, Charley."

He felt of his face.

"Not a drop Loo. I need a shave, that's all."

"Look at your stud—loose."

He jammed a diamond whip curling back upon itself into his maroon scarf. He was slightly heavy, so that his hands dimpled at the knuckle, and above the soft collar, joined beneath the scarf with a gold-bar pin, his chin threatened but did not repeat itself.

"I got to go now, Charley; there's a North End car coming."

"Aw, now, sweetness, what's the idea? Didn't you walk down here to pick me up?"

An immediate flush stung her face.

"Well, of all the darn conceit! Can't a girl walk down to the loop to catch her car and stretch her legs after she's been cooped up all day without a few of you boys throwing a bouquet or two at yourselves?"

"I got to hand it to you, Loo; when you walk down this street, you make every girl in town looked warmed over."

"Do you like it, Charley? It's that checked jacket I bought at Hamlin's sale last year made over."

"Say, it's classy! You look like all the money in the world, honey."

"Huh, two yards of coat-lining, forty-four cents, and Ida Bell's last year's office-hat reblocked, sixty-five."

"You're the show-piece of the town, all right. Come on; let's pick up a crowd and muss up Claxton Road a little."

"I meant what I said, Charley. After the cuttings-up of last night and the night before, I'm quits. Maybe Charley Cox can afford to get himself talked about because he's Charley Cox, but a girl like me with a job to hold down, and the way ma and Ida Bell were sitting up in their night-gowns, green around the gills, when I got home last night—nix! I'm getting myself talked about, if you want to know it, running with—your gang, Charley."

"I'd like to see anybody let out so much as a grunt about you in front of me. A fellow can't do any more, honey, to show a girl where she stands with him than ask her to marry him—now can he? If I'd have had my way last night, I'd—"

"You was drunk when you asked me, Charley."

"You mean you got cold feet?"

"Thank God I did!"

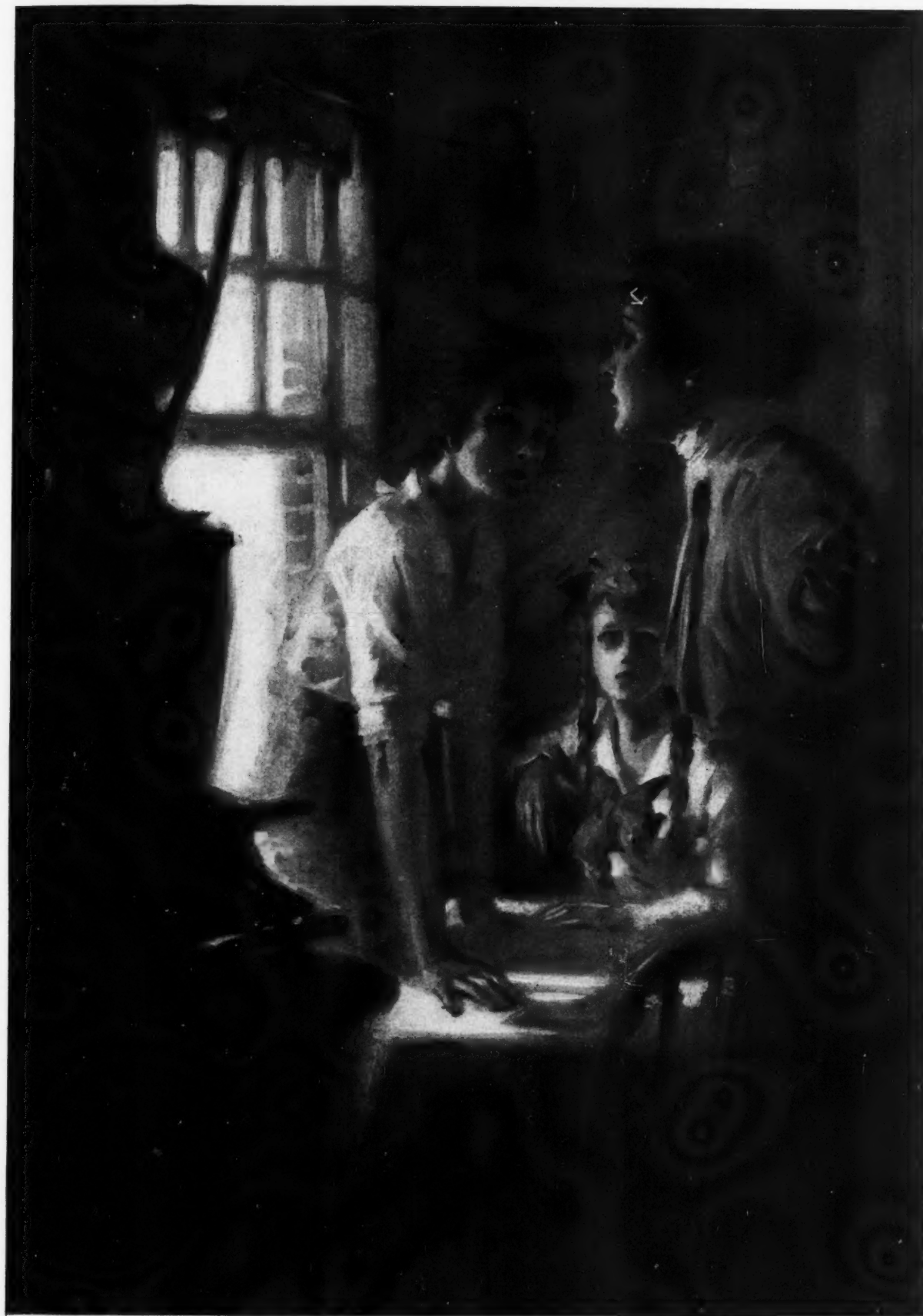
"I don't blame you, girl. You might do worse—but not much."

"That's what you'd need for your finishing touch, a girl like me dragging you down."

"You mean pulling me up."

"Yes, maybe, if you didn't have a cent."

"I'd have enough sense then to know better than to ask you, honey. You ain't got that fourteen-carat look in your eye for nothing. You're the kind that's going to bring in a big fish, and I wish it to you."



DRAWN BY V. D. BRIDGFORD

"What you can tell me, I don't want to hear"

"Lots you know."

"Come on; let me ride you around the block, then."

"If—if you like my company so much, can't you just take a walk with me or come out and sit on our steps awhile?"

"Lord, girl, Flamm Avenue is hot enough to fry my soul to-night!"

"We can't all have fathers that live in thirty-room houses out in Kingsmoreland Place."

"Thank God for that! I sneaked home this morning to change my clothes, and thought maybe I'd got into somebody's mausoleum by mistake."

"Was—was your papa around, Charley?"

"In the library, shut up with old man Brookes."

"Did he—did he see the morning's papers? You know what he said last time, Charley, when the motor-cycle cop chased you down an embankment?"

"Honey, if my old man was to carry out every threat he utters, I'd be disinherited, murdered, hongkonged, shanghied, and cremated every day in the year."

"I got to go now, Charley."

"Not let a fellow even spin you home?"

"You know I want to, Charley, but—but it don't do you any good, boy, being seen with me in that joy-wagon of yours. It—it don't do you any good, Charley, ever—ever being seen with me."

"There's nothing or nobody in this town can hurt my reputation, honey, and certainly not my ace-spot girl. Turn your mind over, and telephone down for me to come out and pick you up about eight."

"Don't hit it up to-night, Charley. Can't you go home one evening?"

He juggled her arm.

"You're a nice little girl, all righty."

"There's my car."

He elevated her by the elbow to the step, swinging up half-way after her to drop a coin into the box.

"Take care of this little lady there, conductor, and don't let your car skid."

"Oh, Charley—silly!"

She forced her way into the jammed rear platform, the sharp brim of the red sailor creating an area for her.

"S'long, Charley!"

"S'long, girl!"

Wedge there in the moist-faced crowd, she looked after him, at his broad back receding. An inclination to cry pressed at her eyeballs.

Flamm Avenue, which is treeless and built up for its entire length with two-story, flat-roofed buildings, stares, window

for window, stoop for stoop, at its opposite side, and, in summer, the strip of asphalt street, unshaded and lying naked to the sun, gives off such an effluvium of heat and hot tar that the windows are closed to it and night descends like a gas-mask to the face.

Opening the door upon the Hassiebrock front room, convertible from bed- to sitting-room by the mere erect-position-stand of the folding bed, a wave of this tarry heat came flowing out, gaseous, sickening. Miss Hassiebrock entered with her face wry, made a diagonal cut of the room, side-stepping a patent rocker and a table laid out with knickknacks on a lace mat, slammed closed two windows, and, turning inward, lifted off her hat, which left a brand across her forehead and had plastered down her hair in damp scallops.

"Whew!"

"Lo-o, that you?"

"Yes, ma."

"Come out to your supper. I'll warm up the kohlrabi."

Miss Hassiebrock strode through a pair of chromatic



portières, with them swinging after her, and into an unlit kitchen, gray with dusk. A

table drawn out center and within range of the gas-range was a blotch in the gloom, three figures surrounding it with arms that moved vaguely among a litter of dishes.

"I wish to heaven somebody in this joint would remember to keep those front windows shut!"

Miss Ida Bell Hassiebrock, at the right of the table, turned her head so that, against the window, her profile, somewhat thin, cut into the gloom.

"There's a lot of things I wish around here," she said, without a ripple to her lips.

"Hello, ma!"

"I'll warm up the kohlrabi, Loo."

Mrs. Hassiebrock, in the green black of a cotton umbrella and as sparse of frame, moved around to the gas-range, scraping a match and dragging a pot over the blue flame.

"Never mind, ma; I ain't hungry."

At the left of the table, Genevieve Hassiebrock, with thirteen's crablike silhouette of elbow, rigid plaits, and nose still hitched to the star of her nativity, wound an exceedingly long arm about Miss Hassiebrock's trim waist-line.

"I got B in de-portment to-day, Loo. You owe me the wear of your spats Sunday."



They walked, thus guided by an obsequious waiter, through a light confetti of tossed greetings

Miss Hassiebrock squeezed the hand at her waist.

"All right, honey. Cut Loo a piece of bread."

"Gussie Flint's mother scalded her leg with the wash-boiler."

"Did she? Aw!"

Mrs. Hassiebrock came then, limping around, tilting the contents of the steaming pot to a plate.

"Sit down, ma; don't bother."

Miss Hassiebrock drew up, pinning a fringed napkin that stuck slightly in the unfolding across her shining expanse of shirt-waist. Broke a piece of bread. Dipped. Silence.

"Paula Krausnick only got C in de-portment. When the monitor passed the basin, she dipped her sponge soppin'-wet."

"Anything new, ma?"

Mrs. Hassiebrock, now at the sink, swabbed a dish with gray water.

"My feet's killin' me," she said.

Miss Ida Bell, who wore her hair in a coronet wound twice round her small head, crossed her knife and fork on her plate, folded her napkin, and tied it with a bit of blue ribbon.

"I think it's a shame, ma, the way you keep thumping around in your stocking feet like this was backwoods."

"I can't get my feet in shoes—the joints——"

"You thump around as much as you darn please, ma. If Ida Bell don't like the looks of you, let her go home with some of her swell stenog friends. You let your feet hurt you any old way you want 'em to. I'm going to buy you some arnica. Pass the kohlrabi."

"Well, my swell 'stenog friends,' as you call them, keep themselves self-respecting girls without getting themselves talked about, and that's more than I can say of my sister. If ma had the right kind of gumption with you, she'd put a stop to it all right."

Mrs. Hassiebrock leaned her tired head sidewise into the moist palm of her hand.

"She's beyond me and the days when a slipper could make her mind. I wisht to God there was a father to rule youse!"

"I tell you, ma—mark my word for it—if old man Brookes ever finds out I'm sister to any of the crowd that runs with Charley Cox and Willie Waxter and those boys whose fathers he's lawyer for, it'll queer me for life in that office—that's what it will. A girl that's been made confidential stenographer after only one year in an office to have to be afraid like I am to pick up the morning's paper!"

"Paula Krausnick's lunch was wrapped in the paper where Charley Cox got pinched for speedin'—speedin'—speedin'—"

"Shut up, Genevieve! Just don't you let my business interfere with yours, Ida Bell. Brookes don't know you're on earth outside of your dictation-book. Take it from me, I bet he wouldn't know you if he met you on the street."

"That's about all you know about it! If you found yourself confidential stenographer to the biggest lawyer in town, he'd know you all right—by your loud dressing. A blind man could see you coming."

"Ma, are you going to stand there and let her talk to me thataway? I notice she's willing to borrow my loud shirt-waists and my loud gloves and my loud collars."

"If ma had more gumption with you, maybe things would be different."

Mrs. Hassiebrock limped to the door, dangling a pail.

"I ain't got no more strength against her. My ears won't hold no more. I'm taking this hot oil down to Mrs. Flint's scalds. She's beyond my control, and the days when a slipper could make her mind. I wisht to God there was a father! I wisht to God!"

Her voice trailed off and down a rear flight of stairs.

"Yessir," resumed Miss Hassiebrock, her voice twanging in her effort at suppression; "I notice you're pretty willing to borrow some of my loud dressing when you get a bid once in a blue moon to take a boat-ride up to Alton with that sad-faced Roy Brownell. If Charley didn't have a cent to his name and a harelip, he'd make Roy Brownell look like thirty cents."

"If Roy Brownell was Charley Cox, I'd hate to leave him laying around loose where you could get your hands on him."

"Genevieve, you run out and play."

"If—if you keep running around till all hours of the night, with me and ma waiting up for you, kicking up rows



DRAWN BY T. D. SKIDMORE

It was she who moved first, falling back from him, her mouth cropping open slightly

and getting your name insinuated in the newspapers as 'the tall, handsome blonde,' I—I'm going to throw up my job, I am, and you can pay double your share for the running of this flat. Next thing we know, with that crowd that don't mean any good to you, this family is going to find itself with a girl in trouble on its hands."

"You—"

"And if you want to know it, and if I wasn't somebody's confidential stenographer, I could tell you that you're on the wrong scent. Boys like Charley Cox don't mean good by your kind of a girl. If you're not speedy, you look it, and that's almost the same as inviting those kind of boys to—"

Miss Lola Hassiebrock sprang up then, her hand coming down in a small crash to the table.

"You cut out that talk in front of that child!"

Thus drawn into the picture, Genevieve, at thirteen, crinkled her face for not uncalculating tears.

"In this house it's fuss and fuss and fuss. Other children can go to the 'movies' after supper, only me-e-e—"

"Here, honey; Loo's got a dime for you."

"Sending that child out along your own loose ways, instead of seeing to it she stays home to help ma do the dishes!"

"I'll do the dishes for ma."

"It's bad enough for one to have the name of being gay, without starting that child running around nights with—"

"Ida Bell!"

"You dry up, Ida Bell! I'll do what I please with my di—uhm—di—uhm."

"If you say another word about such stuff in front of that child, I'll—"

"Well, if you don't want her to hear what she sees with her eyes all around her, come into the bedroom, then, and I can tell you something that'll bring you to your senses."

"What you can tell me, I don't want to hear."

"You're afraid."

"I am, am I?"

"Yes."

With a wrench of her entire body, Miss Lola Hassiebrock was across the room at three capacity strides, swung open a door there, and stood, head flung up and pressing back tears, her lips turned inward.

"All right, then—tell—"

After them, the immediately locked door resisting, Genevieve fell to batting the panels.

"Let me in! Let me in! You're fussin' about your beaux. Roy Brownell has a long face, and Charley Cox has a red face—red face—red face! Let me in! In!"

After a while, the ten-cent piece rolled from her clenched and knocking fist, scuttling and settling beneath the sink. She rescued it and went out, lickety-clapping down the flight of rear stairs.

Silence descended over that kitchen, and a sooty dusk that almost obliterated the table, drawn out and cluttered after the manner of those who dine frowsily; the cold stove, its pots cloying, and a sink piled high with a task whose only ending is from meal to meal.

Finally, that door swung open again; the wide-shouldered, slim-hipped silhouette of Miss Hassiebrock moved swiftly

and surely through the kind of early darkness, finding out for itself a wall telephone hung in a small patch of hallway separating kitchen and front room. Her voice came tight as if it were a tense coil in her throat that she held back from bursting into hysteria.

"Give me Olive, two-one-o." The toe of her boot beat a quick tattoo. "Stag? . . . Say, get me Charley Cox. He's out in front or down in the grill or somewhere around. Page him quick! Important!" She grasped the nozzle of the instrument, breathing into it with her head thrown back. "Hello—Charley? That you? It's me. Loo. Loo! Are you deaf, honey? What you doing? . . . Oh, I got the blues, boy; honest I have. Blue as a cat. . . . I don't know—just the indigos. Nothing much. Ain't lit up, are you, honey? . . . Good. . . . Sure I will. Don't bring a crowd. Just you and me. I'll walk down to Gessler's drug store and you can pick me up there. . . . Quit your kidding. . . . Ten minutes. Yeh. Good-by."

Claxton Inn, slightly outside the city limits and certain of its decorums, stands back in a grove off a macadamized highway that is so pliant to tire that, of summer nights, with tops thrown back and stars sown like lavish grain over a close sky and to a rushing breeze that presses the ears like an eager whisper, motor-cars, wild to catch up with the horizon, tear out that road—a lightning-streak of them—fearing neither penal law nor dead man's curve.

Slacking only to be slacked, cars darted off the road and up a gravel driveway that encircles Claxton Inn like a lariat swung, then park themselves among the trees, lights dimmed. Placid as a manse without, what was once a private and now a public house maintains through lowered lids its discreet, white-frame exterior, shades drawn, and only slightly revealing the parting of lace curtains. It is rear-ward where what was formerly a dining-room that a huge, screened-in veranda, very whitely lighted, juts suddenly out, and a showy hallway, bordered in potted palms, leads off that. Here discretion dares lift her lids to rove the gravel drive for who comes there.

In a car shaped like a motor-boat and as low to the ground, Mr. Charley Cox turned in and, with a great throttling and choking of engine, (Continued on page 126)

Motor-cars, wild to catch up with the horizon, tear out that road—a lightning-streak of them—fearing neither penal law nor dead man's curve

Tenting T-o-night

*A Narrative of Sport and Adventure
in the Northwestern Rockies*

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

Last summer, Mrs. Rinehart and her family, with an outfit of guides, packers, and thirty-one horses made a trip through the western and practically unknown side of Glacier National Park. Their plans included a descent of the Flathead River rapids in boats, from the Canadian border to Columbia Falls, Montana. Such a journey had never before been attempted, and it involved risks the magnitude of which was quite unknown, for the stream zigzags for a hundred miles through cañons filled with whirlpools and jagged rocks. The first day on the Flathead was Mrs. Rinehart's birthday.



PHOTOGRAPH BY HAYDEN, SAINT PAUL

Pi-ta-mak-an (Mrs. Rinehart), an adopted member of the Blackfeet tribe, with two of its chiefs



PHOTOGRAPH BY E. E. MARBLE

Passing through Red Lick Rapids, Middle Fork of the Flathead River

IN a way, this is a fairy-story. Because a good fairy had been busy during our absence. Days before, at the ranger's cabin, unknown to most of us, an order had gone down to civilization for food. During all those days under Starvation Ridge, food had been on the way by pack-horse—food and an extra cook.

So we went up to camp, expecting more canned salmon and fried trout and little else, and beheld—

A festive board set with candles—the board, however, in this case is figurative; it was the ground covered with a tarpaulin—fried chicken, fresh green beans, real bread, jam, potatoes, cheese, cake, candy, cigars, and cigarettes. And—champagne!

That champagne had traveled a hundred miles on horse-back. It had been cooled in the icy water of the river. We drank it out of tin cups. We toasted each other. We toasted the Flathead flowing just beside us. We toasted the full moon rising over the Kootenais. We toasted the good fairy. The candles burned low in their sockets—this, also, is figurative; they were stuck in pieces of wood. With due formality I was presented with a birthday gift, a fishing-reel purchased by the Big and the Middle and the Little Boy.

Of all the birthdays that I can remember—and I remember quite a few—this one was the most wonderful. Over mountain-tops, glowing deep pink as they rose above masses of white clouds, came slowly a great yellow moon. It turned the Flathead beside us to golden glory, and transformed the evergreen thickets into fairy glades of light and shadow. Flickering candles inside the tents made them glow in luminous triangles against their background of forest.



PHOTOGRAPH BY E. E. MARBLE

Indian ponies on the trail

Behind us, in the valley lands at the foot of the Rockies, the horses rested and grazed, and eased their tired backs. The men lay out in the open and looked at the stars. The air was fragrant with pine and balsam. Night creatures called and answered.

And, at last, we went to our tents and slept. For the morning was a new day, and I had not got all my story.

That first day's run of the river we got fifty trout, ranging from one-half pound to four pounds. We would have caught more, but they could not keep up with the boat. We caught, also, the most terrific sunburn that I have ever known anything about. We had thought that we were thoroughly leathered, but we had not passed the primary stage, apparently.



PHOTOGRAPH BY L. D. LINDELEY

Trail through a burnt-forest area

In vain I dosed my face with cold-cream and talcum powder, and with a liquid warranted to restore the bloom of youth to an aged skin (mine, however, is not aged).

My journal for the second day starts something like this:

Cold and gray. Stood in the water fifteen minutes in hip-boots for a moving picture. River looks savage.

Of that second day, one beautiful picture stands out with distinctness.

The river is lovely; it winds and twists through deep forests with always that marvelous background of purple mountains capped with snow. Here and there, at long intervals, would come a quiet half-mile where, although the current was incredibly swift, there were, at least, no rocks. It was on coming round one of these bends that we saw, out from shore and drinking quietly, a deer. He was incredulous at first, and then uncertain whether to be frightened or not. He threw his head up and watched us, and then, turning, leaped up the bank and into the forest.

Except for fish, there was surprisingly little life to be seen. Bald eagles sat by the river, as intent on their fishing as we were on ours. Wild ducks paddled painfully up against the current. Kingfishers fished in quiet pools. But the real interest

of the river, its real life, lay in its fish. What piscine tragedies it conceals, with those murderous, greedy, and powerful assassins, the bull-trout, pursuing fish, as I have seen them, almost into the landing-net! What joyous interludes where, in a sunny shallow, tiny baby trout played tag while we sat and watched them!

The danger of the river is not all in the current. There are quicksands along the Flathead, sands underlaid with water, apparently secure but reaching up clutching hands to the unwary. Our noonday lunch-

eon, taken along the shore, was always on some safe and gravelly bank or tiny island.

Our second camp on the Flathead was less fortunate than the first. Always in such an outfit as ours, the first responsibility is the horses. Camp must be made within reach of grazing-grounds for them, and in these mountain and forest regions this is almost always a difficult matter. Here and there are meadows where horses may eat their fill; but, generally, pasture must

PHOTOGRAPH BY R. E. MARBLE
Medicine-dancer of the Blackfoot tribe

PHOTOGRAPH BY R. E. MARBLE

View of the mountains in Glacier National Park

be hunted. Often, long after we were settled for the night, our horses were still ranging far, hunting for grass.

So, on this second night, we made an uncomfortable camp for the sake of the horses, a camp on a steep bluff sloping into the water in a dead forest. It had been the intention, as the river was comparatively quiet here, to swim the animals across and graze them on the other side. But, although generally a horse can swim when put to it, we discovered too late that several horses in our string could not swim at all. In the attempt to get them across, one horse with a rider was almost drowned. So we gave that up, and they were driven back five miles into the country to pasture.

There is something ominous and most depressing about a burnt forest. There is no life, nothing green. It is a ghost-forest, filled with tall tree skeletons and the moldering bones of those that have fallen, and draped with dry gray moss that swings in the wind. Moving through such a forest is almost impossible. Fallen and rotten trees, black and charred stumps cover every foot of ground. It required two hours' work with an ax to clear a path that I might get to the little ridge on which my tent was placed. The day had been gray, and, to add to our discomfort, there was a soft, fine rain. The Middle Boy had developed an inflamed knee and was badly crippled. Sitting in the drizzle beside the camp-fire, I heated water in a tin pail and applied hot compresses consisting of woolen socks.

It was all in the game. Eggs tasted none the worse for being fried in a skillet into which the rain was pattering. Skins were weather-proof, if clothes were not. And heavy tarpaulins on the ground protected our bedding from dampness.

The outfit, coming down by trail, had passed a small

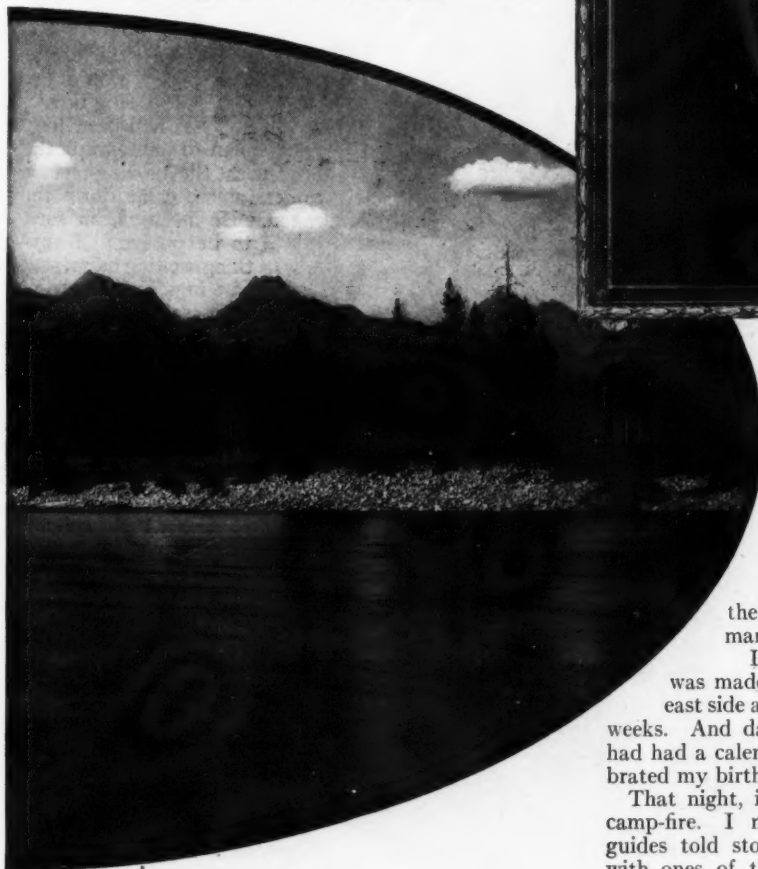
store in a clearing. They had bought a whole cheese weighing eleven pounds, a difficult thing to transport on horseback, a wooden pail containing nineteen pounds of chocolate chips, and six dozen eggs—our first eggs in many days.

In the shop, while making the purchase, the Head had



© DUDLEY BOWY

Mrs. Rinehart



from the North Fork of the Flathead River

pulled out a box of cigarettes. The woman who kept the little store had never seen machine-made cigarettes before, and examined them with the greatest interest. For in that country every man is his own cigarette maker. The Middle Boy later reported with wide eyes that at her elbow she kept a loaded revolver lying, in plain view. She is alone a great deal of the time there in the wilderness, and probably she has many strange visitors.

It was at the shop that a terrible discovery was made. We had been in the wilderness on the east side and then on the west side of the park for four weeks. And days in the woods are much alike. No one had had a calendar. The discovery was that we had celebrated my birthday on the wrong day!

That night, in the dead forest, we gathered round the camp-fire. I made hot compresses. The packers and guides told stories of the West, and we matched them with ones of the East. From across the river, above the roaring, we could hear the sharp stroke of the ax as branches were being cut for our beds. There was

nothing living, nothing green about us where we sat.

I am aware that the camp-fire is considered one of the things about which the camper should rave. My own experience of camp-fires is that they come too late in the day to be more than a warming-time before going to bed. We were generally too tired to talk. A little desultory conversation, a cigarette or two, an outline of the next day's work, and all were off to bed. Yet, in that

evergreen forest, our fires were always rarely beautiful. The boughs burned with a crackling white flame, and when we threw on needles, they burst into stars and sailed far up into the night. As the glare died down, each of us took his hot stone from its bed of ashes and, carrying it carefully, retired with it.

The next morning we wakened to sunshine, and fried trout and bacon and eggs for breakfast. The cook tossed his flapjacks skilfully. As the only woman in the party, I sometimes found an air of festivity about my breakfast-table. Whereas the others ate from a tarpaulin laid on the ground, I was favored with a small box for a table and a smaller one for a seat. On the table-box was set my graniteware plate, knife, fork, and spoon, a paper napkin, the Prince Albert and the St. Charles. Lest this sound strange to the uninitiated, the St. Charles was the condensed milk and the Prince Albert was an old tin can which had once contained tobacco but which now contained the sugar. Thus, in our camp-etiquette, one never asked for the sugar, but always for the Prince Albert; not for the milk, but always for the St. Charles, sometimes corrupted to the Charlie.

I was late that morning. The men

had gone about the business of preparing the boats for the day. The packers and guides were out after the horses. The cook, hot and weary, was packing up for the daily exodus. He turned and surveyed that ghost-forest with a scowl.

"Another camping-place like this, and I'll be braying like a blooming burro."

On the third day, we went through the Flathead River cañon. We had looked forward to this, both because of its beauty and its danger. Bitterly complaining, the junior members of the family were exiled to the trail with

OFFICIAL SOUVENIR PROGRAM
KALISPELL ROUND-UP
 AND
DEMERSVILLE DAYS
 FOR WEDNESDAY ONLY

AUGUST 16, 17, 18
 LET'S PAINT 'ER RED AGIN

PROGRAM
 WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, AUGUST 16 /
 OPENED PARADE OF ALL CONTESTANTS 1:30 P. M.

ROUND-UP EVENTS

PHYSICAL PROGRAM, KALISPELL GLACIER PARK RACED
 FARMER & RIFLE SHOOTER: Geo. E. Cook, Assistant Director

CHARACTERISTIC: "YIPPEE" TRUCKS
 1. Trucking Club - W. M. Adams
 2. Police Dept.
 3. Native Sons - H. C. C. C.
 4. Fire Dept.
 5. Fire Dept.
 6. Fire Dept.
 7. Fire Dept.
 8. Fire Dept.
 9. Fire Dept.
 10. Fire Dept.

EVENT NO. 1
 1:30 P. M. - 2:00 P. M.
 2:00 P. M. - 2:30 P. M.
 2:30 P. M. - 3:00 P. M.
 3:00 P. M. - 3:30 P. M.
 3:30 P. M. - 4:00 P. M.
 4:00 P. M. - 4:30 P. M.
 4:30 P. M. - 5:00 P. M.
 5:00 P. M. - 5:30 P. M.
 5:30 P. M. - 6:00 P. M.
 6:00 P. M. - 6:30 P. M.
 6:30 P. M. - 7:00 P. M.
 7:00 P. M. - 7:30 P. M.
 7:30 P. M. - 8:00 P. M.
 8:00 P. M. - 8:30 P. M.
 8:30 P. M. - 9:00 P. M.
 9:00 P. M. - 9:30 P. M.
 9:30 P. M. - 10:00 P. M.
 10:00 P. M. - 10:30 P. M.
 10:30 P. M. - 11:00 P. M.
 11:00 P. M. - 11:30 P. M.
 11:30 P. M. - 12:00 P. M.

PHOTOGRAPH BY E. E. MARBLE

Big Spring, a Blackfoot chief

the exception of the Big Boy.

It had been Joe's plan to photograph the boat with the moving-picture camera as we came down the cañon. He meant, I am sure, to be on hand if anything exciting happened. But impenetrable wilderness separated the trail from the edge of the gorge, and that evening we reached the camp unphotographed, unrecorded, to find Joe sulking in a corner and inclined to blame the forest on us.

In one of the very greatest stretches of the rapids, a long straightaway, we saw a pigmy figure, far ahead, hailing us from the bank. "Pigmy" is a word I use generally with much caution, since a friend of mine, in the excitement of a first baby, once published a poem entitled, "My Pigmy Counterpart." Which a typesetter made, in the magazine version, "My Pig, My Counterpart."

Nevertheless, we will use it here. Behind this pigmy figure stretched a cliff, more than one hundred feet in height, of sheer rock overgrown with bushes. The figure had ap-



PHOTOGRAPH BY E. E. HARRIS

An encampment of Blackfoot Indians

parently but room on which to stand. George stood up and surveyed the prospect.

"Well," he said, in his slow drawl, "if that's lunch, I don't think we can hit it."

The river was racing at mad speed. Great rocks caught the current, formed whirlpools and eddies, turned us round again and again, and sent us spinning on, drenched with spray. That part of the river the boatmen knew—at least by reputation. It had been the scene, a few years before, of the tragic drowning of a man they knew. For now we were getting down into the better known portions.

To check a boat in such a current seemed impossible. But we needed food. We were tired and cold, and we had a long afternoon's work still before us.

At last, by tremendous effort and great skill, the boatmen made the landing. It was the college boy who had clambered down the cliff and brought the lunch, and it was he who caught the boats as they were whirling by. We had to cling like limpets—whatever a limpet is—to the edge, and work our way over to where there was room to sit down.

It reminded the Head of Roosevelt's expression about peace raging in Mexico. He considered that enjoyment was raging here.

Nevertheless, we ate. We made the inevitable cocoa, warmed beans, ate a part of the great cheese purchased the day before, and, with gingersnaps and canned fruit, managed to eke out a frugal repast. And shrieked our words over the roar of the river.

It was here that the boats were roped down. Critical examination and long debate with the boatmen showed no way through. On the far side, under the towering cliff, was an opening in the rocks through which the river boiled in a drop of twenty feet.

So it was fortunate, after all, that we had been hailed from the shore and had stopped, dangerous as it had been. For not one of us would have lived had we essayed that passage under the cliff. The Flathead River is not a deep river; but the force of its flow is so great, its drop so rapid, that the most powerful swimmer is hopeless in such a current. Light as our flies were, again and again they were swept under and held as though by a powerful hand.

Another year, the Flathead may be a much simpler proposition to negotiate. Owing to the unusually heavy snows of last winter, which had not commenced to melt on the mountain-tops until July, the river was high. In a



Mrs. Rinehart and two of her sons trout-fishing on the banks of the Flathead

normal summer, I believe that this trip could be taken—although always the boatmen must be expert in river rapids—with comparative safety and enormous pleasure.

There is a thrill and exultation about running rapids—not for minutes, not for an hour or two, but for days—that gets in the blood. And when to that exultation is added the most beautiful scenery in America, the trip becomes (Continued on page 142)

Beyond

A Drama of Heart's Counseling

By John Galsworthy

Author of "The Dark Flower"

Illustrated by John Alonzo Williams

G HITA, or Gyp, as she is always called, was eight years old when her real father, Major Winton, decided that she should henceforth bear his name. This was after the death of the husband of her mother (who herself had died at Gyp's birth), a country squire who never knew that Gyp was not his daughter, and who made Winton the child's guardian. She was brought up at Winton's hunting-box at Mildenhall under the care of her old nurse, Betty. When she finally learns the story of her parentage, Gyp will accept nothing but her mother's estate.

At twenty-three, Gyp, against her father's wishes, marries a Swedish violinist, Gustav Fjorsen, and soon finds that he can never possess her heart. He proves to be unfaithful, also most selfish, irritable, extravagant, and sometimes drinks to excess. When their child, little Gyp, is about a year old, Gyp, fearing for the baby's safety on account of Fjorsen's uncontrolled temper and jealousy, leaves him and returns to her father. She rejects the pleas of Winton and his sister, her aunt Rosamund, that she try for a divorce. Dread of the publicity and the difficulty of obtaining freedom under the present existent British law make her refuse.

A few months later, she meets Bryan Summerhay, a young barrister, whose home is near Mildenhall, but who is now practising in London. They fall deeply in love. When Gyp tells her father of this, he insists more strongly on a divorce, but she replies that it is too late; that her husband could divorce her if he will. Fjorsen, in a repentant mood, comes to see Gyp and begs her to return to him, but she tells him of the state of things between herself and Summerhay, and he rushes from the house and renews an affair, which had ended when a child was born dead, with Daphne Wing, a dancer of the music-halls and daughter of an undertaker, whose real name is Daisy Wagge. Gyp informs Summerhay at once of her husband's knowledge of their relationship, and he then breaks the news to his conventional mother, who will not believe in her son's great love and merely asks how long it will last.

Gyp spends a day with Summerhay in the country, and, in her absence, Fjorsen carries off the child, to whom he has a legal right, promising to give her back if his wife will leave her lover. But the distracted woman appeals to Daphne Wing, whom Gyp aided in her own trouble, and little Gyp is returned to her. Then she decides that she will live openly with Summerhay, and, after giving him a last chance to draw back, the two depart for a "honeymoon" on the Continent.

PART IV

I

LITTLE GYP, aged nearly four and a half that first of May, stood at the edge of the tulip border, bowing to two hen turkeys who were poking their heads elegantly here and there among the flowers. She was absurdly like her mother—the same oval-shaped face, dark arched brows, large and clear-brown eyes. But she had the modern child's open-air look; her hair, that curled over at the ends, was not allowed to be long, and her polished brown legs were bare to the knees.



Gyp looked at her little daughter, who had given one excited hop but now stood still, her eyes flying up at her mother: and she thought: "The darling! She never begs for anything." "Very well. Pettance: buy her"

"Turkeys! You aren't good, are you? Come on!" And, stretching out her hands with the palms held up, she backed away from the tulip-bed. The turkeys, trailing delicately their long-toed feet and uttering soft, liquid interrogations, moved after her in hopes of what she was not holding in her little brown hands. The sun, down in the west, for it was past tea-time, slanted from over the roof of the red house, and painted up that small procession—the deep-blue frock of little Gyp, the glint of gold in the chestnut of her hair. When she had lured them to the open gate, little Gyp raised herself and said:

"Aren't you duffies, dears? Shoo!" And on the tails of the turkeys she shut the gate. Then she went to where, under the walnut tree—the one large tree of that walled garden—a very old Scotch terrier was lying, and, sitting down beside him, began stroking his white muzzle, saying, "Ossy, Ossy, do you love me?"

Presently, seeing her mother in the porch, she jumped up, and crying out: "Ossy—Ossy! Walk!" rushed to Gyp and embraced her legs, while the old Scotch terrier slowly followed.

Thus held prisoner, Gyp watched the dog's approach. Nearly three years had changed her a little. Her face was softer, and rather more grave, her form a little fuller, her hair, if anything, darker, and done differently—instead of waving in wings and being coiled up behind, it was smoothly gathered round in a soft and lustrous helmet, by which fashion the shape of her head was better revealed.

"Darling, go and ask Pettance to put a fresh piece of sulphur in Ossy's water-bowl, and to cut up his meat finer. You can give Hotspur and Brownie two lumps of sugar each, and then we'll go out." Going down on her knees

in the porch, she parted the old dog's hair and examined his eczema, thinking: "I must rub some more of that stuff in to-night. Oh, ducky, you're not smelling your best! Yes; only not my face!"

A telegraph-boy was coming from the gate. Gyp opened the missive with the faint tremor she always felt when Summerhay was not with her.

Detained shall be down by last train need not come up to-morrow.
BRYAN.

When the boy was gone, she stooped down and stroked the old dog's head.

"Master home all day to-morrow, Ossy—master home!"

A voice from the path said.

"Beautiful evenin', ma'am.

The "old scoundrel," Pettance, stiffer in the ankle-joints, with more lines in his gargoyles face, fewer stumps in his gargoyles mouth, more film over his dark, burning



little eyes, was standing before her, and, behind him, little Gyp, one foot rather before the other, as Gyp had been wont to stand, waited gravely.

"Oh, Pettance, Mr. Summerhay will be at home all to-morrow, and we'll go a long ride; and when you exercise, will you call at the inn, in case I don't go that way, and tell Major Winton I expect him to dinner to-night?"

"Yes, ma'am; and I've seen the pony for little Miss Gyp this mornin', ma'am. It's a mouse pony, five year old, sound, good temper, pretty little paces. I says to the man: 'Don't you come it over me,' I says; 'I was born on an 'orse. Talk of twenty pound for that pony! Ten, and lucky to get it!' 'Well,' he says, 'Pettance, it's no good to talk round an' round with you. Fifteen,' he says. 'I'll throw you one in,' I says. 'Eleven—take it or leave it.' 'Ah!' he says, 'Pettance, you know 'ow to buy an 'orse. All right,' he says; 'twelve.' She's worth all of

fifteen, ma'am, and the major's passed her. So, if you likes to have 'er, there she is!"

Gyp looked at her little daughter, who had given one excited hop but now stood still, her eyes flying up at her mother and her lips parted; and she thought: "The darling! She never begs for anything!"

"Very well, Pettance; buy her."

The "old scoundrel" touched his forelock.

"Yes, ma'am—very good, ma'am. Beautiful evenin', ma'am." And, withdrawing at his gait of one whose feet are at permanent right angles to the legs, he mused, "And that'll be two in my pocket."

Ten minutes later Gyp, little Gyp, and Ossian emerged from the garden gate for their evening walk. They went, not as usual, up to the downs, but toward the river, making for what they called "the wild." This was an outlying plot of neglected ground belonging to their farm, two sedgy meadows, hedged by banks on which grew oaks and ashes. An old stone linhay, covered to its broken thatch by a huge ivy bush, stood at the angle where the meadows met.

The spot had a strange life to itself in that smooth, kempt countryside of corn fields, grass, and beech clumps; it was favored by beasts and birds, and little Gyp had recently seen two baby hares there. From an oak tree, where the crinkled leaves were not yet large enough to hide him, a cuckoo was calling, and they stopped to look at the gray bird till he flew off. The singing and serenity, the green and golden oaks and ashes, the flowers—marsh-orchis, ladies' smocks, and cuckoo-buds, starring the rushy grass—all brought to Gyp that feeling of the uncapturable spirit which lies behind the forms of nature, the shadowy, hovering smile of life that is ever vanishing and ever springing again out of death. While they stood there close to the old linhay, a bird came flying round them in wide circles, uttering shrill cries. It had a long beak and long pointed wings, and seemed distressed by their presence.

Little Gyp squeezed her mother's hand.

"Poor bird! Isn't it a poor bird, mum?"

"Yes, dear; it's a curlew—I wonder what's the matter with it. Perhaps its mate is hurt."

"What is its mate?"

"The bird it lives with."

"It's afraid of us. It's not like other birds. Is it a real bird, mum? Or one out of the sky?"

"I think it's real. Shall we go on and see if we can find out what's the matter?"

"Yes."

They went on into the sedgy grass, and the curlew continued to circle, vanishing and reappearing from behind the trees, always uttering those shrill cries.

Little Gyp said:

"Mum, could we speak to it? Because we're not going to hurt nothing, are we?"

"Of course not, darling! But I'm afraid the poor bird's too wild. Try, if you like. Call to it: 'Courlie! Courlie!'"

Little Gyp's piping joined the curlew's cries and other bird-songs in the bright, shadowy quiet of the evening till Gyp said:

"Oh, look; it's dipping close to the ground, over there in that corner—it's got a nest! We won't go near, will we?"

Little Gyp echoed, in a hushed voice,

"It's got a nest."

They stole back out of the gate close to the linhay, the curlew still flitting and crying behind them.

"Aren't we glad the mate isn't hurt, mum?"

Gyp answered with a shiver:

"Yes, darling; fearfully glad. Now then, shall we go down and ask grandy to come up to dinner?"

Little Gyp hopped. And they went toward the river.

At The Bowl of Cream, Winton had for two years had rooms, which he occupied as often as his pursuits permitted. He had refused to make his home with Gyp, desiring to be on hand only when she wanted him; and a simple life of it he led in those simple quarters, riding with her when Summerhay was in town, visiting the cottagers, smoking cigars, laying plans for the defense of his daughter's position, and devoting himself to the whims of little Gyp. This moment, when his grandchild was to begin to ride, was, in a manner, sacred to one for whom life had scant meaning apart from horses. Looking at them, hand in hand, Gyp thought, "Dad loves her as much as he loves me now—more, I think."

Lonely dinner at the inn was an affliction which he studiously concealed from Gyp. He accepted their invitation without alacrity, and they walked on up the hill, with little Gyp in the middle, supported by a hand on each side.

The Red House contained nothing that had been in Gyp's married home except the piano. It had white walls, furniture of old oak, and, for pictures, reproductions of her favorites. "The Death of Procris" hung in the dining-room. Winton never failed to scrutinize it when he came in to a meal. That "deuced rum affair" appeared to have a fascination for him. He approved of the dining-room altogether—its narrow oak "last supper" table made gay by a strip of blue linen, old brick hearth, casement windows hung with flowered curtains—all had a pleasing austerity, uncannily redeemed to softness. He got on well enough with Summerhay, but he enjoyed himself much more when he was there alone with his daughter. And this evening he was especially glad to have her to himself, for she had seemed of late rather grave and absent-minded.

When dinner was over and they were undisturbed, he said:

"It must be pretty dull for you, my dear, sometimes. I wish you saw more people."

"Oh, no, dad!"

Watching her smile, he thought: "That's not 'sour grapes.' What is the trouble, then?"

"I suppose you've not heard anything of that fellow Fiorsen lately?"

"Not a word. But he's playing again in London this season, I see."

"Is he? Ah, that'll cheer them." And he thought:

"It's not that, then. But there's something—I'll swear."

"I hear," he said, "that Bryan's going ahead. I met a man in town last week who spoke of him as about the most promising junior at the bar."

"Yes; he's doing awfully well." And a sound like a faint sigh caught his ears. "Would you say he's changed much, dad, since you knew him?"

"I don't know—perhaps a little less jokey."

"Yes; he's lost his laugh."

It was very evenly and softly said, yet it affected Winton.

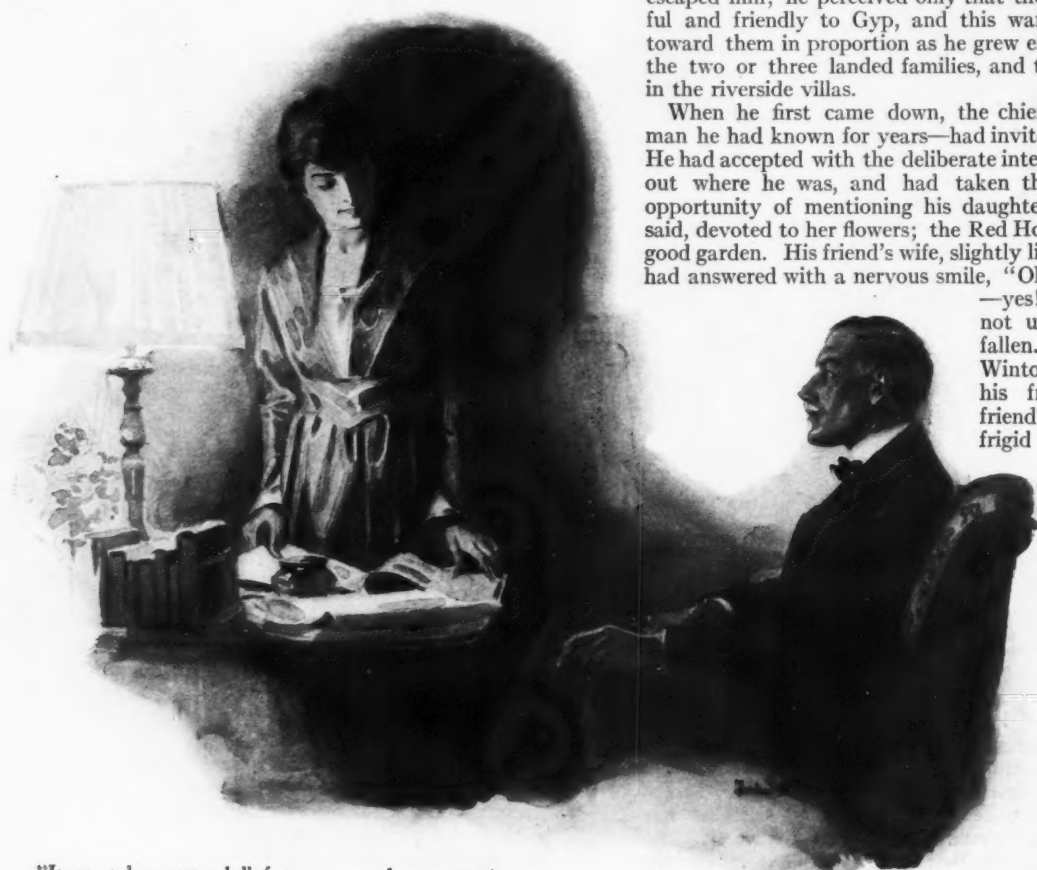
"Can't expect him to keep that," he answered, "turning people inside out day after day—and most of them rotten. By George, what a life!"

But when he had left her, strolling back in the bright moonlight, he reverted to his suspicions and wished he had said more directly, "Look here, Gyp: Are you worrying about Bryan—or have people been making themselves unpleasant?"

He had, in these last three years, become unconsciously inimical to his own class and their imitators, and more than ever friendly to the poor—visiting the laborers, small farmers, and small tradesmen, doing them little turns when he could, giving their children sixpences, and so forth. The fact that they could not afford to put on the airs of virtue escaped him; he perceived only that they were respectful and friendly to Gyp, and this warmed his heart toward them in proportion as he grew exasperated with the two or three landed families, and that *parvenu* lot in the riverside villas.

When he first came down, the chief landowner—a man he had known for years—had invited him to lunch. He had accepted with the deliberate intention of finding out where he was, and had taken the first natural opportunity of mentioning his daughter. She was, he said, devoted to her flowers; the Red House had quite a good garden. His friend's wife, slightly lifting her brows, had answered with a nervous smile, "Oh, yes; of course

—yes!" A silence had, not unnaturally, fallen. Since then, Winton had saluted his friend and his friend's wife with such frigid politeness as froze the very marrow in their bones. He had not gone there fishing for Gyp to be called on, but to show these people that his daughter could not be slighted with impunity. Foolish of him, for, man of the world to his fingertips, he knew perfectly well



"It must be pretty dull for you, my dear, sometimes. I wish you saw more people." "Oh, no, dad!"

that a woman living with a man to whom she was not married could not be recognized by people with any pretensions to orthodoxy; Gyp was beyond even the debatable ground on which stood those who have been divorced and are married again. But even a man of the world is not proof against the warping of devotion, and Winton was ready to charge any windmill at any moment on her behalf.

Outside the inn door, exhaling the last puffs of his good-night cigarette, he thought, "What wouldn't I give for the old days, and a chance to wing some of these moral upstarts!"

II

THE last train was not due till eleven-thirty, and, having seen that the evening tray had sandwiches, Gyp went to Summerhay's study, the room at right angles to the body of the house, over which was their bedroom. Here, if she had nothing to do, she always came when he was away, feeling nearer to him. She would have been horrified if she had known of her father's sentiments on her behalf. Her instant denial of the wish to see more people had been quite genuine. The conditions of her life, in that respect, often seemed to her ideal. It was such a joy to be free of people one did not care two straws about, and of all empty social functions. Everything she had now was real—love and nature, riding, music, animals, and poor people. What else was worth having? She would not have changed for anything. It often seemed to her that books and plays about the unhappiness of women in her position were all false. If one loved, what could one want better? Such women, if unhappy, could have no pride; or else could not really love. She had recently been reading "Anna Karénina," and had often said to herself: "There's something not true about it—as if Tolstoy wanted to make us believe that Anna was secretly feeling remorse. If one loves, one doesn't feel remorse. Even if my baby had been taken away, I shouldn't have felt remorse. One gives oneself to love—or one does not."

She even derived a positive joy from the feeling that her love imposed a sort of isolation; she liked to be apart—for him. Besides, by her very birth she was outside the fold of society, her love beyond the love of those within it—just as her father's love had been. And her pride was greater than theirs, too. How could women mope and moan because they were cast out, and try to scratch their way back where they were not welcome? How could any woman do that? Sometimes, she wondered whether, if Fiorsen died, she would marry her lover. What difference would it make? She could not love him more. It would only make him feel, perhaps, too sure of her, make it all a matter of course. For herself, she would rather go on as she was. But for

him, she was not certain, of late had been less and less certain. He was not bound now, could leave her when he tired. And yet—did he perhaps feel himself more bound than if they were married—unfairly bound? It was this thought—barely more than the shadow of a thought—which had given her, of late, the extra gravity noticed by her father.

In that unlighted room, with the moonbeams drifting in, she sat down at Summerhay's bureau, where he often worked too late at his cases, depriving her of himself. She sat there resting her elbows on the bare wood, crossing her finger-tips, gazing out into the moonlight, her mind drifting on a stream of memories that seemed to have beginning only from the year when he came into her life. A smile



Gyp said very quietly: "Oh, no! I'm perfectly happy—couldn't be happier." And she thought, "I suppose she doesn't believe that"

crept out on her face, and now and then she uttered a little sigh of contentment.

So many memories, nearly all happy! Surely, the most adroit work of the jeweler who put the human soul together was his provision of its power to forget the dark and remember sunshine. The year and a half of her life with Fiorsen, the empty months that followed it, were gone, dispersed like mist by the radiance of the last three years, in whose sky had hung just one cloud, no bigger than a hand, of doubt whether Summerhay really loved her as much as she loved him, whether from her company he got as much as the all she got from his. She would not have been her distrustful self if she could have settled down in complacent security; and her mind was ever at stretch on that point, comparing past days and nights with the days and nights of the present. Her prevision that, when she loved, it would be desperately had been fulfilled. He had become her life. When this befalls one whose besetting strength and weakness alike is pride—no wonder that she doubts.

For their Odyssey they had gone to Spain—that brown un-European land, of "lyrio" flowers, and cries of "Agua!" in the streets, where the men seem cleft to the waist when

they are astride of horses, under their wide black hats, and the black-clothed women with wonderful eyes still look as if they missed their Eastern veils. It had been a month of gaiety and glamour, last days of September and early days of October, a revel of enchanted wanderings in the streets of Seville, of embraces and laughter, of strange scents and stranger sounds, of orange light and velvety shadows and all the warmth and deep gravity of Spain. The Alcazar, the cigarette-girls, the Gipsy dancers of Triana, the old brown ruins to which they rode, the streets, and the square with its grave talkers sitting on benches in the sun, the water-sellers, and the melons, the mules, and the dark, ragged man out of a dream, picking up the ends of cigarettes, the wine of Malaga, burnt fire and honey! Seville had bewitched them—they got no further. They had come back across the brown uplands of Castile to Madrid and Goya and Velasquez, till it was time for Paris, before the law-term began. There, in a queer little French hotel—all bedrooms and a lift, coffee and carved beds, wood fires and a chambermaid who seemed all France, and down below a restaurant, to which such as knew about eating came, with waiters who looked like monks, both fat and lean, they had spent a week. Three special memories of that week started up in the moonlight before Gyp's eyes: The long drive in the Bois among the falling-leaves of trees flashing with color in the crisp air under a brilliant sky; the moment in the Louvre before the Leonardo "Bacchus," when—his "restored" pink skin forgotten—all the world seemed to drop away while she listened with the listening figure before her to some mysterious music of growing flowers and secret life; and that last, most disconcerting memory of the night before they returned. They were having supper after the theater in their restaurant, when, in a mirror, she saw three people come in and take seats at a table a little way behind—Fiorsen, Rosek, and Daphne Wing! How she managed to show no sign, she never knew! While they were ordering she was safe, for Rosek was a *gourmet*, and the girl would certainly be hungry; but after that she knew that nothing could save her being seen—Rosek would mark down every woman in the room. Should she pretend to feel faint and slip out into the hotel? Or let Bryan know? Or sit there laughing and talking, eating and drinking, as if nothing were behind her?

Her own face in the mirror had a flush, and her eyes were bright. When they saw her, they would see that she was happy, safe in her love. Her foot sought Summerhay's beneath the table. How splendid and brown and fit he looked, compared with those two pale, towney creatures! And he was gazing at her as though just discovering her beauty. How could she ever—that man with his little beard and his white face and those eyes—how could she ever! Ugh!

And then, in the mirror, she saw Rosek's dark-circled eyes fasten on her and betray their recognition by a sudden gleam, saw his lips compressed, and a faint red come up in his cheeks. What would he do? The girl's back was turned—her perfect back—and she was eating. And Fiorsen was staring straight before him in that moody way she knew so well. All depended on that deadly little man who had once kissed her throat. A sick feeling seized on Gyp. If her lover knew that within five yards of him were those two men! But she still smiled and talked and touched his foot. Rosek had seen that she was conscious—was getting from it a kind of satisfaction. She saw him lean over and whisper to the girl, and Daphne Wing turning to look, and her mouth opening for a smothered "Oh!" Gyp saw her give an uneasy glance at Fiorsen, and then begin again to eat. Surely she would want to get away before he saw. Yes; very soon she rose. What little airs of the world she had now—quite mistress of the situation! The wrap must be placed exactly on her shoulders; and how she walked, giving just one startled look back from the door! Gone! The ordeal over! And Gyp said,

"Let's go up, darling."

She felt as if they had both escaped a deadly peril—not from anything those two could do to him or her, but from the cruel ache and jealousy of the past, which the sight of that man must have brought him.

Women, for their age, are surely older than men—married women, at all events, than men who have not had that experience. And all through those first weeks of their life together, there was a kind of wise watchfulness in Gyp. He was only a boy in knowledge of life as she saw it, and though his character was so much more decided, active, and insistent than her own, she felt it lay with her to shape the course and avoid the shallows and sunken rocks. The house they had seen together near the river, under the Berkshire downs, was still empty; and while it was being got ready, they lived at a London hotel. She had insisted that he should tell no one of their life together. If that must come, she wanted to be firmly settled in, with little Gyp and Betty and the horses, so that it should all be for him as much like respectable married life as possible. But, one day, in the first week after their return, while in her room, just back from a long day's shopping, a card was brought up to her: "Lady Summerhay." Her first impulse was to be "not at home;" her second: "I'd better face it. Bryan would wish me to see her!" When the page-boy was gone, she turned to the mirror and looked at herself doubtfully. She seemed to know exactly what that tall woman whom she had seen on the platform would think of her—too soft, not capable, not right for him—not even if she were legally his wife. And, touching her hair, laying a dab of scent on her eyebrows, she turned and went down-stairs fluttering, but outwardly calm enough.

In the little low-roofed inner lounge of that old hotel, whose rooms were all "entirely renovated," Gyp saw her visitor standing at a table, rapidly turning the pages of an illustrated magazine, as people will when their minds are set upon a coming operation. And she thought, "I believe she's more frightened than I am."

Lady Summerhay held out a gloved hand.

"How do you do?" she said. "I hope you'll forgive my coming."

Gyp took the hand.

"Thank you. It was very good of you. I'm sorry Bryan isn't in yet. Will you have some tea?"

"I've had tea; but do let's sit down. How do you find the hotel?"

"Very nice."

On a velvet lounge that had survived the renovation, they sat side by side, screwed round toward each other.

"Bryan's told me what a pleasant time you had abroad. He's looking very well, I think. I'm devoted to him, you know."

Gyp answered softly,

"Yes; you must be." And her heart felt suddenly as hard as flint.

Lady Summerhay gave her a quick look.

"I—I hope you won't mind my being frank—I've been so worried. It's an unhappy position, isn't it?" Gyp did not answer, and she hurried on. "If there's anything I can do to help, I should be so glad—it must be horrid for you."

Gyp said very quietly:

"Oh, no! I'm perfectly happy—couldn't be happier." And she thought, "I suppose she doesn't believe that."

Lady Summerhay was looking at her fixedly.

"One doesn't realize these things at first—neither of you will till you see how dreadfully society can cold-shoulder."

Gyp made an effort to control a smile.

"One can only be cold-shouldered if one puts oneself in the way of it. I should never wish to see or speak to anyone who couldn't take me just for what I am. And I don't really see what difference it will make to Bryan; most men of his age have some one somewhere." She felt malicious pleasure watching her visitor jib and frown at the cynicism



DRAWN BY JOHN ALFORD WILLIAMS

When she reined in again, he glanced into her face and was afraid. It was all closed up against him.
And he said softly, "I didn't mean that, Gyp"

of that soft speech; a kind of hatred had come on her of this society woman, who—disguise it as she would—was at heart her enemy, who regarded her, must regard her, as an enslaver, as a despoiler of her son's worldly chances, a Delilah dragging him down. She said, still more quietly, "He need tell no one of my existence; and you can be quite sure that if ever he feels he's had enough of me, he'll never be troubled by the sight of me again." And she got up.

Lady Summerhay also rose.

"I hope you don't think—I really am only too anxious to—"

"I think it's better to be quite frank. You will never like me, or forgive me for ensnaring Bryan. And so it had better be, please, as it would be if I were just his common mistress. That will be perfectly all right for both of us. It was very good of you to come, though. Thank you—and good-by."

Lady Summerhay literally faltered with speech and hand.

With a malicious smile, Gyp watched her retirement among the little tables and elaborately modern chairs till her tall figure had disappeared behind a column. Then she sat down again on the lounge, pressing her hands to her burning ears. She had never till then known the strength of the pride-demon within her; at the moment, it was almost stronger than her love. She was still sitting there when the page-boy brought her another card—her father's. She sprang up, saying,

"Yes, here, please!"

Winton was all brisk and elated at sight of her after this long absence, and, throwing her arms round his neck, she hugged him tight. He was doubly precious to her after the encounter she had just gone through. When he had given her news of Mildenhay and little Gyp, he looked at her steadily and said.

"The coast'll be clear for you both down there and at Bury Street whenever you like to come, Gyp. I shall regard this as your real marriage. I shall have the servants in and make that plain."

A row like family prayers—and dad standing up very

straight, saying in his dry way: "You will be so good in future as to remember—" "I shall be obliged if you will," and so on; Betty's round face pouting at being brought in with all the others; Markey's soft, inscrutable; Mrs. Markey's demure and goggling; the maids' rabbit-faces; old Pettance's carved grin, the film lifting from his little burning eyes: "Ha! Mr. Bry'n Summer'ay; he bought her 'orse, and so she's gone to 'im!" And she said:

"Darling, I don't know. It's awfully sweet of you. We'll see, later."

Winton patted her hand.

"We must stand up to 'em, you know, Gyp. You mustn't get your tail down."

Gyp laughed.

"No, dad; never!"

That same night, across the strip of blackness between their beds, she said,

"Bryan, promise me something!"

"It depends. I know you too well."

"No; it's quite reasonable—and possible. Promise!"

"All right—if it is."

"I want you to let me take the lease of the Red House—let it be mine—let me pay for everything there."

"Reasonable! What's the point?"

"Only that I shall have a proper home of my own. I can't explain, but your mother's coming to-day made me feel I must."

"My child, how could I possibly live on *you* there? It's absurd!"

"You can pay for everything else—London, traveling, clothes, if you like. We can make it square up. It's not a question of money, of course. I only want to feel that if, at any moment, you don't need me any more, you can simply stop coming."

"I think that's brutal, Gyp!"

"No, no; so many women lose men's love because they seem to claim things of them. I don't want to lose yours that way—that's all."

"That's silly, darling!"

"It's not. Men—and women, too—always tug at chains. And when there is no chain—"

"Well then; let me take the house, and you can go away when you're tired of me." His voice sounded smothered, resentful; she could hear him turning and turning, as if angry with his pillows. And she murmured:

"No; I can't explain. But I really mean it."

"We're just beginning life together, and you talk as if you want to split it up. It hurts, Gyp, and that's all about it."

She said gently,

"Don't be angry, dear."

"Well, why don't you trust me more?"

"I do. Only, I must make as sure as I can."

The sound came again of his turning and turning.

"I can't!"

Gyp said slowly,

"Oh, very well."

A dead silence followed, both lying quiet in the darkness, trying to get the better of each other by sheer listening. An hour perhaps passed before he sighed, and, feeling his lips on hers, she knew that she had won.



Gyp heard a woman's voice, close behind, say: "Why, it's Bryan! What ages!" and his answer, defensively drawn out: "Hello! How are you, Diana?"



He twitched the bust—and the letter lay disclosed.
He took it up with a sigh of relief

III

THERE, in the study, the moonlight had reached her face; an owl was hooting not far away, and still more memories came—the happiest of all, perhaps—of first days in this old house together.

Summerhay damaged himself out hunting that first winter. The memory of nursing him was strangely pleasant, now that it was two years old. For convalescence they had gone to the Pyrenees—Argeles in March, all almond-blossom and snows against the blue—a wonderful fortnight.

In London, on the way back, they had their first awkward encounter. Coming out of a theater one evening, Gyp heard a woman's voice, close behind, say:

"Why, it's Bryan! What ages!" and his answer, defensively drawled out:

"Hello! How are you, Diana?"

"Oh, awfully fit! Where are you, nowadays? Why don't you come and see us?"

Again the drawl:

"Down in the country. I will, sometime. Good-by."

A tall woman or girl—red-haired, with one of those wonderful white skins that go therewith; and brown—yes, brown eyes; Gyp could see those eyes sweeping her up and down with a sort of burning-live curiosity. Bryan's hand was thrust under her arm at once.

"Come on; let's walk and get a cab."

As soon as they were clear of the crowd, she pressed his hand to her breast and said,

"Did you mind?"

"Mind? Of course not. It's for you to mind."

"Who was it?"

"A second cousin. Diana Leyton."

"Do you know her very well?"

"Oh, yes—used to."

"And do you like her very much?"

"Rather!"

He looked round into her face, with laughter bubbling up behind his gravity. Ah, but could one tease on such a subject as their love? And to this day the figure of that tall girl with the burning white skin, the burning brown eyes, the burning red hair was not quite a pleasant memory to Gyp.

After that night, they gave up all attempt to hide their union, going to whatever they wished, whether they were likely to meet people or not. Gyp found that nothing was so easily ignored as society when the heart was set on other things. Besides, they were seldom in London, and in the country did not wish to know anyone in any case. But she

never lost the feeling that what was ideal for her might not be ideal for him. He ought to go into the world, ought to meet people. It would not do for him to be cut off from social pleasures and duties, and then some day feel that he owed his starvation to her. To go up to London, too, every day, was tiring, and she persuaded him to take a set of residential chambers in the Temple and sleep there three nights a week. In spite of all his entreaties, she herself never went to those chambers, staying always at Bury Street when she came up. A kind of superstition prevented her; she would not risk making

him feel that she was hanging round his neck. Besides, she wanted to keep herself desirable—so little a matter of course—that he would hanker after her when he was away. And she never asked him where he went or whom he saw. But, sometimes, she wondered whether he could still be quite faithful to her in thought, love her as he used to; and joy would go down behind a heavy bank of clouds till, at his return, the sun came out again. Love such as hers—passionate, adoring, protective, longing to sacrifice itself, to give all that it had to him, yet secretly demanding all his love in return—for how could a proud woman love one who did not love her?—such love as this is always longing for a union more complete than it is likely to get in a world where all things move and change. But against the grip of this love she never dreamed of fighting now. From the moment when she knew she must cling to him rather than to her baby, she had made no reservations; all her eggs were in one basket, as her father's had been before her—all!

The moonlight was shining full on the old bureau and a vase of tulips standing there, giving those flowers color that was not color, and an unnamed look, as if they came from a world which no human enters. It glinted on a bronze bust of old Voltaire, which she had bought him for a Christmas present, so that the great writer seemed to be smiling from the hollows of his eyes. Gyp turned the bust a little, to catch the light on its far cheek; a letter was disclosed between it and the oak. She drew it out thinking: "Bless him! He uses everything for paper-weights," and, in the strange light, its first words caught her eyes:

DEAR BRYAN:

But I say—you are wasting yourself—

She laid it down, methodically pushing it back under the bust. Perhaps he had put it there on purpose! She got up and went to the window, to check the (Continued on page 112)

The Bitter Water

Craig Kennedy arrives in Buenos Aires to find the police with a murder case on their hands that contains all the elements of a *cause célèbre*. The great scientific detective loses no time in concentrating his wonderful faculties on the deep mystery, and probably no one is more astonished than he at the unexpected dénouement which is reached when the result of his labors leaves no loophole for the concealment of as strange and dramatic a situation as it is possible to imagine.

By Arthur B. Reeve

Author of "The Black Diamond"
and other Craig Kennedy stories

Illustrated by Will Foster

"**B**ARRETOS, unconscious, dying in his room; two glasses, empty—traces of beladonna in one, in the other, nothing; in her room, Madame Barretos prostrated—do you wonder the city talks of nothing but the Barretos mystery?"

Kennedy and I were seated in the luxurious café of the famous Jockey Club at Buenos Aires the afternoon of our arrival, guests of Ramon Ramirez, editor of the *Diario*, who had met us at the dock.

We had arrived in the southern metropolis to find it fairly alive with gossip and excitement over the sudden death, the night before, of Señor José Barretos, the famous tenor of the Teatro Colon. It was not surprising that the newspapers were full of the case, for nowhere in the world is opera more highly appreciated than in South America, and Barretos was not only a great figure in Argentina but world-famous.

"What were the circumstances?" inquired Craig. "What has Madame Barretos to say about it? I presume that she is French, since I hear everyone call her 'madame,' never 'señora.'"

"Yes—French," replied Ramirez hastily. "So far, she has been able to tell very little. She seems to know almost nothing. Apparently, Barretos came in alone, late. They had an apartment at the Hôtel Français. Some noise must have disturbed her, she says. She saw the light in the other room, and heard moaning. She called, but there was no answer. When she entered, her husband was lying on the floor, almost unconscious."

"And no one was there? She saw or heard nothing else?"

"Apparently nothing."

"But where had he been between the time when the opera closed and his return?" asked Kennedy.

"Ah," gestured Ramirez, "it is just that! Where? How is that all to be—reconstructed, I believe you call it? Would you not be interested in taking up the affair?"

"Most assuredly," agreed Kennedy, who found the enforced inaction even for the few days during our flitting from place to place irksome rather than restful, as I had hoped.

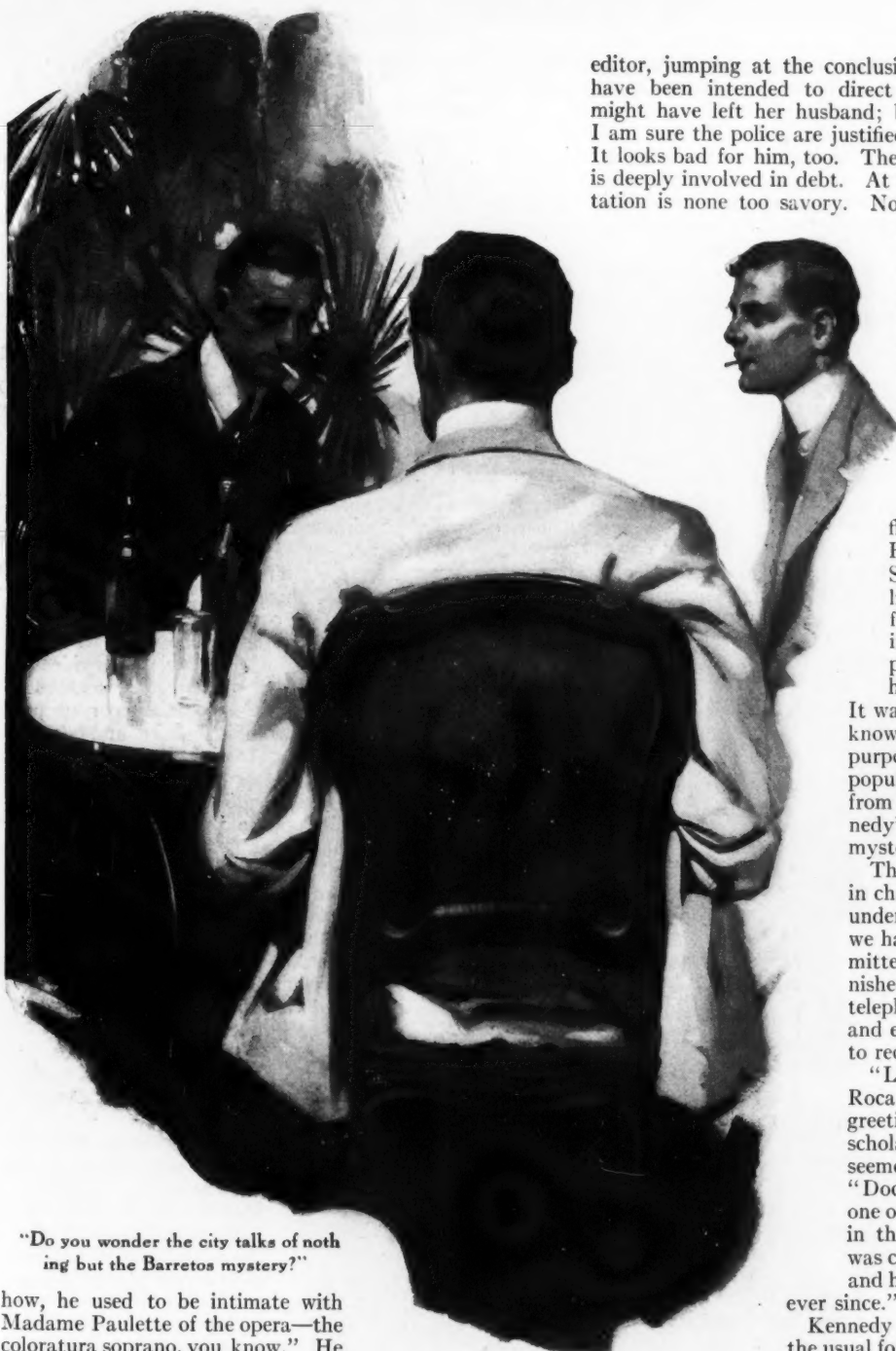
Without further ado, the editor led the way to a huge French car that stood at the curb before the club. All South Americans, it seemed to me, buy the biggest and heaviest and most expensive automobiles.



We made our tortuous journey through the streets, in some of which it seemed that there was only room for two files of cars, and hence a veritable blockade when one wished to stop. Yet, I must admit that rarely have I seen such clever driving. It seemed as if handling a motor-car called forth a peculiar Argentine genius. Every few moments Señor Ramirez bowed, but was careful to avoid delay by getting into conversation with any of his friends, although it was evident that he was a marked man by all who were interested in the news.

"Is there anyone they suspect?" queried Kennedy, endeavoring to orient himself in this unfamiliar city. "What do your police think of it?"

"Yes; there is one person they have under surveillance, an American—Brannon Blake." Señor Ramirez paused, as though he had hesitated in telling us, for fear that Kennedy might be prejudiced because an American was involved. "I can assure you," he hastened apologetically, "that Mr. Blake is not one whom you would willingly choose as a representative of your countrymen abroad. He has been here some time, always desperate for money—what you would call, I believe, a man who lives by his wits—always to be found at the races or wherever money is wagered on horses or cards. Somehow, I do not understand



"Do you wonder the city talks of nothing but the Barretos mystery?"

how, he used to be intimate with Madame Paulette of the opera—the coloratura soprano, you know." He shook his head, as if it were not given even to a newspaper editor to understand all he saw and knew, especially what concerned matters of the heart.

"Señor Barretos," he resumed, "had one very common weakness. Just at present, it took the form of a clandestine intimacy with Madame Paulette. You may imagine, therefore, the feelings of Blake toward Barretos—the possible motives on which the police are now working."

"And Madame Paulette?" prompted Kennedy. "What of her?"

"I have met her!" exclaimed Ramirez. "I do not think she really cared for Barretos. Yet she dared not reject or offend him. His word at the Teatro is law. You see, it is not precisely a pleasant situation."

"And Madame Barretos, did she know?" I interpolated.

"Was she not insanely jealous?"

"No, no; she would never do such a thing," asserted the

editor, jumping at the conclusion that my remark must have been intended to direct suspicion on her. "She might have left her husband; but violence—never! No; I am sure the police are justified in suspecting Mr. Blake. It looks bad for him, too. They have discovered that he is deeply involved in debt. At the Jockey Club, his reputation is none too savory. Not all his baccarat playing has been—like a gentleman. You will hear many stories about him. However, it is for you to judge. I would not wish to seem to influence you, Professor Kennedy."

But there was quite enough of innuendo to furnish Blake with at least a strong motive.

The driver had stopped the car with a flourish before the ornate Hôtel Français, at which Señor Barretos and his wife lived. Ramirez hurried us from the gaze of the curious into the lobby, and did not pause for interruption until he had us in the elevator.

It was evident that he was well known about town, and did not purpose paying the penalty of popularity by being diverted from his object of securing Kennedy's assistance in solving the mystery for his paper.

The authorities were, of course, in charge of the apartment, but, under the guidance of the editor, we had no difficulty in being admitted to the beautifully furnished rooms. Ramirez had telephoned that we were coming, and everything was in readiness to receive us.

"Let me present Doctor Roca," introduced the editor, greeting a distinguished and scholarly-looking gentleman who seemed to be waiting to see us.

"Doctor Roca," he explained, "is one of the best known physicians in the country. It was he who was called to see Señor Barretos, and he has been aiding the police ever since."

Kennedy and Roca shook hands, and the usual formalities of compliment and counter-compliment passed.

"In one of the glasses on the table traces of belladonna were found, I understand," ventured Kennedy, at length, noticing two glasses and some other articles set out on a table as though for inspection. "What is this?" he added, indicating a cut-glass-stoppered bottle which was standing beside the glasses, empty.

"It was found on *madame's* dressing-table," returned Doctor Roca reluctantly. "It once contained belladonna, which she sometimes uses to brighten her eyes. So far, we have not connected it with the mystery, although the police have insisted on including it among the articles they have seized."

Although he tried to soften it, the information came with an unpleasant shock. In spite of the justifiable suspicion of Blake, it was impossible to overlook this fact. Even though Madame Barretos had used it to brighten her

eyes, it might also have been used in another way by a jealous woman. The traces of belladonna in the glass made things look bad.

"Still," interrupted Ramirez quickly, "if it had any connection with the case, why did no one take the pains to hide the empty bottle?"

Kennedy said nothing, but it was evident that he regarded the new fact gravely, however repugnant its implications.

"The body has not yet been removed, I trust?" he inquired a moment later, noting a closed door to another room.

Doctor Roca signified that it had not, and led the way to the door and opened it.

Barretos was a large and handsome figure in life, and equally striking in death. One felt a sense of awe before the earthly remains of the man who had held thousands spell-bound by the magic of his voice and personality. Yet, as I looked at him, I could not escape the feeling that unusual talents had placed unusual temptations in his way—that, somehow, that very fact was basic in the solution of the mystery before us.

Kennedy moved quickly across the room and bent down over the body, examining it thoroughly, while Doctor Roca stood beside him, now and then answering a question or volunteering a remark of his own. A little way from them, Señor Ramirez and I stood. At length, Kennedy straightened up and turned to us, a peculiar look on his face.

"What is it?" I queried impatiently.

Without replying for the instant, Kennedy glanced down significantly again at the eye of Barretos, as he held back the lid with his finger.

"Belladonna—atropine, you know—would dilate the pupil," he remarked simply. We took a step closer and looked. The pupils of both eyes were contracted!

No one ventured a word, though it was apparent that Doctor Roca had observed the contraction and had been puzzled by it.

"You have examined the contents of the stomach, I suppose?" asked Kennedy, turning to the doctor.

"Naturally."

"And have you discovered any traces of atropine?"

"I must confess I have not," returned Doctor Roca, as, involuntarily, my mind reverted to the glass-stoppered bottle of belladonna.

It was surely puzzling. Both Doctor Roca and Señor Ramirez seemed to grasp at the implied absolving of Madame Barretos.

"Have you found any other substance?" pursued Kennedy.

"Nothing yet; but I have not finished."

"I suppose I may have a sample?"

"By all means. I shall have it sent to you immediately," promised Doctor Roca, beckoning to an attendant and giving

him an order. "It will be brought here and placed at your disposal."

As we retired, thanking the doctor and the police officials who were in charge, Kennedy whispered to Ramirez:

"Where is Madame Barretos? I should like to see her."

"She has been moved to another apartment in the hotel, completely prostrated," he replied, leading the way down the corridor.

A tap at the door, a hasty conference with a French maid who disappeared and came back again, and we were admitted.

Nina Barretos, in spite of the strain under which she had been during the tragedy, was still a remarkably beautiful woman, not at all of the Spanish type but markedly Parisian. Though she had been married some ten years before, she still was young. She had been reclining on a divan, but was now standing nervously beside a table, as though for support.

Only a glance was needed to excite sympathy for the poor woman in the ghastly death and unmasking of her husband. Yet she maintained a forced composure and reserve quite remarkable.

With profuse apologies, Ramirez introduced us, and Kennedy led tactfully up to the purpose of our visit. Repressing now and then a sob that caught her mellow voice, she repeated her story substantially as we had heard it.

Señor Barretos had come in very late, had evidently paused long enough to take a drink. She had been aroused by his groaning, had discovered him on the floor, unconscious, had called Doctor Roca, and fainted.

It was, however, too late for the doctor to be of assistance. Barretos died without revealing anything.

"I suppose you know," pursued Kennedy, as delicately as he could, "that traces of belladonna were found in one glass and that an empty bottle of belladonna was in the apartment?"

"It was mine," she asserted calmly. "I think it was all used up."

"No one else visited him; there was no one else there at the time?" shot out Kennedy keenly.

"No one—that I saw or heard," she replied quickly, meeting his glance without a falter.

I had an indefinable conviction that Nina Barretos was concealing something. Had it to do with the relations of her husband with the other woman? What of Madame Paulette—and of Blake?

It was evident that our interview had taxed her strength, and, rather than antagonize her at the start, Kennedy determined to postpone further inquiry.

Inquiry for Brannon Blake developed the fact that he, too, lived at the Français, although in a less

expensive suite. Ramirez found out for us that, at the moment, he was not in the hotel, but that the police were shadowing him.

Madame Paulette lived not far on the same street at the Ste. Germaine, another of the city's modern hostels much frequented by distinguished foreigners.



We found her to be a remarkably attractive woman, though quite the opposite of Madame Barretos



She was now standing nervously beside a table, as though for support

Luckily, she was at home. We found her to be a remarkably attractive woman, though quite the opposite of Madame Barretos. She was physically charming, though one felt the lack of fineness with which Madame Barretos impressed one. And yet, with all her worldly wisdom, I could imagine Madame Paulette being duped by some one against whom a woman less sophisticated would have been proof. Quite in contrast, also, with Madame Barretos, Madame Paulette seemed willing to talk volubly, I might almost say shamelessly, for her standards seemed to be quite different from those which we commonly accepted.

To Kennedy's pointblank inquiry, she admitted that Señor Barretos had spent the time between the closing of the opera and his return to his own apartment with her at the Ste. Germaine. As to what took place at the Français afterward, she professed absolute ignorance, nor was Kennedy able to break her down, although he felt at liberty to use with her much more strenuous methods of questioning than with Madame Barretos. Paulette vehemently denied having seen Blake at any time during the evening. There the case rested for the present. There seemed to be nothing to do but to take it up at the same point again after we had discovered new evidence in some other way.

By the time we returned to the Français, Blake also had gotten back. Quite evidently he knew that he was being watched.

He was about thirty-five years old, plainly dissipated, with a sort of cheap astuteness and cunning, entirely unprepossessing. As he caught sight of Ramirez, he bounced over bellicosely.

"My dear sir," he announced, with a flourish, "if this constant hounding by your infernal police does not cease, I shall take the matter up with my government at home. It's an outrage that a peaceable American cannot go about his business without being spied on at every turn.

I wish to protest in the *Diario* about the treatment I am receiving."

Although he was scrupulously polite, Ramirez merely turned to us.

"Let me introduce Professor Kennedy and Mr. Jameson," he said. "It may be that Professor Kennedy can help you. I understand that he has had wide experience in such cases as this of Señor Barretos."

For a moment, Blake seemed to gasp his astonishment. There was no doubt that he had heard of Kennedy, without dreaming that he was within five thousand miles of Buenos Aires. However, it was only an instant before he regained his composure.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "Then, at least, there will be some one here who understands the limits to which I am being persecuted. I tell you, I know no more about this affair, Professor Kennedy, than you did before you arrived. I was not in the Barretos apartment last night at any time—not even in the hotel."

"And Madame Paulette's?" queried Craig.

"Not Madame Paulette's, either," he denied, with an oath.

"Where, then?" purred Ramirez. "Have you furnished the police with a complete itinerary of your movements last night?"

"I do not have to consent to this espionage," retorted Blake hotly. "Have you a schedule of everything you did last night? Has anyone else here at the hotel been required to divulge his goings and comings? Perhaps there is some one else in this great city who could explain more than I shall ever be able to do. Has it been required of him?"

"Possibly there has been no apparent reason why it should have been," retorted Ramirez calmly; then, with an unmistakable trace of fire, "And if you are hinting at Madame

Barretos, let me warn you that you are on dangerous ground."

If he had intended such a hint, Blake now retreated from it hastily, realizing that it was risky to play with this element in the Latin temperament. Still, I think I was quite justified in feeling that Paulette was defending Blake, and he Paulette, regardless of any reflection it might cast upon Madame Barretos. Blake changed his tactics.

"The truth of the matter is," he remarked confidentially, "I am glad that there is another American around. You may count on me to help you all that is in my power, if it is only to get rid of this constant annoyance to myself. And I hope you will let me know when anything new develops. I have been here a long time, and can perhaps be of some assistance."

"Thank you," returned Kennedy, eying him directly; "I shall be glad to let you know whatever develops and to avail myself of your knowledge."

There was a double significance about the last remark, and I fancied it was not lost on Blake.

"Some packages from Doctor Roca for Professor Kennedy," reported a boy, a moment after Blake had left us. Kennedy considered a moment.

"We haven't had time to establish ourselves anywhere, yet, Walter," he remarked. "If Señor Ramirez will have a suite reserved for us here, I think we can do no better than take up our residence at the Français."

While we waited for our luggage, including Kennedy's indispensable traveling laboratory in its formidable iron-bound case, to be brought up from the dock, Ramirez seemed eager to return to his journalistic duties.

"Perhaps," he suggested, "I might introduce you to the other Americans and Englishmen at the hotel. They form a little community within the community, and they can possibly make you more at ease than I can. I see Mr. John Waring over there now. Mr. Waring is an Englishman from South Africa who has made a great fortune in the cattle industry, and has come here to see what the prospects are in Argentina. That fellow with him, Mr. Scott, is an American mining engineer. I am sure you will not find it unpleasant to know them."

Kennedy and I assented, and, after the formalities, Señor Ramirez excused himself and serpented his way off in the huge, high-powered car, promising to send it back for us at any time we might need it.

It was, as Ramirez had hinted, an interesting little group within a group, and hence had a gossip all its own. It did not take long to find out that, among them, there was scant sympathy for Blake. No one, of course, went so far as to make a direct accusation, yet the implication was there.

Waring seemed to be a rather attractive type of Englishman who had gone out to the colonies to seek his fortune and had found it.

"I do not know that Mr. Blake would speak as well of me as I might of him," Waring ventured, as the conversation naturally turned to the one absorbing topic. "You see, I had hardly arrived when he sought me out and succeeded in borrowing from me. He does that of all newcomers. Let me warn you."

Kennedy smiled.

"I should hardly say that

that was damning him with even faint praise," remarked the mining engineer, Scott, excusing himself to keep an appointment and leaving us alone with Waring.

Once or twice, I caught Waring watching Kennedy narrowly, and although he, too, might have excused himself, he seemed to prefer to remain. Kennedy's entrance into the case evidently interested him, though the reason was not apparent.

"Perhaps the police are right in watching Blake," went on Waring, as the conversation drifted on, "but if I were a detective, I think I would devote at least an equal amount of energy to the soprano."

"Do you think Madame Barretos knew of the affair between her husband and Madame Paulette?" I asked.

"I am not in the confidence of either of them," he replied non-committally.

Somehow, I gained the impression that perhaps Waring had seen or overheard something the night before, and was impelled by a sense of chivalry to conceal it.

At any rate, our baggage arrived just then, and it became necessary to see that it was disposed properly in our rooms, as well as the sample-jars which had come from Doctor Roca. The moment the porters had been tipped and we were alone, Kennedy unlocked and began unpacking such apparatus from his traveling laboratory as might be necessary. Then he set to work, testing the contents of the jars which the doctor had sent him.

I watched him silently for a few moments, then realized that it might be some time before he discovered anything that would enlighten me. Accordingly, I excused myself, determined to roam about down-stairs to pick up such gossip as I might.

Neither Waring nor Blake was around, but the mining engineer, Scott, had returned and was glad to greet me.

"Have you been here long enough to find out that, when we haven't anything else to do, we talk about each other?" he asked, with a frank laugh.

"That's nothing peculiar to this group," I parried. "I find that all over the world."

"Well," added Scott, "I'm just as bad as the next one. I can't hear a new story but that I must run along and tell it to the first person I meet. However, in this case I think it's something more than gossip."

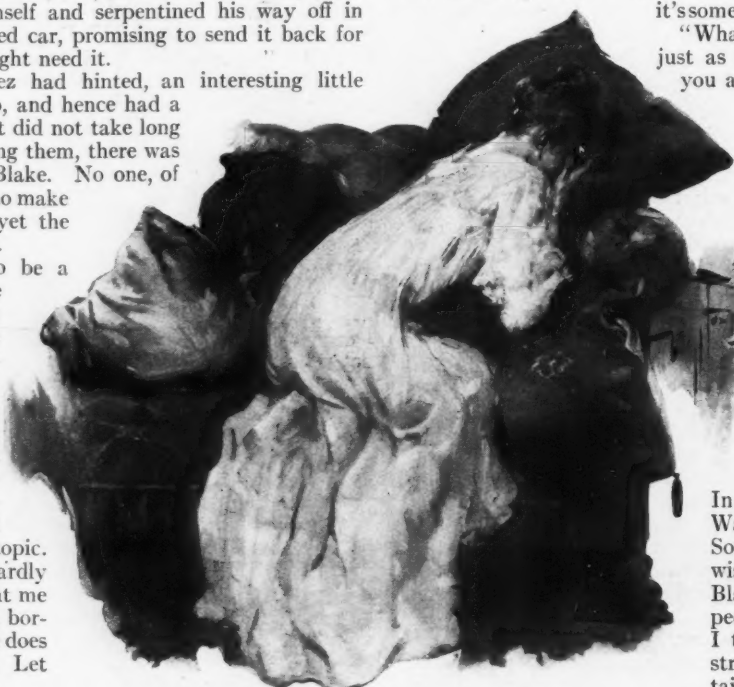
"What is it?" I asked. "I'm just as eager now to hear it as you are to tell."

"Well, you know that Englishman, Waring, is a peculiar fellow—quixotic; I might almost say. He told you; I suppose, that Blake had borrowed from him?"

"Yes; but nothing more. Is there more to it?"

"Why, yes. At least, this: I happen to know that Waring was at the opera last night. So was Blake.

In one of the intermissions, Waring ran across Blake. Some of us had put him wise to Blake, and he asked Blake when he might expect the loan paid back. I think he made it pretty strong, too, for it's certainly the only way you can ever get anything out of Blake." (Continued on page 108)



She had become almost hysterical as she dropped on a divan, burying her face in the cushions and sobbing



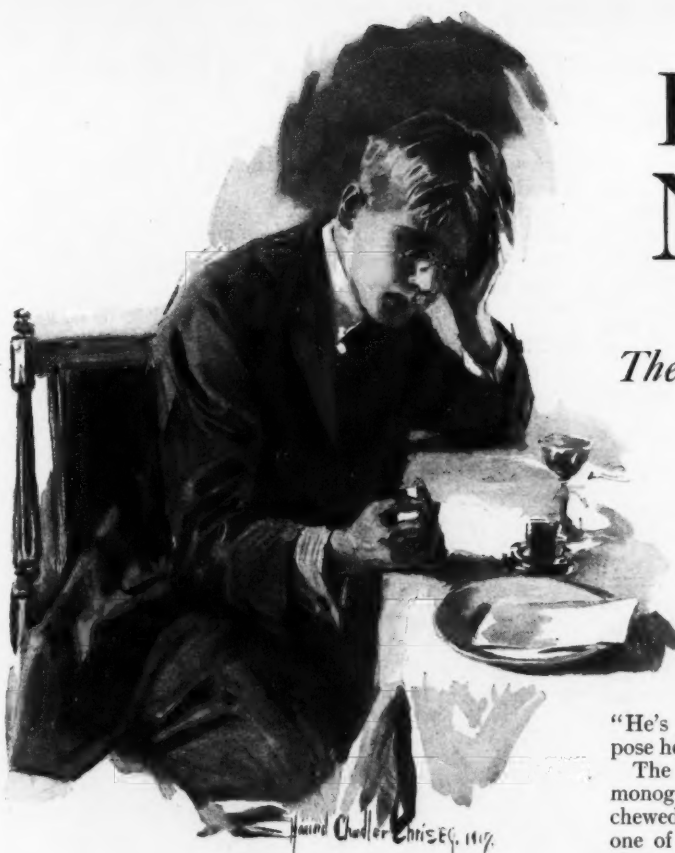
Charming Jeanne Eagels

JEANNE EAGELS, of Spanish-Irish descent, is a charming product of the Middle West. Extensive stock experience in her native Kansas City, and a year's study and training in France, have led to the position of leading woman in "The Professor's Love Story" and "Disraeli," which were included in Mr. George Arliss's repertoire last season.

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MAUDE FULTON wrote "The Brat" all by herself, and then left the vaudeville stage, where she was a great favorite, to enact the title-part. Miss Fulton was once a newspaper woman in the West, and that is how she was enabled to develop her literary talent and, with later stage experience, write a successful play.



He looked again miserably at the cigar

But *He Saw* New York

An Episode of
The Loves of Henry the Ninth

By Samuel Merwin

Illustrated by
Howard Chandler Christy

THE extra-fare, eighteen-hour Chicago-New York train rolled swiftly, smoothly, luxuriously across northern Indiana. The half a hundred brokers, sales-managers, promoters, and theatrical speculators, the three or four calmly superior ladies (all but one, apparently, married to fat men in the club smoking-car up ahead) had settled down to make the best of the familiar overnight journey.

The only person on the train who appeared in any degree unsettled was a youth of eighteen who sat huddled in the rear seat of the observation-car, cheek on clenched fist, brown hair straggling down over a good forehead, sensitive mouth moving a little from time to time with his thoughts, pleasant gray eyes gazing out through spectacles at the continuously dwindling track. A magazine lay open but unread in his lap; not for two consecutive minutes could he have kept his mind on a printed page. Up ahead, in the club-car, was a haughty barber whom he planned to employ in the morning. Between the barber's chair and the baggage section was a bathroom, which he had already engaged for ten o'clock this evening. In one of the sleepers he had observed a colored maid manicuring the nails of one of the fat men. He had heard of this practise, but had never before seen it in operation, and he had told the girl, with stiffness meant to appear like casual indifference, that he should want his own nails done in the evening—at nine.

The excitement of it all bordered on the unbearable. For he, who had never before been inside a vestibuled train, was now riding on the most exclusive and expensive vestibuled train in the world. He, who had never been east of Benton Harbor, Michigan, was now gliding with amazing ease toward the city of his Middle-Western dreams. He thought of it now as "lil' ol' N'York." It was often mentioned in those terms in the gay, noisy, emotionally exciting extravaganzas that came occasionally from the great, glittering city to the smoke-gray theatrical district of Chicago.

Two or three seats back, across the car, sat a middle-aged

fat man with a red face and puffy eyelids, who was unquestionably studying the market-quotations that were so generously supplied by the railway company. Him the youth regarded at frequent intervals, peeping shyly round his fist.

"He's a millionaire," ran the youth's thoughts. "I suppose he lives in Newport."

The millionaire produced a case of leather with a gold monogram, drew from it a long cigar with a red-and-gold band, chewed the cigar for a time, found a golden match-box in one of his pockets, looked rather puffy and impatiently about the compartment, rose, and moved heavily out toward the club-car at the other end of the train.

An important fact about the millionaire was that he had his gloves on, kept them on. Unquestionably it was the thing to do. The youth decided to get his—new tan ones, that he had bought in the morning of the most expensive haberdasher in Chicago. Those of the millionaire were gray and soft. The youth wished he had got soft gray ones.

However, whatever, it must at least be gloves. He dropped his magazine on the chair, got up, and hurried toward his own berth, two cars ahead.

From the observation compartment, which occupied only the rear half of the car, to the front vestibule extended a narrow passage. Before he reached the end of this passage, a youngish woman appeared from one of the doorways that lined it.

She looked at him with a calm steadiness of gaze that was disconcerting, said, "I beg your pardon," and stepped back to let him pass. He colored perceptibly as he hurried by.

He dropped into his own section, found his gloves, glanced about to make sure he was not observed, and put them on. He moved as if to rise, but hesitated on the edge of the seat and stared out the window.

She was, with perhaps one exception, the most beautiful person he had ever seen. She was probably an heiress—or possibly even an actress! "Probably famous, too," ran his thoughts. "Mostly famous people ride on this train."

Perhaps she was Lillian Russell! He had never seen that famously beautiful singer. He had seen pictures. It was hard to tell. The color of her hair, for instance. This young woman's hair was a wonderful yellow. And the eyes—the pictures gave no clue of their color, either. The eyes of this young lady were an extraordinary light brown—not golden brown like Ernestine Lambert's, or honest blue like Martha Caldwell's, but almost green—cool yet brilliant eyes. He would not have thought, until this moment, that such eyes could impress him; but they had impressed him. They hinted at sophistication. It was conceivable that they might glitter and fascinate. They seemed curiously in keeping with this luxurious train and with the wonderful

But He Saw New York

city toward which it was so swiftly, surely, smoothly speeding

He wondered if she would notice that he had just put his gloves on.

She was sitting in one of the two rear chairs, gazing, much as he had lately been gazing, out the rear window. Except for herself and himself, the long compartment was empty.

He moved slowly toward her, steadying himself against the chairs, delaying, then covering his delay by bending and peering out a window as if the landscape interested him. Symptoms of a considerable inner disorder intruded themselves on his confused thoughts. His mouth was dry and seemed full of tongue. His skin felt hot; he knew he was flushing. And his pulse was beating like mad.

He bumped against her chair and mumbled an apology. What would she think!

She raised her head and looked at him. Before that calmly steady gaze, he lowered his own, and stood, swaying, until a lurch of the train sent him into his own chair.

Now he saw that she had a telegraph-blank on a magazine in her lap and was chewing a pencil over it. She was no longer looking at him.

He was sitting on his own magazine. He hitched forward and secured it, turned the pages rapidly. It ought to explain his coming. But as an excuse it seemed inadequate. He couldn't even be certain that she saw it.

He sank back in the chair, too frightened to stay, too frightened to go. Beads of sweat appeared on his temples. He set his mouth in a desperate effort at firmness. Finally, he drew out his watch—a fat Waterbury. Because it was a fat Waterbury, he concealed it in his hand. On the crystal near the lower edge—about over the VII—was a small transparency of a girl's face transferred from a photographic negative. It was a delicate face, nearly oval, with large eyes, a smile that bordered on the wistful, framed in a fluffy mass of fine hair. He dropped his cheek on his hand and gazed at it.

There was a rustle across the aisle. Among the odors of the train he caught a faint whiff of lilac. The lady had turned—he knew it without looking. He could feel her eyes on him.

He slipped the watch back into its pocket.

He raised his eyes. She was looking at him!

No one had ever looked at him in just that way. She was hardly smiling, yet her expression seemed friendly. The quality in her that at once disarmed him and restored his always capricious self-respect was her naturalness. As if they had been riding together and chatting for a long time.

"Do you suppose I could get this telegram sent at the next stop?" she asked. He thought her voice very melodious. It was more than ever likely that she was—

"I should think there'd be time," said a voice that must have been his. "They have to change engines."

He knew every detail of the trip that could be gleaned from time-tables and descriptive booklets—the precise weight of the locomotive in tons and odd pounds, number of shovelfuls of coal thrown in by the fireman of each division, at what stops a dining-car was attached or detached, number of rails and telegraph-poles to the mile, size of the train-crew, method of heating the running water in the wash-rooms, and maximum speed on the level runs necessary to maintain the average of more than fifty miles an hour.

"I wonder—" She seemed helpless about it.

His chest expanded.

"I—I'll send it," said he eagerly, almost explosively.

"Oh, will you?" she murmured.

When the train slowed for its first division-stop, the youth was on the steps just behind the porter. He had attempted to step down ahead of the porter, but had been courteously restrained. He knew a way to step off a moving

train backward without falling. He had planned doing it, even though the lady, from her seat, couldn't possibly see.

The telegram raised a rather puzzling problem. Though she handed it to him without so much as folding it, he had scrupulously avoided reading it. But the telegraph-clerk found difficulty in making out certain words. The youth's impulse was to refer the matter back to the lady, but there wasn't time. So finally, with deep misgivings, he puzzled it out. It was addressed to a man in Chicago, and read:

Had wonderful time don't forget look me up New York same address.
LILLIAN.

His excitement as he swung aboard



"Why do they put your name in the paper?"

the moving train (thereby outwitting a hovering, hurried porter) was all but unbearable. That name!

It was a deeply respectful, even awestruck youth that quietly resumed his seat.

The lady smiled now. And never had he beheld such dazzling beauty.

"Got it off, did you?" she said.

"Oh—oh, yes!" replied the youth, in a huskily uncertain voice.

"How much was it?"

"Oh—why—oh, *that's* all right!" He said it again.

"*That's* all right!"

"Well"—she laughed a little—"thank you."

"Oh, don't mention it!"
He knew next that she was quietly looking him over, and he sat up straight and struggled to control the twitching tendency to break out into a very nearly uncontrollable grin.
"Going to New York?"
"Oh, yes!" said he.
"Are you a college—er—man?"
"Oh, no! Just running down to New York on a little private matter."
"Oh," said she. Then, "Do you do this often?"



she asked. He felt no ill humor in her smile

"No—not very. Well, it's my first trip East. I live in Chicago—that is, near Chicago—in Sunbury. Know anybody there?"

Smilingly, lazily, she shook her head.

"I've been in Chicago a good deal, of course," said he, as if that slow shake of her beautiful head put him somehow on the defensive. "And they've had my name in the papers a good deal."

"Oh—have they? And what is your name?"

"Henry Calverly, third."

He looked at her with some anxiety now—an anxiety that shaded off into depression as he observed the evident blank unrecognition on the lady's face.

"Why do they put your name in the papers?" she asked. He felt no ill humor in her smile.

"Oh, well—you see, I've been sorta prominent. I don't mean that exactly—yes I do, too! I've been kinda successful putting on amateur shows—operas. They just did 'Iolanthe' in my town, and I had charge of the rehearsals."

"Did you drill the chorus and everything?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Well—aren't you pretty young for that?"

"Yes; I s'pose so."

"Was it a large chorus?"

"More'n fifty. Some big soloists, too. Henry Harper Hispeth was the Lord Tololler. You know—McCall Opera Company."

"Why, yes; I've heard him, of course."

"And some other big ones besides him. They took in more'n forty-three hundred dollars in four nights."

"And you were director of all that?"

"Oh, yes!"

She was leaning toward the aisle now, her head back, her chair swung part-way round so that she could see him. He was leaning toward her. In their voices was the easy quality of old acquaintance.

"What are you, anyway?" she asked. "A genius?"

His color, which had been nearly normal for quite a while, rose again.

"Oh, no; not that exactly— Mrs. Arthur V. Henderson, she was the accompanist at rehearsals, she said— Tell you what I think: You don't have to be a genius. It's nerve."

"You could start with nerve—start anything—but I don't believe you could finish."

He considered this.

"Perhaps that's so," he said. "I finished fine. Look here!" And, thrusting thumb and forefinger into the change-pocket of his coat, he produced a twenty-dollar gold piece. "Looks pretty good, eh?"

"It certainly does," observed the lady.

His glance was attracted by a movement of her hand. On three of the four tapering fingers that were extended along the chair-arm were rings—diamonds set in circles about a larger diamond, a ruby surrounded by pearls, and a large oval packed with assorted bright stones.

"Of course it doesn't look like much to you," said he (for just an instant one corner of her Cupid's-bow mouth twisted into a half-smile), "but it sure does look good to me. Feels good, too." He rubbed

it between finger and thumb. "And look here!" He produced two more gold pieces, and still more—five or six in all—and jingled them in his hand.

"Don't you think you'd better be a little careful?" said the lady.

"Oh, no—not on this train—millionaires and folks like that! What's a few gold pieces to them!" He didn't know that the one corner of her mouth twisted up again for a moment. "You can't guess where I got 'em," said he. "You know, they paid me for directing the rehearsals—seventy-five dollars. And then, after it was all over, the big men on the hospital board—it was for the Sunbury Hospital that we gave the opera, a benefit—why, they got up a dinner to me—it was a surprise—and they gave me two hundred dollars—gave it to me! Ten of these yellow boys."

"That was nice of them," said the lady softly. "And so now you're going down to New York to spend it."

"No." He sobered, compressed his lips, shook his head. "No; that isn't why. There's a special reason—a personal

reason." He was meditatively silent for a few moments, then broke out with a quick vivacity that made her turn. "You'd be astonished to see how I can pick up money. It just comes to me, all sorts of ways. Of course it may be just luck, but—"

The early twilight of September settled over the gliding landscape. Lights twinkled from farmhouses and villages. Henry moved across the car and dropped into the seat next that of the lady. Her easy sympathy flattered and soothed him. Once, chuckling softly, he said,

"I know who you are."

"Oh," she murmured, smiling, "do you? And who *am* I?"

But an uprush of awed self-consciousness overcame him at this point; he blushed and fell silent.

"I've been visiting in Chicago—my uncle," she remarked. "Had a good-enough time, but I hate the place. Smoke and grime everywhere. Simply ruined my clothes."

"I hate it, too," he broke out. "Going to leave it for good one of these days. Get a little money ahead, and strike East—for good." A cloud crossed his brow. "I been wondering—how much money do you s'pose a fellow'd need—you know—to carry you along in New York until things begin to come your way?"

"If it was me, I'm afraid it would have to be a good deal."

"Oh, that's different, of course. But take a young fellow like me—I've figured that four or five hundred ought to be enough. 'Tain't as if I wouldn't be working—doing something all the time, you know."

The lady pursed her lips.

"Money doesn't go very far in New York," she observed, with a half-sigh.

This was not encouraging. Henry's spirits sank perceptibly.

A white-clad waiter appeared before them and quietly announced dinner.

Henry's spirits rose again. Then a fresh confusion assailed him. He glanced sidelong at the lady.

"What is it?" she asked gently.

"I was just wondering—would you—"

"What were you wondering, you nice boy?"

"We might—of course, if you—"

"Are you trying to ask me to dinner?"

Henry grinned out of a red face and nodded.

She considered the matter, then said,

"I don't believe it would hurt anybody."

She walked before him through three cars into the diner. Each of these car-lengths was miles to Henry. The lady moved with such easy grace; her clothes were so rich in material and color, and breathed out so elusive a scent of some half-forgotten lilac bush in spring; her hair was so yellow and so smoothly, elaborately arranged; her complexion so smooth, so perfect, like tinted ivory. Fat men looked up as she passed, and stared. Henry could have struck them down, one by one. He felt their eyes on his back. He walked stiffly, his teeth pressed together hard. But the lady bore the ordeal with calm unconcern. She was quite wonderful.

In the diner, too, people looked. But he endured it, at some cost to his nervous system.

After the fish, she said:

"Order me a bottle of ale, there's a dear. I never can get rest on a sleeper without something quieting."

The colored waiter bent obsequiously over him. Henry was conscious of a new and alarming sort of thrill.

"Bring a bottle of ale," he commanded brusquely.

"Yes, sir. One bottle, sir?"

The lady's eyes were on him, masks of eyes. What was she thinking? What had he better do? He fumbled with a spoon.

"No," he said; "two bottles."

"Ordinarily, I can't drink this bottled stuff," she said carelessly. "But you can't get draft ale on a train."

"Oh, of course not!" said Henry.

He sipped the foamy fluid, straightened his shoulders, and looked defiantly about the car. It was bitter. He hated it; but no one must know!

"You don't drink much, do you?" remarked the lady.

"Oh, no—not much."

"Don't, then. You're better off if you leave it alone."

"Oh, yes—of course." He took another sip. "But it's nice, once in a while. Liquor's no temptation to me."

After he had paid for their dinners, they went back to the observation-car and out on the platform. Henry, a man of the world now to his finger-tips, opened two of the camp-stools he found there. They mentioned the beauty of the evening. They commented on the smooth speed of the train. He asked,

"Was that telegram to your uncle in Chicago?"

"That telegram—to my—oh, yes!" she replied.

Then they dwelt rather heavily on life and its problems and dreams. A far-away quality had crept into her melodious voice, as if the witchery of the fleeting, moon-drenched countryside had touched her.

"Tell me, nice boy; what you're going to be when you grow up?"

"I don't think that's a nice way to talk."

She laughed softly.

"But I'll tell you. The fact is, I'm not sure. I did think of going into opera."

"Comic opera?"

"Oh, no—grand."

"What kind of voice have you?"

"My teacher said it was *basso cantante*."

"And what changed you?"

"Oh—this thing in Sunbury. Directing 'Iolanthe.' There's quite a little money in it—directing amateurs—and, after my success, there'll be offers. I've been sorta undecided."



"Of course I'll take care of you." She came close to him. "You may kiss me—just once"



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

He raised his miserable eyes and beheld a well-grown girl of seventeen, who exhibited an honest array of freckles, a mass of brown hair that was tied with a wide ribbon behind her neck, a pleasant smile, and direct, very blue eyes. "Oh," he mumbled, shamefaced, "hello, Martha!" "Aren't you going to ask me to sit down, Henry?"

"Has that anything to do with your trip to New York?" He slowly shook his head. "Tell me about it. I'm terribly curious. You see, it wasn't fair to get me interested in you if you weren't going to tell me about yourself."

He considered this.

"I—I think I'll tell you."

"Don't, if you don't want to. I was only teasing."

"I think I will. You'd understand. It isn't the kinda thing you could tell everybody. I'm in love." It seemed to take her a moment to digest this bit of news. She laid her hand on his arm. "You wouldn't think to look at me that I'd been through so much. I've known girls, of course, plenty of 'em. But this was different from the beginning. Her name's Ernestine Lambert. She isn't a Sunbury girl. Comes from New York state. She was in the opera. Sang Iolanthe. She's a little thing. And beautiful. So delicate. All light coloring. Wonderful hair. She's like a fairy. Has a lovely little singing voice. Dances—you know, does all those things just naturally. She has feeling. Temperament! She's like a Gypsy. We were going to elope"—his voice wavered uncertainly; he swallowed, and talked on breathlessly—"but her mother found out or something and took her away. She can paint, too—interesting things that aren't like anything anybody else in the world would ever think of. Like this." He fumbled in his pocket. "Only word I've had from her since she went away."

The lady's eyes were on his face as she took the envelop—an extremely small one. But after a moment she held it up to the light from the rear window.

She saw a minute decoration—in water-colors, apparently—in the upper left-hand corner, opposite and much smaller than the stamp.

"Looka what's inside," he was saying, at her shoulder. "Look inside."

She drew out the enclosure. The brief message was printed out in the smallest imaginable little letters, the capitals illuminated in colors.

"It's too fine," said the lady. "I can't read it."

"It says this." Evidently he knew it by heart. "'We go to New York about the middle of September. Then to Italy and the Riviera.'" He pronounced it "Rive-ria." "'If you care to write a good-by, address me in the care of the ship, S. S. Umbria, Cunard Line, sailing September the twenty-first. *Es hat nicht sollen sein!*' That's German, that last. From a song. It means, 'It was not so to be.' You know. He sang lightly but with feeling:

"God bless thee, Love, it was but idle dreaming;
God bless thee, Love, it was not so to be!"

The sentimental melody, so popular during the 'Nineties, seemed to touch a tender chord within him. Perhaps it was the sound of his voice that appealed to him. It was the first opportunity to sing to this lady. Always, very early in each new acquaintance, Henry sang to girls. Whatever the reason, he sang the couplet over softly, lingering melodiously on the upper notes. Then he began at the beginning—sang the whole song, two stanzas—leaning forward on his elbows, gazing mistily down the dark stretch of endlessly receding track, where lights twinkled red, green, and yellow.

"You have a nice voice," said the lady.

"Oh—but what's the use when—"

"It must be hard."

"Oh, terribly! People don't know. They can't understand."

"Does she know you're coming?" He shook his head. "You didn't write or anything?"

"I don't know where she is. I could have written to her home town."

"You don't even know her hotel in New York?" Again he shook his head. "But what *are* you going to do?"

"Listen!" He turned on her now. "I'm going to tell you. You're not like the rest. You'd understand." Her hand was on his arm again. The touch of it pleased him, warmed his spirit. "I'm not going to bother her. I'm just going to let her see me. Going to the pier with some flowers and maybe—oh, well, a basket of fruit. Just so she'll know there's such a thing as really caring. Her mother can't object to that. And she'll see—Ernie will—that if I'd take all that trouble just to—" His voice was wavering again. He closed his lips tightly on it, gazed at the lady out of shining eyes.

"Are you trying to tell me that you're taking this trip just to stand there and—"

He nodded quickly.

"I—I know what you'll think. That I'm foolish, silly, that—"

"No; that isn't what I'm thinking."

"Then what makes you look like that?"

"I'm thinking that Ernie doesn't deserve you." And her hand, as if acting on some motive of its own without a by-your-leave to the remarkable lady, slipped down past his coat sleeve and gently clasped his.

Henry sat motionless, staring out down the track. The experience, not uncommon among boys of his age, of being moved by affection for an older woman, had not, so far, come to him. But here was queenly beauty—a woman with the world at her feet—and sympathy! For him, Henry Calverly! He drew in a little whistling rush of breath. Her hand pressed his, then was passive. He held it as he would have held an egg. To return the pressure was utterly beyond his fragile veneer of *savoir faire*. He was bewildered, thrilled, frightened.

He heard her voice—a voice as musical as that of his Ernestine. She was speaking as if in a reverie.

"The twenty-first—let's see; to-day was the—"

"The nineteenth."

"That leaves you to-morrow to yourself. What are you going to do, you poor boy, alone in the great city?"

"Well, I thought I'd like to see the navy yard, and Central Park, and Dead Man's Curve, and—and the Bowery, and Doctor Parkhurst's church, and—"

"What you need is somebody to take care of you. I think you'll have to let me."

"Oh, *could* you?"

Faintly, timidly, his fingers tightened about hers. Then, blessing the night that hid his fiery blush, he dropped them.

It must have been an hour or so later that she remarked, her voice attuned to the new hush in his spirit:

"And now, nice boy, I'm not going to let you sit up all night. I'll let you eat breakfast with me. That will be a good thing. I'm frightfully bad-tempered in the morning. I'm going to let you find me out. Because I like you too much to spoil you. You're a dear, and you're going to make some sweet little girl very happy, or very unhappy, or something."



He thought she looked his way, and dodged behind a pile of boxes

She was in the doorway now. He sprang after her. "Careful!" she murmured. "There are people in there!" "What time in the morning?" "Oh—eight-thirty." And, with a last little squeeze of his hand, she was gone.

He stood out there on the platform for a long time, until he felt that his blushes and the wild impulses to grin unexpectedly were under reasonable control. Then he hurried through the observation-room, where three millionaires eyed him sleepily, and on to his own section.

His berth was made up. The sight of it—with its two small pillows, electric reading-lamp, slanting shelves at either end, little green hammock across the windows, shades drawn down—added another to the thrills of this extraordinary evening.

He sat on the berth, hooked the green curtains, took off his coat and hung it under the reading-lamp, took off his collar and tie and held them in his lap.

After a time he put them on again, unhooked the green curtains, and made his way to the smoking-room.

The porter was in there, blacking shoes.

Henry dropped on the leather couch and watched the black man work.

"I s'pose you have to do this every night," he ventured.

"Every night," replied the porter gruffly.

"Lots of important people travel on this train, I s'pose."

The porter rubbed and rubbed.

"Do you s'pose it's dangerous, going so fast?"

The porter took up a fresh shoe.

"I timed her this afternoon—you know, counting the rails—and she was doing sixty-seven miles an hour."

The porter sighed.

"And I tell you, that's *going!*"

The porter lowered the shoe and lifted his eyes.

"De maid says yo' ordered a manicure fo' nine o'clock."

Henry started. It was like a voice out of the dim, forgotten past. Could it have been to-day, late afternoon, but a few hours back, this matter of the manicure?

"Oh, well," he said, "that's all right."

"Yo' understand's yo'll pay—"

"Oh, sure! Think I don't know about these things? Here"—he drew out a silver dollar and then another—"give her these!"

After this, for a time, he looked on in silence. He couldn't go on making openings for talk, not if the porter was determined to be rude. He wasn't wanted—that was plain. But he stayed on in bravado. It was the smoking-room. He had a perfect right to sit there.

This point made, he got up, fidgeted by the window, then walked up through the train to the club-car.

Here, however, they had turned down the lights, and made up berths in the two cross-seats. Two men were asleep there. Both were snoring. And he could see the white bedding projecting on the aisle. The porter and the barber, doubtless. Another unpleasant thought—he would have to pay for the bath.

He walked back to his own section, pausing in each vestibule to flatten his nose against the glass and ponder on the almost unendurably exciting quality of life. Somewhere behind one or another curtain lay the young woman whom the world hailed as most radiantly, divinely fair. He wondered, in a mad riot of unstrung nerves, which curtain it was.

How soft her skin was!

"I wonder," he thought, "does she really bathe in milk."

At last he was attired in the first suit of pajamas he had ever possessed. He switched off the light, drew up the covers, and lay still.

For a moment. He was staring awake. He raised himself, nervously alert, and struck his head against the upper berth.

He was thrashing about now, ten minutes later. He lifted the window-shade. Outside, a dim, calm farm-country was slipping rather deliberately by.

He switched on the light, found his watch, and studied the pretty little face on the crystal—the girl of his summer dreams, the girl who had broken his heart. He sighed.

It would look rather bad to carry a Waterbury watch in New York. In Sunbury, it didn't matter—they understood you; but in New York they judged you by appearances. That was right enough, too. How else could they possibly judge you? He might have to buy a watch and a fob. He had never owned a fob.

He must try to sleep. He must not be a wreck, breakfasting with a lady.

Ladies were expensive. He ought to count his money. He must save out enough to pay his hotel expenses at the Waldorf. And there would be the return-ticket, berth, and meals. He could take a cheaper train back, of course. Yes; he could do that. He wondered, however, if he would. His last conscious thought, as he finally dropped off to sleep, was: "You can't expect her to be like provincial people. Puritans! She's got temperament. She's had experience. She's a woman of the world!"

Toward the middle of the forenoon, Henry Calverly and the beautiful lady stood at the curb (*Continued on page 137*)



He saw his Ernestine, prettily dressed, very small and vivacious, standing on the deck



BYSTANDERS cannot judge the aim of a big gun; the elevation is confusing.

So with big men. The angles at which they work do not tell where they are pointing. Study them at too close range and one is certain to be misled by many empty reports.

The real score of any life may only be secured at the target. Folks sufficiently important to be remembered leave behind the only part of themselves which counted.

Autobiography, like the painting of one's own portrait, is usually a poor performance—there's no chance for a proper perspective.

It is beyond human resource to gain an outside viewpoint from within.

Cellini sincerely sought to maintain a disinterested attitude, but if we were to accept the Florentine at his word, instead of his works, his strongest claim to distinction would be that of an unscrupulous wretch. With an honest intent to record every act and impulse of his brilliant, dishonest career, posterity alone has appraised why Benvenuto's name should endure.

On the other hand, biographies, like photographs, are seldom actual likenesses—they are too carefully posed or retouched.

Familiarity breeds either a contemptuous or a contemptible historian.

Praise and prejudice alike betray their accentuations. Intuition has a keen ear for the false singer. Truth holds the key.

The difference between characterization and caricature is readily detected.

It is a rare celebrity who can keep the smirk out of his ink or convince us that he has no ulterior object in electing himself a literary subject.

With a few conspicuous exceptions, biographies, as a rule, are undertaken by men incapable of editing their careers (they weary us with experiences and observations in which the outsider has no interest whatever) or by scribes either fired with admiration, hired by vanity, or inspired by propagandism. And no partisan, toady, or special pleader is a reliable witness.

Therefore, it is customary to find current biographies listed among "the season's worst sellers."

Yet nothing can profit us much more than an intimate knowledge of remarkable personages.

But others seldom know, and variants from type can or do seldom show the particular sections of their peculiar works we most desire to examine.

Post-mortem information often discloses little crooks

in the mechanism of power which it is quite natural that every attempt should be made to conceal.

But no piece of machinery, human or otherwise, can run long without revealing its flaws.

So, it is logical to assume that most who achieve far above the average have worked on sound, sane lines and merit their recognition.

There are about three specifics in all medicine; the remaining remedies are empirical—not always successful.

When we encounter a fellow mortal who has always been successful, the multitude (which is always a comparative failure) instinctively turns to him in the hope that his methods will provide a specific for its unprosperity.

Thus, we are vitally concerned with Mr. Andrew Carnegie. But, like the porcupine, one hardly knows where best to touch upon him.

He is the first immigrant of the last half-century, the leading spirit in America's second industry, the pioneer in Brobdingnagian philanthropies. And he has probably come farther from his beginnings than any living citizen of the republic.

He has won out against odds not one man in a million encounters, and paradoxically never encountered an obstacle or setback in the entire course of his struggle.

He is familiar with every seam and wrinkle of poverty, but the poverty he met, however deeply imprinted in his memory, occurred so early that it could not mark or maim his nature.

Bitterness is a poison of adolescence. Children are too interested in make-believe to harbor realities.

In proof of which, although nine-tenths of our richest men rose from penury, their purses are notoriously deaf to the direct cry of hunger and distress. The affluent sons of Lazarus seldom return bearing gifts of bread and raiment.

There are no Carnegie soup-kitchens, no Carnegie foundations for the distribution of shoes, no Carnegie coal- or milk-stations.

His millions educate; they do not nurture.

And, mind you, this man was, at the age of twelve, bobbin-boy in a cotton-mill—of such desperately poor folk that he must needs slave for a wage of five dollars a month.

Then he became a telegraph-messenger, and soon after a telegrapher.

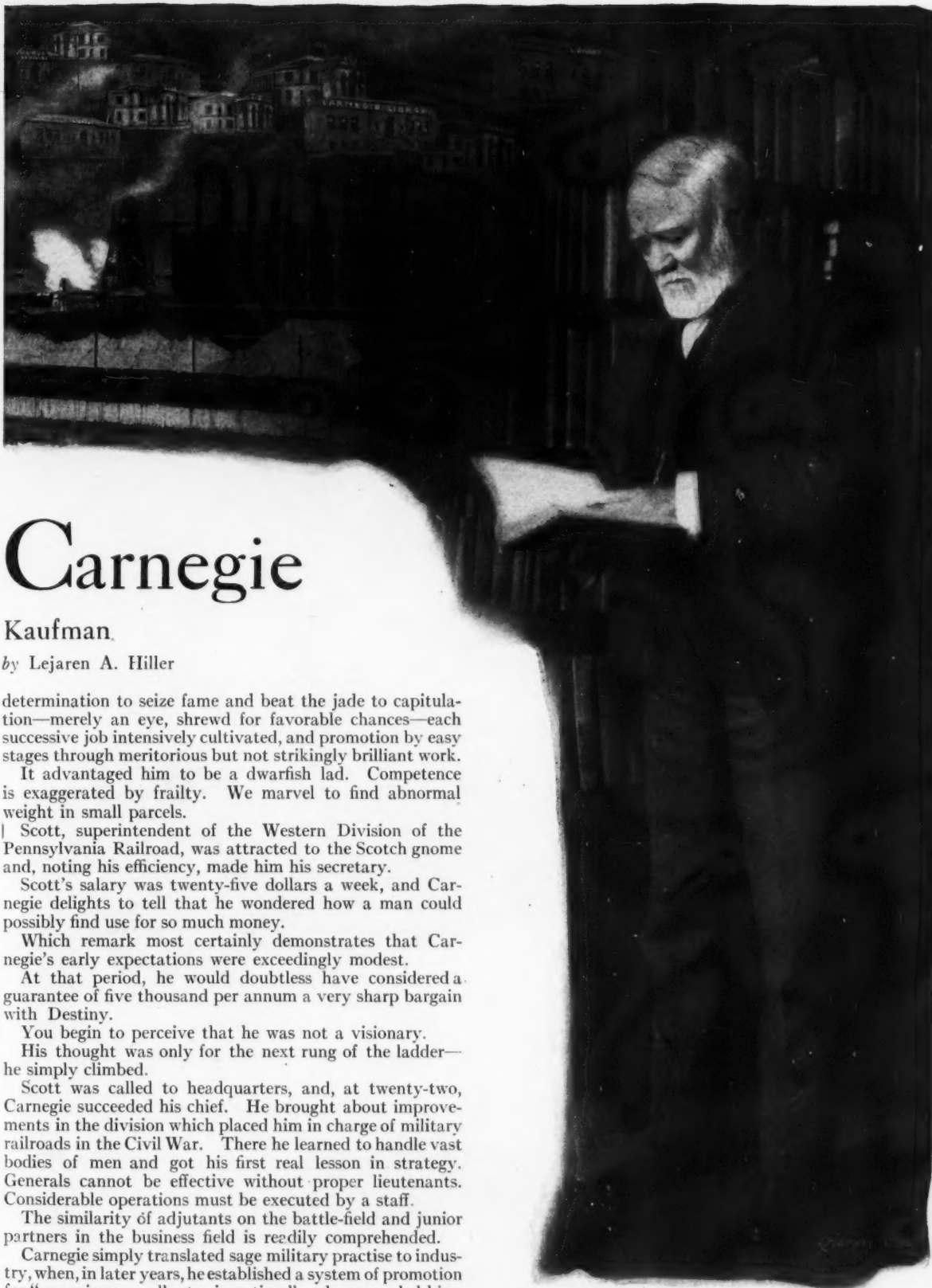
Please note the manner of his advancement:

You'll find nothing spectacular about it—no jaw-set

Andrew

By Herbert

Photographic Decoration



Carnegie

Kaufman.

by Lejaren A. Hiller

determination to seize fame and beat the jade to capitulation—merely an eye, shrewd for favorable chances—each successive job intensively cultivated, and promotion by easy stages through meritorious but not strikingly brilliant work.

It advantaged him to be a dwarfish lad. Competence is exaggerated by frailty. We marvel to find abnormal weight in small parcels.

Scott, superintendent of the Western Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, was attracted to the Scotch gnome and, noting his efficiency, made him his secretary.

Scott's salary was twenty-five dollars a week, and Carnegie delights to tell that he wondered how a man could possibly find use for so much money.

Which remark most certainly demonstrates that Carnegie's early expectations were exceedingly modest.

At that period, he would doubtless have considered a guarantee of five thousand per annum a very sharp bargain with Destiny.

You begin to perceive that he was not a visionary.

His thought was only for the next rung of the ladder—he simply climbed.

Scott was called to headquarters, and, at twenty-two, Carnegie succeeded his chief. He brought about improvements in the division which placed him in charge of military railroads in the Civil War. There he learned to handle vast bodies of men and got his first real lesson in strategy. Generals cannot be effective without proper lieutenants. Considerable operations must be executed by a staff.

The similarity of adjutants on the battle-field and junior partners in the business field is readily comprehended.

Carnegie simply translated sage military practise to industry, when, in later years, he established a system of promotion for "conspicuous gallantry in action," and surrounded himself with a corps of profit-participants risen from the ranks.

At the declaration of peace, he returned to Pittsburgh and introduced the first sleeping-cars, made a tiny bit out of the innovation, and began to consider investments.

He invariably thought ahead—but not as a genius thinks; he had too much caution for that.

Oil was struck in his territory. Wasn't it to be expected that the traffic manager of the Pennsylvania should have first whack at some good well? Information reached him that the Storey farm was a likely prospect. He formed a syndicate, bought the land cheap, and sold it dear. (Concluded on page 135)



DRAWN BY ARTHUR HAYS SULZBERGER

When Big John, aided by Ah Moy and Kwaque, lowered the sail and unstepped the mast, titters and laughter arose from the passengers. It was contrary to all their preconceptions of mid-ocean rescue of shipwrecked mariners from the open boat

(Michael)

MICHAEL, a full-blooded Irish terrier, born on Tom Haggin's plantation, Ysabel Island, British Solomons, is stolen from his owner, Captain Kellar, of the trading schooner Eugénie, at Tulagi, Florida Island, by Dag Daughtry a steward on the ocean liner Makambo. Daughtry is content with his lot in life so long as he can have six quarts of beer a day, and this is always stipulated for when signing for service. Another condition is that he be allowed to retain his helper, Kwaque, a young Papuan whom he once rescued from death, and who, unknown to his benefactor, is a leper.

Daughtry's object in stealing Michael, whom he names Killeny Boy, is to sell him, and at first he will not permit himself to become attached to the animal, which becomes very devoted to him. He teaches the dog many remarkable tricks, including one of "singing," with the idea of enhancing his value. When the Makambo reaches Sydney, the news of the theft has preceded the steamer's arrival, and the captain tells Daughtry that Michael must be restored to his rightful owner on the next trip. Whereupon the steward seeks a new berth, and departs with Kwaque, Michael, and a cockatoo in the schooner Mary Turner, Captain Doane, on a treasure-hunting expedition. The mate is a Finn whom they call "Mr. Jackson," and the cook is a Chinaman, Ah Moy, who sees that Kwaque is a leper and carefully avoids him. The expedition has been financed by Doane; Nishikanta, a San Francisco pawnbroker, and Grimshaw, a wheat-farmer. But there is no treasure, and no island where it is buried. They exist only in the imagination of Charles Stough Greenleaf (the Ancient Mariner), a half-demented individual, who has four times before duped avaricious men with his tale, and gotten them to send out similar expeditions.

The hopeless search for the treasure-island is kept up until Daughtry discovers that there is only enough beer left to last him twelve days. Then he goes below and bores holes in the water-casks. To his surprise, he finds the Ancient Mariner doing the same thing. Thus caught, Greenleaf confesses the fraud and tells his story. The steward is sympathetic, and, of course, will keep silent. The Mary Turner will now have to put into the Marquesas for more water. But Greenleaf says that the three backers will continue the search.

EARLY next morning, the morning watch of sailors, whose custom it was to fetch the day's supply of water for the galley and cabin, discovered that the barrels were empty. Mr. Jackson was so alarmed that he immediately called Captain Doane, and not many minutes elapsed ere the captain had routed out Grimshaw and Nishikanta to tell them of the disaster.

Breakfast was an excitement shared in peculiarly by the Ancient Mariner and Dag Daughtry while the trio of partners raged and bewailed. Captain Doane particularly wailed. Simon Nishikanta was fiendish in his descriptions of whatever miscreant had done the deed and of how he should be made suffer for it, while Grimshaw clenched and repeatedly clenched his great hands as if throttling some throat.

It was a day of discoveries. Captain Doane caught the mate stealing the ship's position from his desk with the

Michael

Brother of Jerry

By Jack London

Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer

duplicate key. There was a scene, but no more, for the Finn was too huge a man to invite personal encounter, and Captain Doane could only stigmatize his conduct to a running reiteration of "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," and "Sorry, sir."

Perhaps the most important discovery, although he did not know it at the time, was that of Dag Daughtry. It was after the course had been changed and all sail set, and after the Ancient Mariner had privily informed him that Taiohae, in the Marquesas, was their objective, that Daughtry gaily proceeded to shave. One trouble only was on his mind. He was not quite sure, in such an out-of-the-way place as Taiohae, that good beer could be procured.

As he prepared to make the first stroke of the razor, most of his face white with lather, he noticed a dark patch of skin on his forehead just between the eyebrows and above. When he had finished shaving, he touched the dark patch, wondering how he had been sunburned in such a spot. But he did not know he had touched it in so far as there was any response of sensation. The dark place was numb.

"Curious," he thought, wiped his face, and forgot all about it. No more than he knew what horror that dark spot represented did he know that Ah Moy's slant eyes had long since noticed it and were continuing to notice it day by day, with secretly growing terror.

Close-hauled on the southeast trades, the Mary Turner began her long slant toward the Marquesas. For'ard, all were happy. Being only seamen, on seamen's wages, they hailed with delight the news that they were bound in for a tropic isle to fill their water-barrels. Aft, the three partners were in bad temper, and Nishikanta openly sneered at Captain Doane and doubted his ability to find the Marquesas. In the steerage, everybody was happy—Dag Daughtry, because his wages were running on and a further

The whale circled about sharply and charged back

supply of beer was certain; Kwaque, because he was happy whenever his master was happy, and Ah Moy, because he would soon have opportunity to desert away from the schooner and the two lepers with whom he was domiciled.

Michael shared in the general happiness of the steerage, and joined eagerly with Steward in learning by heart a fifth song. This was "Lead Kindly Light." In his singing, which, after all, was no more than trained howling, Michael sought for something he knew not what. In truth, it was the *lost pack*, the pack of the primeval world before the dog ever came in to the fires of men, and, for that matter, before men built fires and before men were men.

He had been born only the other day and had lived but two years in the world, so that, of himself, he had no knowledge of the lost pack. For many thousands of generations he had been away from it; yet, deep down in the crypts of being, tied about and wrapped up in every muscle and nerve of him, was the indelible record of the days in the wild when dim ancestors had run with the pack and, at the same time, developed the pack and themselves. When Michael was asleep, then it was that pack-memories sometimes rose to the surface of his subconscious mind. These dreams were real while they lasted, and when he was awake, he remembered them little if at all. But, asleep, or singing with Steward, he sensed and yearned for the lost pack and was impelled to seek the forgotten way to it.

Had the trade-wind not failed on the second day after laying the course for the Marquesas, had Captain Doane, at the midday meal, not grumbled once again at being equipped with only one chronometer, had Simon Nishikanta not become viciously angry thereat and gone on deck with his rifle to find some sea-denizen to kill, and had the sea-denizen that appeared close alongside been a bonita, a dolphin, a porpoise, an albacore, or anything else than a great eighty-foot cow whale accompanied by her nursing calf—had any link been missing from this chain of events, the *Mary Turner* would have undoubtedly reached the Marquesas, filled her water-barrels, and returned to the treasure-hunting, and the destinies of Michael, Daughtry, Kwaque, and Cocky would have been quite different.

But every link was present for the occasion. The schooner, in a dead calm, was rolling over the huge, smooth seas, boom-sheets and tackles crashing to the hollow thunder of her great

sails, when Simon Nishikanta put a bullet into the body of the little whale calf. By an almost miracle of chance, the shot killed the calf. It was equivalent to killing an elephant with a pea-rifle. Not at once did the calf die. It merely immediately ceased its gambols and, for a while, lay quivering on the surface of the ocean. The mother was beside it the moment after it was struck, and to those on board, looking almost directly down upon her, her dismay and alarm were very patent. She would nudge the calf with her huge shoulder, circle round and round it, then range up alongside and repeat her nudgings and shoulderings.

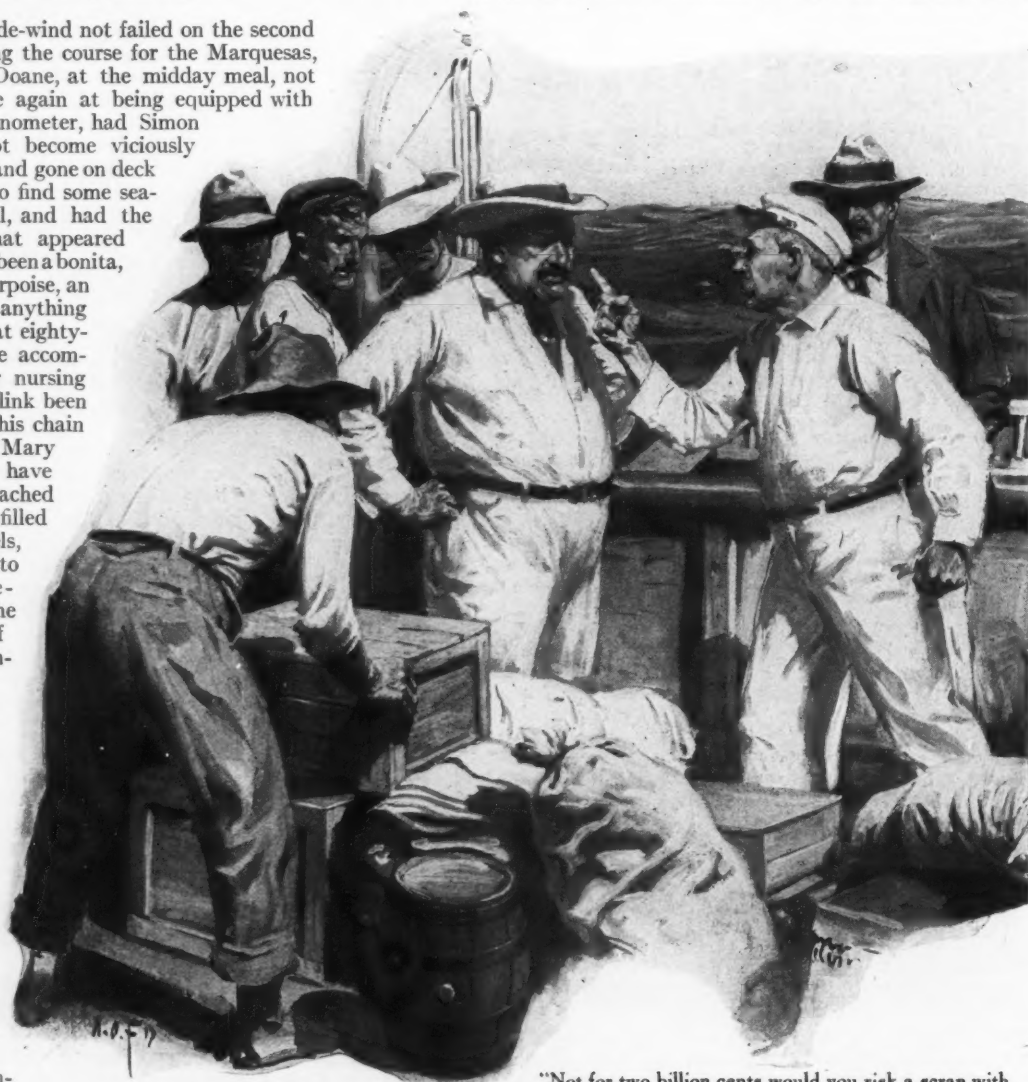
All on the *Mary Turner*, fore and aft, lined the rail and stared down apprehensively at the leviathan that was as long as the schooner.

"If she should do to us, sir, what that other one did to the Essex—" Dag Daughtry observed to the Ancient Mariner.

"It would be no more than we deserve," was the response. "It was uncalled for—a wanton, cruel act."

Michael, aware of the excitement overside, but unable to see because of the rail, leaped on top of the cabin and, at sight of the monster, barked defiantly. Every eye turned on him in startlement and fear, and Steward hushed him with a whispered command.

"This is the last time," Grimshaw muttered, in a low voice, tense with anger, to Nishikanta. "If ever again, on this voyage, you take a shot at a whale, I'll wring your dirty



"Not for two billion cents would you risk a scrap with me, you money-sweater, you!" was Daughtry's retort

neck for you. Get me? I mean it! I'll choke your eyeballs out of you."

Nishikanta smiled in a sickly way and whined:

"There ain't nothing going to happen. I don't believe that Essex ever was sunk by a whale."

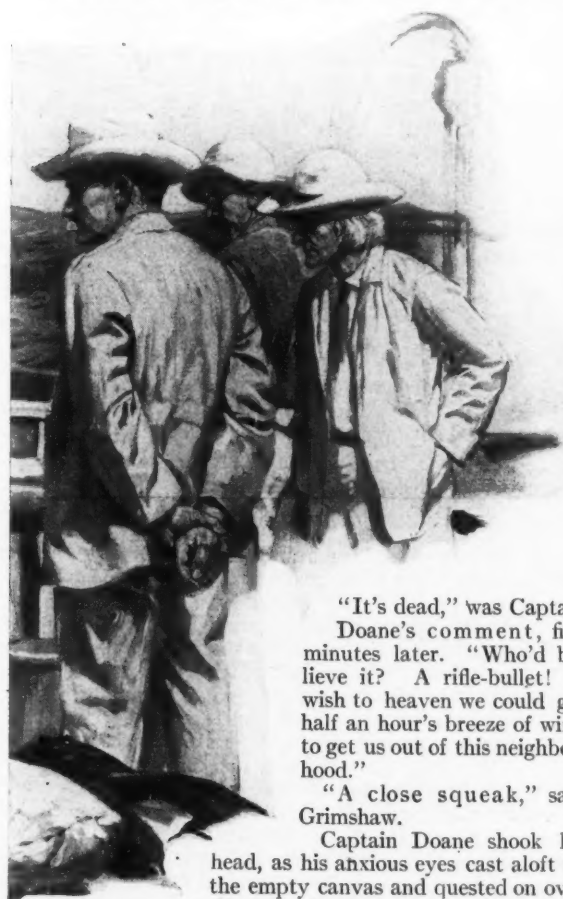
Urged on by its mother, the expiring calf made spasmodic efforts to swim that were futile and caused it to veer and wallow from side to side.

In the course of circling about it, the mother accidentally brushed her shoulder under the port quarter of the Mary Turner, and the Mary Turner listed to starboard as her stern was lifted a yard or more. Nor was this unintentional, gentle impact all. The instant after her shoulder had touched, startled by the contact, she flailed out with her tail. The blow smote the rail just for'ard of the fore-shrouds, splintering a gap through it as if it were no more than a cigar-box and cracking the covering-board.

That was all, and an entire ship's company stared down in silence and fear at a sea-monster grief-stricken over its dying progeny.

Several times, in the course of an hour, during which the schooner and the two whales drifted farther and farther apart, the calf strove vainly to swim. Then it set up a great quivering, which culminated in a wild wallowing and lashing-about of its tail.

"It is the death-flurry," said the Ancient Mariner softly.



"It's dead," was Captain Doane's comment, five minutes later. "Who'd believe it? A rifle-bullet! I wish to heaven we could get half an hour's breeze of wind to get us out of this neighborhood."

"A close squeak," said Grimshaw.

Captain Doane shook his head, as his anxious eyes cast aloft to the empty canvas and quested on over the sea in the hope of wind-ruffles on the water. But all was glassy calm, each great sea, of all the orderly procession of great seas, heaving up, round-topped and mountainous, like so much quicksilver.

"It's all right," Grimshaw encouraged. "There she goes now, beating it away from us."

"Of course it's all right—always was all right," Nishikanta bragged, as he wiped the sweat from his face and neck and looked with the others after the departing

cow. "You're a fine, brave lot, you are, losing your goat to a fish."

"I noticed your face was less yellow than usual," Grimshaw sneered. "It must have gone to your heart."

Captain Doane breathed a great sigh. His relief was too strong to permit him to join in the squabbling.

"You're yellow," Grimshaw went on, "yellow clean through." He nodded his head toward the Ancient Mariner. "Now there's the real thing as a man. No yellow in him. He never batted an eye, and I reckon he knew more about the danger than you did. If I was to choose being wrecked on a desert island with him or you, I'd take him a thousand times first. If—" But a cry from the sailors interrupted him.

"Merciful God!" Captain Doane breathed audibly.

The great cow whale had turned about, and, on the surface, was charging straight back at them. Such was her speed that a bore was raised by her nose like that which a dreadnought or an Atlantic liner raises on the sea.

"Hold fast, all!" Captain Doane roared.

Every man braced himself for the shock. Henrik Gjertsen, the sailor at the wheel, spread his legs, crouched down, and stiffened his shoulders and arms to hand-grips on opposite spokes of the wheel. Several of the crew fled from the waist to the poop, and others of them sprang into the main-rigging. Daughtry, one hand on the rail, with his free arm clasped the Ancient Mariner round the waist.

All held. The whale struck the Mary Turner just aft of the fore-shrouds. A score of things, which no eye could take in simultaneously, happened. A sailor, in the main-rigging, carried away a ratline in both hands, fell head downward, and was clutched by an ankle and saved, head downward, by a comrade as the schooner cracked and shuddered, uplifted on the port side, and was flung down on her starboard side till the ocean poured level over her rail. Michael, on the smooth roof of the cabin, slithered down the steep slope to starboard and disappeared, clawing and snarling, into the runway. The port shrouds of the foremast carried away at the chain-plates, and the foretopmast leaned over drunkenly to starboard.

"My word," quoth the Ancient Mariner, "we certainly felt that!"

"Mr. Jackson," Captain Doane commanded the mate, "will you sound the bell?"

The mate obeyed, although he kept an anxious eye on the whale, which had gone off at a tangent and was smoking away to the eastward.

"You see, that's what you get," Grimshaw snarled at Nishikanta.

Nishikanta wiped the sweat away and muttered:

"And I'm satisfied. I got all I want. I didn't think a whale had it in it. I'll never do it again."

"Maybe you'll never have the chance," the captain retorted. "We're not done with this one yet. The one that charged the Essex made charge after charge, and I guess whale-nature hasn't changed any in the last few years."

"Dry as a bone, sir," Mr. Jackson reported the result of his sounding.

"There she turns!" Daughtry called out.

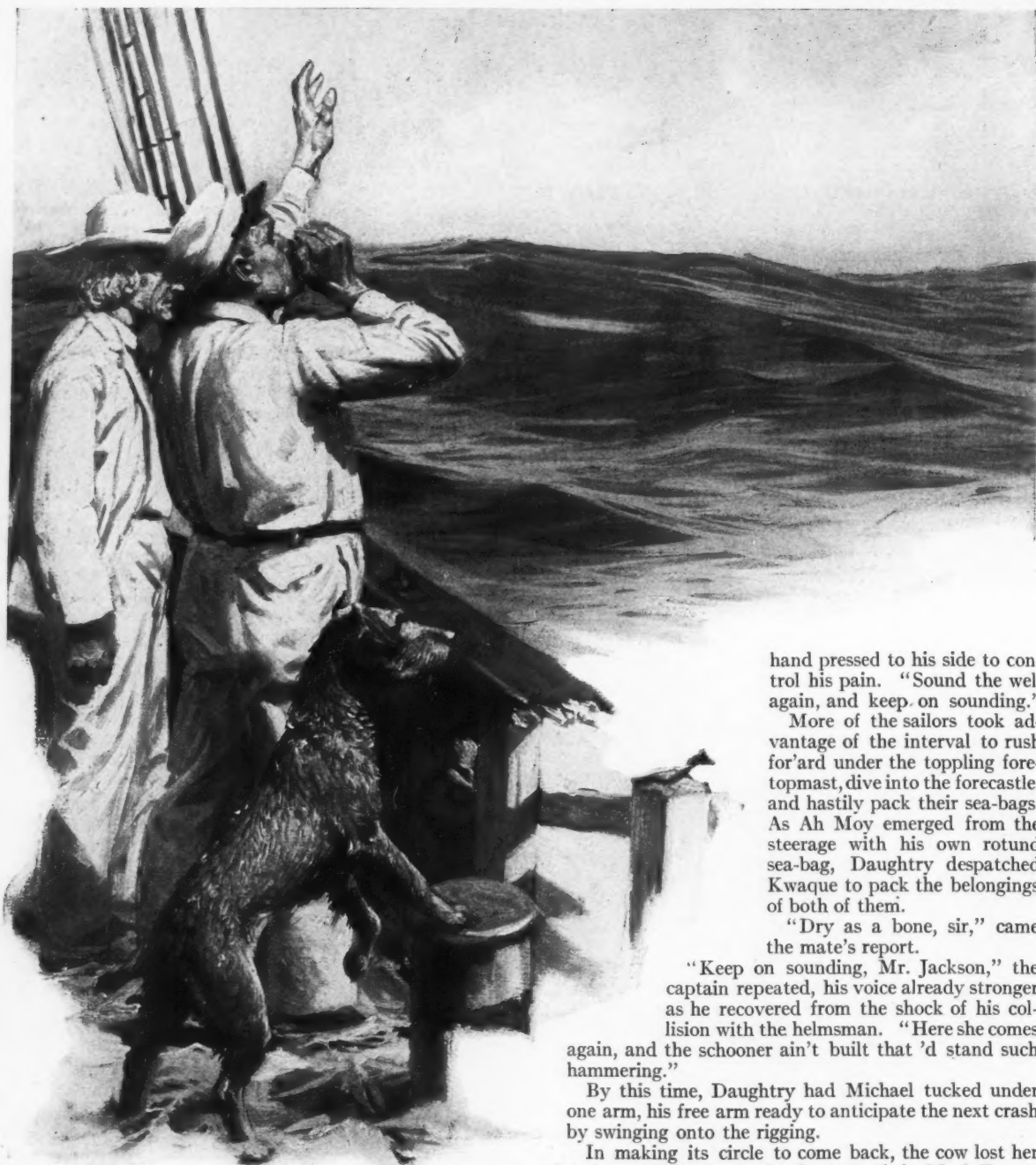
Half a mile away, the whale circled about sharply and charged back.

"Stand from under for'ard there!" Captain Doane shouted to one of the sailors, who had just emerged from the forecabin scuttle, sea-bag in hand, and over whom the foretopmast was swaying giddily.

"He's packed for the getaway," Daughtry murmured to the Ancient Mariner, "like a rat leaving the ship."

By this time, all men on board had communicated to Michael their contagion of excitement and fear. Back on top the cabin so that he might see, he snarled at the cow whale when the men seized fresh grips against the impending shock and when he saw her close at hand and oncoming.

The Mary Turner was struck aft of the mizzen-shrouds. As she was hurled down to starboard, whither Michael was



"Hey!" he called, with sudden forethought, across the widening stretch of sea to Captain Doane. "What's the course to the Marquesas? And how far away, sir?"

ignominiously flung, the crack of shattered timbers was plainly heard. Henrik Gjertsen, at the wheel, clutching it with all his strength, was spun through the air as the wheel was spun by the fling of the rudder. He fetched up against Captain Doane, whose grip had been torn loose from the rail. Both men crumpled down on deck with the wind knocked out of them. Nishikanta leaned cursing against the side of the cabin, the nails of both hands torn off at the quick by the breaking of his grip on the rail.

While Daughtry was passing a turn of rope round the Ancient Mariner and the mizzen-rigging, and giving the turn to him to hold, Captain Doane crawled gasping to the rail and dragged himself erect.

"That fetched her," he whispered huskily to the mate,

82

hand pressed to his side to control his pain. "Sound the well again, and keep on sounding."

More of the sailors took advantage of the interval to rush for'ard under the toppling foretopmast, dive into the forecastle, and hastily pack their sea-bags. As Ah Moy emerged from the steerage with his own rotund sea-bag, Daughtry despatched Kwaque to pack the belongings of both of them.

"Dry as a bone, sir," came the mate's report.

"Keep on sounding, Mr. Jackson," the captain repeated, his voice already stronger as he recovered from the shock of his collision with the helmsman. "Here she comes again, and the schooner ain't built that 'd stand such hammering."

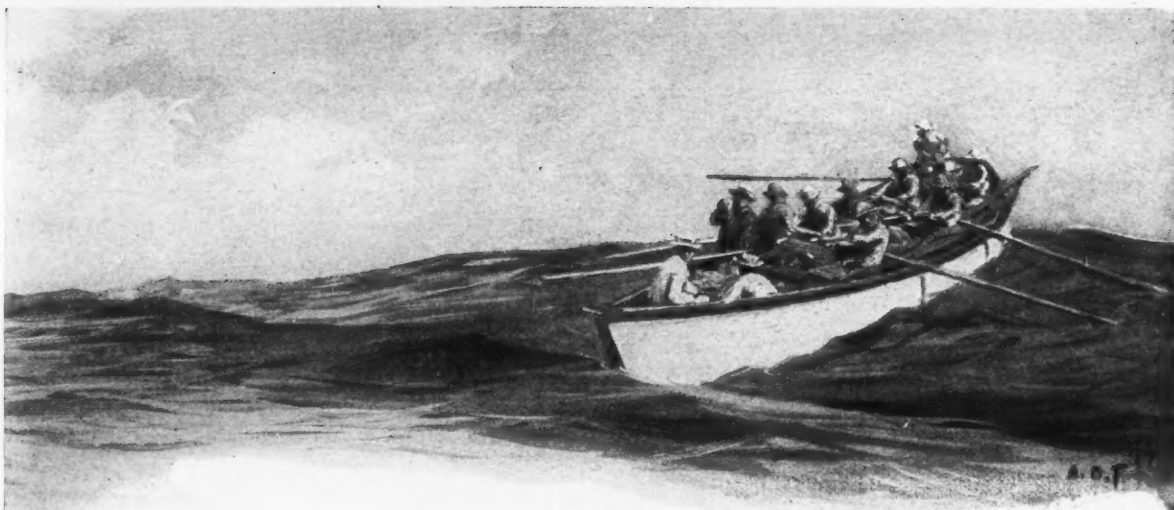
By this time, Daughtry had Michael tucked under one arm, his free arm ready to anticipate the next crash by swinging onto the rigging.

In making its circle to come back, the cow lost her bearings sufficiently to miss the stern of the Mary Turner by twenty feet. Nevertheless, the bore of her displacement lifted the schooner's stern gently and made her dip her bow to the sea in a stately courtesy.

Again wheeling, this time at no more than two hundred yards, the whale charged back, not completing her semi-circle sufficiently, so that she bore down upon the schooner's bow from starboard. Her back hit the stem and seemed just barely to scrape the martingale, yet the Mary Turner sat down till the sea washed level with her stern rail. Nor was this all. Martingale, bobstays, and all parted, as well as all starboard stays to the bowsprit, so that the bowsprit swung out to port at right angles and uplifted to the drag of the remaining topmast stays. The topmast anticked high in the air for a space, then crashed down to deck, permitting the bowsprit to dip into the sea, go clear with the butt of it off the forecandle head, and drag alongside.

"Shut up that dog!" Nishikanta ordered Daughtry savagely. "If you don't——"

Michael, in Steward's arms, was snarling and growling



intimidatingly, not merely at the cow whale but at all the hostile and menacing universe that had thrown panic into the two-legged gods of his floating world.

"Just for that," Daughtry snarled back, "I'll let 'm sing. 'You made this mess, and if you lift a hand to my dog, you'll miss seeing the end of the mess you started!'"

"Perfectly right, perfectly right," the Ancient Mariner nodded approbation. "Do you think, Steward, you could get a width of canvas or a blanket or something soft and broad with which to replace this rope? It cuts me too sharply in the spot where my three ribs are missing."

Daughtry thrust Michael into the old man's arm.

"Hold him, sir," the steward said. "If that pawnbroker makes a move against Killeny Boy, spit in his face, bite him—anything. I'll be back in a jiffy, sir."

He dashed into the cabin, came back with a pillow and three sheets, and, using the first as a pad, and knotting the last together in swift weaver's knots, he left the Ancient Mariner safe and soft and took Michael back into his own arms.

"She's making water, sir," the mate called. "Six inches—no, seven inches, sir."

There was a rush of sailors across the wreckage of the foretopmast to the forecabin to pack their bags.

"Swing out that starboard boat, Mr. Jackson," the captain commanded, staring after the foaming course of the cow as she surged away for a fresh onslaught. "But don't lower it. Hold it overside in the falls, or that fish'll smash it. Just swing it out, ready and waiting; let the men get their bags; then stow food and water aboard of her."

Lashings were cast off the boat and the falls attached, when the men fled to holding-vantage just ere the whale arrived. She struck the Mary Turner squarely amidships on the port beam, so that, from the poop, one saw as well as heard her long side bend and spring back like a limber fabric. The starboard rail buried under the sea as the schooner heeled to the blow, and, as she righted with a violent lurch, the water swashed across the deck to the knees of the sailors about the boat and spouted out of the port scuppers.

"Heave away!" Captain Doane ordered from the poop. "Up with her! Swing her out! Hold your turns! Make fast!"

The boat was outboard, its gunwale resting against the Mary Turner's rail.

"Ten inches, sir, and making fast," was the mate's information, as he gaged the sounding-rod.

"I'm going after my tools," Captain Doane announced, as he started for the cabin.

"A foot and a half, and making!" the mate shouted aft to him.

"We'd better do some packing ourselves," Grimshaw, following on the captain, said to Nishikanta.

"Steward," Nishikanta said, "go below and pack my bedding. I'll take care of the rest."

"Mr. Nishikanta, you can go to blazes, sir!" was Daughtry's quiet response, although, in the same breath, he was saying respectfully and assuringly to the Ancient Mariner: "You hold Killeny, sir. I'll take care of your dunnage. Is there anything special you want to save, sir?"

Jackson joined the four men below, and, as the five of them in haste and trepidation packed articles of worth and comfort, the Mary Turner was struck again. Caught below without warning, all were flung fiercely to port, and from Simon Nishikanta's room came wailing curses of announcement of the hurt to his ribs against his bunk rail. But this was drowned by a prodigious smashing and crashing on deck.

"Kindling-wood—there won't be anything else left of her," Captain Doane commented, in the ensuing calm, as he crept gingerly up the companionway with his chronometer cuddled on an even keel to his breast.

Placing it in the custody of a sailor, he returned below and was helped up with his sea-chest by the steward. In turn, he helped the steward up with the Ancient Mariner's sea-chest. Next, aided by anxious sailors; he and Daughtry dropped into the lazaret through the cabin floor and began breaking out and passing up a stream of supplies—cases of salmon and beef, of marmalade and biscuit, of butter and preserved milk, and of all sorts of the tinned, desiccated, evaporated, and condensed stuff that of modern times goes down to the sea in ships for the nourishment of men.

While the mother whale, expressing her bereavement in terms of violence and destruction, was withdrawing the necessary distance for another charge, all hands of the Mary Turner gathered about the starboard boat, swung outboard ready for lowering. A respectable hill of case-goods, water-kegs, and personal dunnage was piled on the deck alongside. A glance at this, and at the many men of fore and aft, demonstrated that it was to be a perilously overloaded boat.

"We want the sailors with us, at any rate—they can row," said Simon Nishikanta.

"But do we want you?" Grimshaw queried gloomily. "You take up too much room for your size, and you're a beast, anyway."

"I guess I'll be wanted," the pawnbroker observed, as he jerked open his shirt, tearing out the four buttons in his impetuosity and showing a Colt's forty-four automatic, strapped in its holster against the bare skin of his side under his left arm. "I guess I'll be wanted. But, just the same, we can dispense with the undesirables."

"If you will have your will," the wheat-farmer conceded sardonically, although his big hand clenched involuntarily as if throttling a throat. "Besides, if we should run short of

food, you will prove desirable—for the quantity of you, I mean, and not otherwise. Now, just who would you consider undesirable?"

But his pleasantries were cut short by the whale's next attack—another smash at the stern that carried away the rudder and destroyed the steering-gear.

"How much water?" Captain Doane queried of the mate.

"Three feet, sir—I just sounded," came the answer. "I think, sir, it would be advisable to part-load the boat; then, right after the next time the whale hits us, lower away on the run, chuck the rest of the dunnage in and ourselves, and get clear."

Captain Doane nodded.

"It will be lively work," he said. "Stand ready, all of you! Steward, you jump aboard first, and I'll pass the chronometer to you."

Nishikanta bellicosely shouldered his vast bulk up to the captain, opened his shirt, and exposed his revolver.

"There's too many for the boat," he said, "and the steward's one of 'em that don't go along. Get that! Hold it in your head. The steward's one of 'em that don't go along."

Captain Doane coolly surveyed the big automatic. He shrugged his shoulders.

"The boat would be overloaded with all this truck, anyway. Go ahead, if you want to make it your party, but just bear in mind that I'm the navigator, and that, if you ever want to lay eyes on your string of pawn-shops, you'd better see that gentle care is taken of me. Steward!"

Daughtry stepped close.

"There won't be room for you—and for one or two others, I'm sorry to say."

"Glory be!" said Daughtry.

"I was just fearin' you'd be wantin' me along, sir. Kwaque, you take 'm my fella dunnage belong me, put 'm in other fella boat along other side."

While Kwaque obeyed, the mate sounded the well for the last time, reporting three feet and a half, and the lighter freightage of the starboard boat was tossed in by the sailors.

A rangy, gangly Scandinavian youth of a sailor, droop-shouldered, six feet six and slender as a lath, with pallid eyes of palest blue and skin and hair attuned to the same color-scheme, joined Kwaque in his work.

"Here, you Big John!" the mate interfered. "This is your boat. You work here."

The lanky one smiled in embarrassment as he haltingly explained,

"I tank I lak go along cooky."

"Sure; let him go—the more the easier," Nishikanta took charge of the situation. "Anybody else?"

"Sure," Dag Daughtry sneered in his face. "I reckon what's left of the beer goes with my boat—unless you want to argue the matter."

"For two cents—" Nishikanta spluttered, in affected rage.

"Not for two billion cents would you risk a scrap with me, you money-sweater, you!" was Daughtry's retort. "You've got their goats, but I've got your number. Not for two billion cents would you excite me into callin' it right now. Big John, just carry that case of beer across, an' that half-case, and store in my boat. Nishikanta, just start something, if you've got the nerve!"

Simon Nishikanta did not dare, nor did he know what to do; but he was saved from his perplexity by the shout:

"Here she comes!"

All rushed to holding-ground, and held, while the whale broke more timbers, and the Mary Turner rolled sluggishly down and back again. "Lower away! On the run! Lively!"

Captain Doane's orders were swiftly obeyed. The starboard boat, fended off by sailors, rose and fell in the water alongside, while the remainder of the dunnage and provisions showered into her.

"Might as well lend a hand, sir, seein' you're bent on leavin' in such a hurry," said Daughtry, taking the chronometer from Captain Doane's hand and standing ready to pass it down to him as soon as he was in the boat.

"Come on, Greenleaf!" Grimshaw called up to the Ancient Mariner.

"No—thanking you very kindly, sir," came the reply; "I think there'll be more room in the other boat."

"We want the cook!" Nishikanta cried out from the stern-sheets. "Come on, you yellow monkey; jump in!"

Little old shriveled Ah Moy debated. He visibly thought, although none knew the intrinsicity of his thinking, as he stared at the gun of the fat pawnbroker and at the leprosy of Kwaque and Daughtry, and weighed the one against the other and tossed the light and heavy loads of the two boats into the balance.

"Me go other boat," said Ah Moy, starting to drag his bag away across the deck.

"Cast off!" Captain Doane commanded.

Scraps, the big Newfoundland puppy, who had played and pranced about through all the excitement, seeing so many of the Mary Turner's humans in the boat alongside, sprang over the

rail, low and close to the water, and landed sprawling on the mass of sea-bags and goods-cases.

The boat rocked, and Nishikanta, his automatic in his hand, cried out:

"Back with him! Throw him on board!"

The sailors obeyed, and the astounded Scraps, after a brief flight through the air, found himself arriving on his back on the Mary Turner's deck.

"Guess we'll have to add him to our collection, eh, sir?"

Daughtry observed, sparing a moment to pat reassurance on the big puppy's head, and being rewarded with a caressing lick on his hand from the puppy's blissful tongue.

No first-class ship's steward can exist without possessing a more than average measure of executive ability. Dag



A politician and a doctor, by name Emory—
Walter Merritt Emory

Daughtry was a first-class ship's steward. Placing the Ancient Mariner in a nook of safety, and setting Big John to unlash the remaining boat and hooking on the falls, he sent Kwaque into the hold to fill kegs of water from the scant remnant of supply, and Ah Moy to clear out the food in the galley.

The starboard boat, cluttered with men, provisions, and property, and being rapidly rowed away from the danger-center, which was the Mary Turner, was hardly a hundred yards away when the whale, missing the schooner clean, turned at full speed and close range, churning the water, and all but collided with the boat. So near did she come that the rowers on the side next to her pulled in their oars. The surge she raised heeled the loaded boat gunwale under, so that a degree of water was shipped ere it righted. Nishikanta, automatic still in hand, standing up in the stern-sheets by the comfortable seat he had selected for himself, was staggered by the lurch of the boat. In his instinctive, spasmodic effort to maintain balance, he relaxed his clutch on the pistol, which fell into the sea.

"Ha-ah!" Daughtry girded. "What price, Nishikanta? I got his number, and he's lost you fellows' goats. He's your meat now. Easy meat? I should say! And when it comes to the eating, eat him first!"

Grimshaw, whose seat in the stern-sheets was none of the best, grasped the situation simultaneously with Daughtry, and, with a quick upstanding, and hooking outreach of hand, caught the fat pawnbroker round the back of the neck and, with anything but gentle suasion, jerked him half into the air and flung him face downward on the bottom-boards.

"Ha-ah!" said Daughtry, across the hundred yards of ocean.

Next, and without hurry, Grimshaw took the more comfortable seat for himself.

"Want to come along?" he called to Daughtry.

"No, thank you, sir," was the latter's reply. "There's too many of us, an' we'll make out better in the other boat."

With some bailing, and with others bending to the oars, the boat rowed frantically away, while Daughtry took Ah Moy with him down into the lazaret beneath the cabin floor and broke out and passed up more provisions.

It was when he was thus below that the cow grazed the schooner just for'ard of amidships on the port side, lashed out with her mighty tail as she sounded, and ripped clean away the chain-plates and rail of the mizzen-shrouds. In the next roll of the huge, glassy sea, the mizzenmast fell over-side.

"My word—some whale!" Daughtry said to Ah Moy, as they emerged from the cabin companionway.

Ah Moy found need to get more food from the galley, when Daughtry, Kwaque, and Big John swung their weight on the falls, one fall at a time, and hoisted the port boat, one end at a time, over the rail and swung her out.

"We'll wait till the next smash, then lower away, throw everything in, an' get out of this," the steward told

the Ancient Mariner. "Lots of time. The schooner'll sink no faster when she's awash than she's sinkin' now."

Even as he spoke, the scuppers were nearly level with the ocean, and her rolling in the big sea was sluggish.

"Hey!" he called, with sudden forethought, across the widening stretch of sea to Captain Doane. "What's the course to the Marquesas? And how far away, sir?"

"Nor'-nor'-east-quarter-east," came the faint reply, "will fetch Nukahiva! About two hundred miles! Haul on the southeast trade with a good full, and you'll make it!"

"Thank you, sir!" was the steward's acknowledgment, ere he ran aft, disrupted the binnacle, and carried the steering-compass back to the boat.

Almost, from the whale's delay in renewing her charging, did they think she had given over. And while they waited and watched her rolling on the sea, an eighth of a mile away, the Mary Turner steadily sank.

"We might almost chance it," Daughtry was debating aloud to Big John, when a new voice entered the discussion.

"Cocky! Cocky!" came plaintive tones from below, out of the steerage companion.

Daughtry dashed across the deck, crawled through the confusion of the maintopmast and its many stays that blocked the way, and found the tiny white morsel of life perched on a bunk-edge, ruffling its feathers, erecting and flattening its rosy crest, and cursing in honest human speech the waywardness of the world and of ships and humans upon the sea. The cockatoo stepped upon Daughtry's inviting index-finger, swiftly ascended his shirt-sleeves, and, on his shoulder, claws sunk into the flimsy shirt-fabric till they hurt the flesh beneath, leaned head to ear and uttered in gratitude and relief, and in self-identification: "Cocky! Cocky!"

(Continued on page 145)



"I suppose you think he'll last forever, like so much land," Del Mar smiled quietly. Daughtry saw the point instantly

Myself

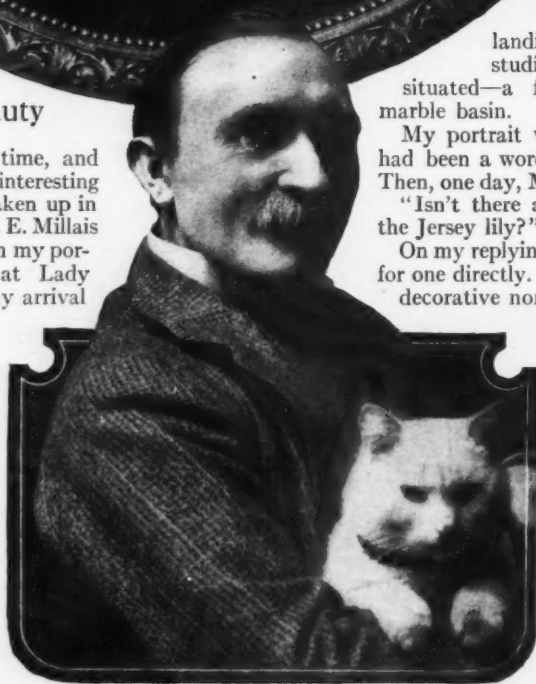
By Lillie



Lady De
Bathe, at the
present day

The Reigning Beauty

A GREAT deal of my time, and perhaps the most interesting part of it, was now taken up in sitting to painters. J. E. Millais had fixed an early date to begin my portrait on our first meeting at Lady Sebright's reception, but on my arrival at his studio on the appointed day, I was surprised and even annoyed to find that it was his intention to paint me in my plain black gown, precisely as I was at the moment. I had hoped to be draped in classic robes or sumptuous medieval garments, in which I should be beautified and quite transformed. As the sittings progressed, however, and I grew to understand Millais' temperament better, I realized that he loved only the actual and the truth, and that, in his portraits, he dissimulated nothing, rather emphasizing the individuality of the sitter than deviating from nature to embellish his subject. I am venturing to express an opinion that, while the sentimental canvases of "The Black Brunswicker" and "The Huguenot Lovers" were among the most popular of his pictures in my youth, the artist's lasting fame will come from his portraits and his landscapes. Of the latter, who that has seen that great work, "Chill October," could forget



Sir Edward Burne-Jones, who painted
Mrs. Langtry many times

situated—a fountain splashed into a huge marble basin.

My portrait was all but finished before there had been a word of discussion regarding a title. Then, one day, Millais said to me,

"Isn't there a lily that grows in our island—the Jersey lily?"

On my replying affirmatively, he asked me to send for one directly. It is a fragile little flower, neither decorative nor imposing, and I think my countryman was rather disconcerted when it arrived. Still, he painted it held in my hand, and, calling the portrait "The Jersey Lily," gave, at the same time, a title to the picture and a sobriquet to me by which I was forever afterward known. The work is three-quarter length, showing me in a black, clinging gown, fastened with innumerable black bows. At the throat is a white-lace collar, with a gardenia—immortalized at some one's special request—tucked in one side, the crimson lily, *Nerine sarniensis*, providing the only touch of color in the scheme.

The progenitors of this lily, and of many other varieties of the South African amaryllis which are now common in my island, found their way to its shores in a romantic manner. A hundred and fifty years ago, a vessel from the Cape of Good Hope laden with the bulbs was wrecked on the Jersey coast. The following spring, myriads of exquisite blossoms from the marooned lilies made their appearance

and Others

Langtry (Lady De Bathe)

In the last instalment of "Myself and Others," Mrs. Langtry described the sensation her radiant beauty created among the London populace; here we see that it was even greater among those trained to esthetic appreciation. Few women in any age have been so sought after as subjects for the painter, and few have been immortalized on such a number of famous canvases, many of which are described in these pages.

in the sand above high-water mark. The islanders—bless them!—love flowers, so they dug up and transplanted them to the gardens round their cottages, and they thrived so well in their adopted country that to-day there are wide hedges of pink belladonnas, while



Millais' painting, "The Jersey Lily," which gave Mrs. Langtry her famous sobriquet

Nerines, Vallotas, Arums, and so forth, flourish like weeds in the open air.

In addition to his important picture of me, Millais painted a full-face kit-kat portrait, the whereabouts of which is un-



Sir John Everett Millais—
a self-portrait

known to me, except that it is somewhere in the States. He presented me with it and, before doing so, wrote on the back, "Millais thinks this isn't good." But it was a very distinctive and natural piece of work, and I trust that it may some day find its way into the Metropolitan Museum of Art and thus help to keep my memory green in the hearts of the American people, whom I love.

The "Jersey Lily" was duly exhibited at the Royal Academy, hung in a favored place, and created so much interest (partly by reason of Millais' marvelous art) that it had to be roped around to preserve the portrait from injury by the crowd which constantly surged about it. The painting was afterward purchased by one Martin Kennard—a total stranger to me—and hangs, or did hang, in his London house.

I spent a delightful summer in Scotland with Sir John and Lady Millais. Both the painter and my husband were ardent fishermen, and spent most of the day beguiling salmon. The Millais shooting-box, which Sir John rented from the Duke of Rutland, was only a few miles from Perth. Quite close to it was the Birnam Wood, made famous by Shakespeare in "Macbeth," and under its ancient trees I spent many pleasant hours, picnicking and rambling with Lady Millais and the family. At tea-time on the lawn, when the fishing was done with, Sir John would settle himself in a chair and make sketches of me in every position and on any scrap of paper that was

handy, evidently for the pure pleasure of using his pencil, for when the drawings were finished, he would carelessly throw them down anywhere, but his wife, shrewd Scotch-woman that she was, would go about carefully gathering them up, and saying,

"These will be verra valuable one day."

When I last saw the little sketches referred to, they had been framed and were hanging in a prominent position in Lady Millais' boudoir.

An amusing incident, which happened at one of the numerous dinner-parties at the Millais', in Kensington, comes back to me. We were talking about our birthplace, and a guest inquired casually,

"Let me see; when did we take Jersey?"

At which Millais shouted, in his great, boyish voice, "Take Jersey, eh?" Then, continuing to me, "I say, Mrs. Langtry, when did we conquer London?"

Millais was an energetic but spasmodic worker, always stood while he painted, and would apply himself like one inspired for about twenty minutes, after which he would throw down his brush and palette, relight his pipe—which was never out of his mouth—contemplate me for a quarter of an hour, and then start again in a fresh frenzy.



The Countess of Warwick

He told me that I was the most exasperating subject he ever painted, that I looked commonplace for about fifty-five minutes out of the sixty, but for five minutes in every hour I was "wonderful." I do not think Millais ever worked on my portraits in my absence, as did some other artists to whom I sat.

The same year, Edward J. Poynter, now president of the Royal Academy, painted me in a gorgeous golden gown. The picture was also shown at Burlington House and afterward most generously presented to me by the artist. I think Sir Edward did not catch my coloring so accurately



Mrs. Langtry, the reigning beauty of London society.

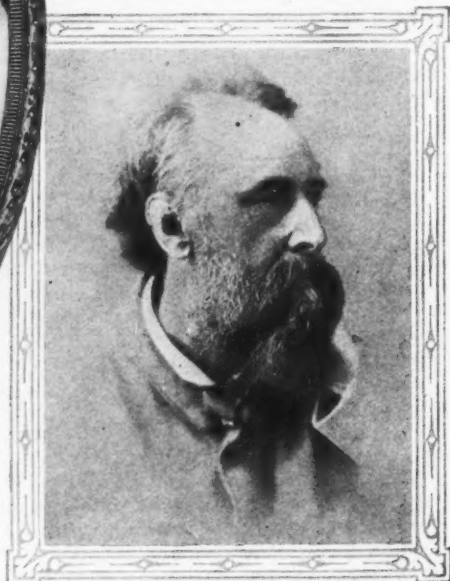
as did Millais or Watts, but, nevertheless, it is a fine portrait.

Watts, in "The Dean's Daughter," chose, like Millais, to picture me in black, wearing a quaint little poke bonnet from which he ruthlessly tore the opulent yellow ostrich feather which I regarded at that time as the glory of my head-gear. But on seeing the picture exhibited in later years, I realized that he was quite right in his somewhat arbitrary ideas, for the portrait had not dated and might have been painted yesterday or to-morrow—a quality

which works of all great artists should possess.

As for Sir Edward Burne-Jones, he was strongly impressed—to quote his exact expression—by my "healthy appearance." I spent a great deal of time in his studio by way of antidote to his "greenery gallery"

models, as they were irreverently termed by the philistines of the art world. Occasionally I sat for studies, and sometimes for more important works. Twice I contributed my face for studies in his celebrated picture called "The Golden Stair," in which I may be detected looking over my own shoulder on two of the lower steps.



George Frederick Watts, who painted Mrs. Langtry as "The Dean's Daughter"

An imposing symbolical painting he did of me was "Dame Fortune," bought by Arthur James Balfour and placed over the mantelpiece in his dining-room in Carlton House Terrace, London. Clad in gray draperies, a tall, very tall figure, I am depicted with resolute and pitiless face, turning a huge wheel on which kings, princes, statesmen, millionaires, and others rise, reach the top, and then fall, to be crushed by the ever-revolving wheel of Fate—a cruel picture and horribly true. Fine in conception and execution though it was, I always disliked it, and it seemed a strange work to be signed by Burne-Jones, whom I often also met socially at the house of our mutual friends, George Lewis and his wife. He was a poet and a dreamer, by nature so sweet and simple that the association of a bitter thought with him seemed utterly incongruous. I remember no other picture of his so implacable in character as "Dame Fortune."

In imaginative art, I think no painter of the day could vie with George Frederick Watts. I can see now, as distinctly as if I had studied it only yesterday, a huge canvas in his studio named "Love Fighting Death." Love, tiny and impotent, is struggling vainly to prevent the stalwart, gray-clad figure of Death from entering an English rose-wreathed cottage door.

Watts was an enthusiastic lover of early Italian art. He adored color, and constantly lamented its absence in the streets, insisting that our sense of it was being lost and claiming it to be of distinct educational value to the multitude. He lived absolutely alone, rather hermitlike, in a reposeful, artistic Queen Anne house off Holland Park. While sitting to him, I noticed how strikingly his pointed white beard, flowing gown, and black skull-cap made him resemble the master he worshiped—Titian. And nothing pleased him so much as to be told of this resemblance. It produced in him the ingenuous pleasure of a child. How simple are the great! And such a charming simplicity!

Quite as interesting as Millais, Watts was of a markedly different temperament. One always felt at rest with him. I spent hours and hours posing, without experiencing either strain or fatigue. For one portrait alone, I gave him forty sittings, and it still remains unfinished! It was to be called "Summer," and represented me full-face, in purple-and-gold raiment, holding a large basket of roses in my arms and with a background of bluest sky.

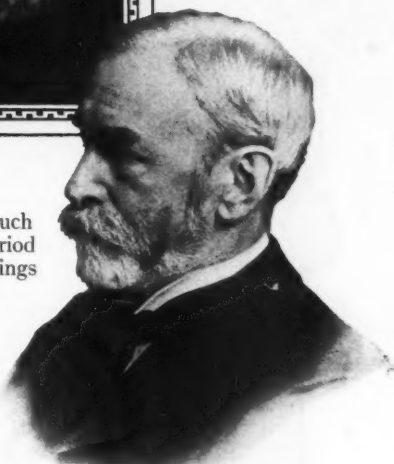
Sometimes, scarcely a stroke of work was done in the



Portrait of Mrs. Langtry by Sir Edward John Poynter.
presented by the painter to his sitter

was attracting much attention at this period through his drawings of beautiful women was Frank Miles, to whom I sat for a pencil-portrait which was afterward bought by Prince Leopold. Frank lived in a curious Old-World house

looking over the Thames, at the corner of Norfolk Street, Strand, London, before the Embankment had been built. It was the most ghostlike mansion imaginable, with antique staircases, twisting passages, and dim corners. In the late afternoon, interesting people—artistic, social, and literary of both sexes—found their way to his dusty old studio, among those I met there being Her Royal Highness, Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, very handsome and artistic and a clever sculptor; the poetess, Violet Fane; Forbes Robertson, Ellen Terry, and, of course, our mutual friends, Whistler and Oscar Wilde. Many purely social lights dropped in for a cup of tea, thoroughly enjoying the bohemian atmosphere. Among those I later came to know quite well were the Duchess of Westminster—a frequent visitor—the Duchess of Beaufort, Lord and Lady Dorchester, and the Earl of Rosslyn (whose lovely young stepdaughter, Miss Maynard, was also posing for the artist).



Sir Edward John Poynter, now president
of the Royal Academy

studio. Watts would ring for tea, ignore the sitting and, instead, entertain me with lengthy dissertations on art. They were really lectures, and through them I was taught to appreciate the mysteries and splendors of the Italian School. Subsequently, when I visited the famous picture-galleries of Italy, I realized what a debt I owed him. He had an extremely sympathetic nature, and interested himself in the smallest details of my life. Some of my happiest hours were spent in the company of this soft-voiced, gentle-mannered artist, whom I shall always regard as the greatest imaginative painter of his time.

A young artist who

Miles had a knack of conveying the sense of color in his simple pencil-drawings, which was the more extraordinary as he confessed to me, one day, that he was almost color-blind. But this ability made him well adapted to depict the beautiful fair coloring of Miss Maynard, now Countess of Warwick, and a world-renowned beauty. She told me only recently that Miles had especially invited her stepfather to "gaze" on his "latest model," and that the introduction had resulted in an immediate dinner being arranged by Lady Rosslyn, who asked many of her friends to meet us. She also said that I appeared at this large dinner-party in the same black day gown I had worn at the studio, having simply turned the collar in at the throat as a concession to the occasion. Lady Warwick was still in the schoolroom at the time, but, with her younger sisters, waited for my arrival concealed behind a curtain, and I dare add—as it happened so long ago—her final statement that my gown made no difference in the effect I created.

Poets also came to Miles' studio—Rossetti, Swinburne, and William Morris, the latter not only a poet but the great "uplifter" of home decoration—sorely needed in the Victorian era—the man who made dadoes, friezes, and subdued greens popular. Sometimes Walter Pater put in an appearance, and there, also, I met apparently frivolous scions of great

and popularized the daffodil and the daisy. Frank had won reputation as a cultivator and hybridizer of beautiful lilies before Oscar ever thought of pinning his love to them. The artist originated a scheme for planting the London parks with bulbs and obtaining permission from the authorities to allow the children to pick the blooms, but the idea was never carried out. While alluring, I doubt if it would have been found practical.

James McNeil Whistler did a portrait of me, and the numerous sittings were, I think, enjoyed by both of us. By the way, I wonder what became of that unfinished picture and the yellow robe in which I was painted? Both are still in existence, I fancy.

In personal appearance—and the individualities of few modern painters have had wider exploitation—Whistler reached the high point of eccentricity. He was a small, thin man. His face, deeply lined, the skin resembling



Mr. Edward Langtry

houses who have now become pillars of their country, and many Oxford undergraduates, of whom not a few have since become famous.

Frank Miles was a gardener first and an artist afterward, and every time I visited him, there would be some new flower awaiting me. He was the pioneer in bringing flowers within the reach of the people. Through him, Oscar Wilde became a flower-worshiper



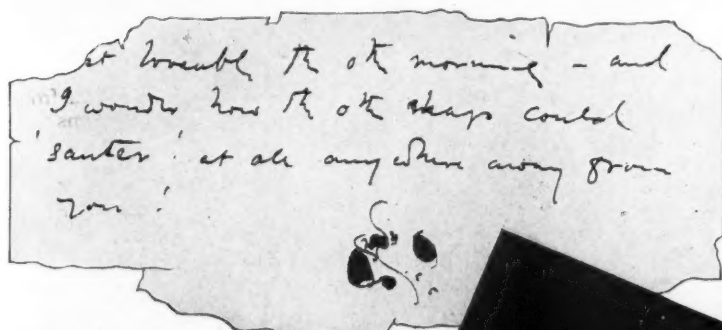
Mrs. Langtry as Effie Deans, in a tableau arranged by Millais to represent one of his own paintings



Lord Frederick Leighton

parchment in color and texture, was lit by alert, beady black eyes, and oddly emphasized by oily, curly hair, wholly of midnight blackness with the exception of the one famous, carefully trained snow-white lock on the forehead, which added a final weird touch. His expressive hands, with their delicate, tapering fingers, were thin almost to transparency, and he wore his nails so extraordinarily long that they produced a sense of discomfort. To estimate his age was impossible, but from his wrinkled face he might have been positively antiquated. Not an Adonis by any means, but of so unusual a type that his appearance was oddly arresting.

His unquestionable genius was neither appreciated nor understood by art critics in general, and some of them scored his work savagely. Not being the kind of man to suffer in silence, he



The "stingless butterfly" design used by Whistler in signing letters to those toward whom he wished to emphasize his friendship

counter-attacked in the newspapers, criticizing his detractors in letters of bitter irony and scorn but permeated with such dry humor that he captured the public and silenced the enemy.

Original always, Jimmy, in lieu of his name, elected to sign his correspondence with a weird Japanese butterfly which, in defiance of the law of insectology, he provided with a baneful, arrowlike sting, more or less long and pronounced according to the nature and destination of his letter. But when he wished to emphasize his friendship, he drew the little insect as seen at the end of this note to me (see above) on which the quaint butterfly

I have seen two or three especially fine portraits executed by Whistler. One is the well-known picture of his mother (painted in the manner of Rembrandt's "Mother" in the Hague gallery); another is of Lady "Archie" Campbell, and still another of Connie Gilchrist, a favorite actress who afterward became the Countess of Orkney. These works are admitted masterpieces, and however much critics have disagreed over the merits of the painter's remaining portraits, I think they are now unanimous in characterizing as gems of art his wonderful impressionistic pictures of the Thames and his studies of Venice.

Whistler's studio in Tite Street, Chelsea, was called "The White

House" and had been built for him according to ideas of his own. It has left a jumbled impression in my memory of narrow stairs and passages, quaintly shaped rooms, low ceilings, Chinese-yellow walls, matted floors, and blue-and-white china, the whole creating an effect of studied eccentricity quite in keeping with its owner's whimsical personality.

The artist's American *cuisine* was celebrated, and it was in his house that I (Concluded on page 125)



Portrait of Lady "Archie" Campbell, one of the finest of Whistler's works

is depicted in a stingless and inoffensive guise:

MOST BEAUTIFUL LILLY:

You must come to the Suffolk Street Galleries on this very next Sunday—say at about 5 o'clock or so. If you stay but awhile—and show the people that it is your happiness to be there!! Voilà!— You were most loveable the other morning—and I wonder how the chaps could 'sauter' at all anywhere away from you!

454 Fulham Rd.

Do send the enclosed to Mrs. Cornwallis-West. I don't know where she is staying.

You have your own card, of course, though equally of course the place is yours.

James McNeill Whistler

The Adventure of Jose

*The Faithful Record of an
Ambulatory Romance*

By C. N. and A. M. Williamson

Authors of "The Lightning Conductor," etc.

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

*Mrs. Jimmy Teeddale, of Southold, Long Island, to Mrs.
Richard Douglas, of Gatesville, Kentucky*

July 17, 1916.

DEAR MARY BELLE:
I suppose you'll be surprised to hear from me after this age, but what is our good old Engagement Club thinking of to let Jose Gates go all to seed the way she has? I can't stand it! Not that she looks gone to seed. She's more attractive, in her way, than five years ago, the day I saw her last, when she was bridesmaid at my wedding; but I realized the moment I laid eyes on her (we met by accident in a Fifth Avenue shop) that she was tired out, tired all through to her heart. For goodness' sake don't misunderstand and think that she asked for sympathy. That wouldn't be Jose Gates.

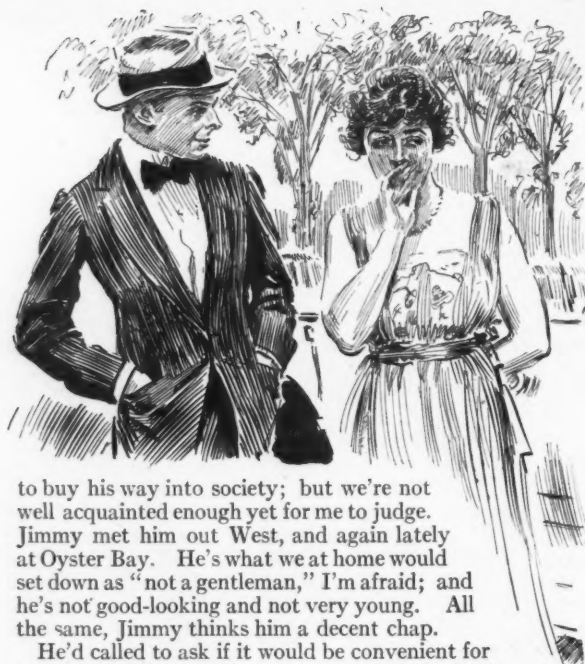
She explained that, since her aunt died, she'd started a gift shop. She said she *loved* having it, and was doing such great business that she'd run up to see what there was in New York for her fall stock. She was lively as a cricket, just the same gay, original thing at twenty-four she used to be at nineteen, when everyone believed she was the heiress of her rich aunt. She made so many funny remarks while she bought stuff for lamp-shades and opera-glass bags that she kept me laughing, though, underneath, I wanted to cry. That white little face—and her waist that could almost be snapped in two! She admitted that she had to work hard because she had no one to help her, but, of course, she "adored" the work, and everybody was kind.

Well, to cut a long story short, it was Saturday morning when we met, and with difficulty I persuaded that girl to pack a suitcase and come to us over Sunday. Heaven knows our place is no palace, but it's better than a New York boarding-house in July.

Yesterday (to-day's Monday after an early breakfast, and she's dashed back to New York) we were sitting in the shady pergola after lunch, when we saw a motor-car draw up—a huge motor-car with the look of costing five thousand dollars if it cost a cent.

"Who's your millionaire friend?" Jose wanted to know.

As we've only one such, it was certain, even before he appeared in the pergola, that it could be none other than C. C. Woods—"Cash" Woods. Has the fame of Cash Woods reached as far as Gatesville? If so, you know that, if he's not a lumber-king, at least he's a lumber-prince; so Woods is an appropriate name—also Cash. But that's short for Cassius, I believe, which accounts for one of the two C's; the other stands for Charles. He "struck" New York early this summer. Some people think he wants



to buy his way into society; but we're not well acquainted enough yet for me to judge. Jimmy met him out West, and again lately at Oyster Bay. He's what we at home would set down as "not a gentleman," I'm afraid; and he's not good-looking and not very young. All the same, Jimmy thinks him a decent chap.

He'd called to ask if it would be convenient for me to put off for a week a motor-tour he'd invited me to take. Jimmy was invited, too, but had promised to spend his vacation fishing with a friend. I'd accepted, partly because I was at loose ends, and partly to please a woman I don't like. I'm so stupidly good-natured, as you used to tell me long ago. A young widow, Mrs. Trent, the "swell" of our neighborhood, wanted to go, and hinted to Cash Woods to take her and her brother. It seemed well that there should be another woman; so that's where I came in.

Woods sat in the pergola telling us about some business that would make it hard for him to get off this week, and the way he kept glancing at Jose simply *handed* me an idea.

You would not suppose, if he really admired Adèle Trent, that he'd think twice about that small, white thing, but he could hardly take his eyes or his ears off her. And she *was* looking attractive, after her fashion. I could see the man taking notes: "Little, thin girl; might be anything from nineteen to twenty-five; fragile body, daintily dressed." (No *man* would guess her whole outfit hadn't cost twenty dollars). "Deep dimples whenever she smiles that elfish, crooked smile that crinkles up her eyes—brilliant, brave eyes; delicious Southern drawl; low voice; hardly speaks without saying some witty thing; aristocrat in every gesture. Pale, tired, but vital to the last gasp; radiates fascination and flashes out fun." That was the photograph Woods took of her, I should say; and he was so appreciative he stayed to tea.

When I got on to the effect Jose was creating on our one and only millionaire, I slyly, subtly enticed her to show off. You know she's the least self-conscious thing that ever lived, and she wasn't bothering much about C. C. Woods; so she didn't mind when I asked her to give us a darky hymn from down home.

There she sat, crooning verse after verse in her soft, twilight voice, dimples on duty, slight nervous twitch (from being overtired) of one eyelid, just like a merry, impish wink, absolutely entralling; green light in pergola making her small face, with its pointed chin, pearly white; green veil hanging down from wide straw hat putting an emerald glint into her hazel eyes.

Well, Cash Woods had never seen anyone like her, I reckon; and common he may be, but he had sense enough to know she was something rare. He invited her for the trip—it's to be in places she's never seen but always wanted to see—and she jumped with excitement at the thought before she stopped to reflect. Then she thanked the man



The elaborate ceremony of christening the car after dinner, with me as godmother, nearly finished the woman

JAMES HORTON BRYAN

prettilly, and said she'd love to go but couldn't possibly. She had work to do in New York, and must return home in a week to prepare for her "winter campaign." Cash tried to urge. The more she wouldn't the more he wanted her—but nothing doing! I was nearly wild; knew it was only *one* thing made her say "No"—lack of the needful. If Jimmy and I were rich, I'd have fixed it in a jiffy. But the war hasn't brought us any boodle. No ammunition-pearls for yours truly.

However, when Woods took his leave, much crushed, I made an excuse to see him out and say: "I'll try to make Miss Gates change her mind. As we're not starting for a week, there's time." He was as grateful as Androcles' lion. Well, there *is* time—just time—if the Engagement Club has any of its old spirit. Jose is our youngest member, and ought to be the pet—the last unmarried girl left. But I must say you all seem to have forgotten your duty toward her.

I've been looking over my papers and have found a copy of our "secret rules." I enclose them, to remind you and the others who are at home *why* we banded together. Even Jimmy hasn't seen the rules. We all vowed that never on God's earth would we reveal to our husbands what the real meaning of the name "Engagement Club" was, and I, for one, have kept my word.

I don't need to point out to you, Mary Belle, that this is a great chance—maybe a *unique* chance—for poor little tired Jose, and I reckon the hint won't be wasted. Her address in New York, in case you don't know it, is care Mrs. Mission, 3A East 33d Street.

Your affectionate old friend,

JENNY KATE.

P. S. The trip will take us to fashionable places, and smart things will be needed, especially to cope with that cat, Adèle Trent.

Mrs. Richard Douglas to Mrs. James Teesdale
(Telegram)

Thanks letter. J. G. so proud we never dared to offer help. Besides, we almost forgot club since every other member married. Six of us here will respond to your suggestion immediately. Am writing J. G. frank, urgent letter. Love to you from all old girls. MARY BELLE.

Mrs. Richard Douglas to Miss Josephine Gates

DEAREST JOSE:

No tantrums, please, my good child, when you read this letter. You became a member of the Engagement Club when you were very young, and I believe we only took you in because, by accident, you overheard things at Jenny Leigh's before she married Jim Teesdale; but a member you *are*. You know that all those with money or influence are pledged to aid and abet in every way the interests, matrimonial and otherwise, of those who do not possess money or influence. You know that those offered such aid are pledged to accept it.

I don't disguise from you that Jenny has written telling me about this common but apparently blameless millionaire who has taken a fancy to you and invited you to join Jenny and some friends on a motor-tour. You *must* go! You must have the chance to accept or refuse the offer which Jenny believes you're *sure* to get. When you have got it, you are free to deal with it as you choose, of course; but we old girls feel you will be wise to *think twice* before throwing it away. Remember, Gatesville can't give you much of a future. We've next to no men; and I ought to tell you we hear that pig Evelyn North is going to start a rival gift shop to yours this fall. She's got capital at her disposal, and she's in Chicago now, collecting all sorts of things.

The Adventure of Jose

I enclose a check, which may seem large, but six of us have clubbed together to send it. We hope you'll take it to buy yourself a lot of pretty, suitable clothes (not to be outdone by *anybody*), and whatever is left over is to see you through the adventure. If you say "No," we shall be horribly hurt; and, besides, you'll have falsified your vows.

There's just one condition we make, and that's according to rules. You must keep a diary recording your progress and send it to me.

Your friend, your well-wisher, your president,
MARY BELLE DOUGLAS.

Josephine Gates to Mrs. Douglas
(Telegram)

Accept thousand thanks. Starting Monday trip round Long Island. Going on later Hudson River, New Jersey, New England, North and South Pole, etc. Will comply with rules.
JOSE.

Jose to the Club

July 27th. I ought to feel a beast, but I don't—yet! After three days out, I merely feel a brand snatched from the burning, with a glow of wicked joy at its heart. I've never been in love. Why shouldn't I make a bid for money? If I were up for sale in the gift shop, I should be obliged to label myself: "Reduced to half-price on account of fading." But in shops ancestral value doesn't matter; in the matrimonial market, apparently it does. I stand pat on mine, and *in* the clothes I owe to the Engagement Club.

Jen says the Woodsman has no ancestors between grandpa and Adam, and must annex some through marriage. She assures me that he's *fair game*, and that I must play without pity. She needn't keep rubbing it in. So far, I can see only the fun of this thing. I suppose my sense of humor has rushed to my head. C. C. W. is nearly twice as old as I am. He's forty and can take care of himself. Also, he looks hard as nails—anyhow, as hard as his own best seasoned lumber. He might have been sawn from a log, the way those Indian cigar-signs are in front of old-fashioned tobacco shops—a long, lean, brown log.

But, oh dear, I'm counting my husbands before they're hatched! I've only Jen's impression to go upon that I'm being sampled as a possible wife; and even if so, there's a far more brilliant sample at hand—Mrs. Trent, a handsome, dark creature under thirty in the right light, with as good ancestors as mine, and a successful trick of being all things to a few people—the people she wants to please. She has, by the by, a brother who acts as chaperon at a pinch. He sits, literally and figuratively, always on the back seat; whereas we women take turns sitting on the front one beside our chauffeur-host. Each one of us, or anyhow Mrs. Trent and I, try to get in all the deadly, dazzling work we can while our turn is on, in order to make the next comer look dim.

As for the trip itself, apart from hopes and fears and secret ambitions, it's *gorgeous*! Mind you, I'm going to do my best (or

worst) to snatch a millionaire from the jaws of Fate and the claws of Mrs. Trent; but if, despite the club's generosity, I fail in the fight, nothing can snatch the tour and its memory from *my* jaws. I bathe in ozone; I drink beauty, and even if I crawl home defeated to go on selling lampshades and pincushions all the rest of my existence, I shall have had my day. Your check won't have been wasted, for already I'm twice as much alive as I was before the Woodsman's car whisked me off, Apollo-like, on the Road of the Sun.

We start early, after a divine breakfast at some delightful hotel, and I then keep one eye on the scenery and one on C. C. W., to make sure the club isn't being burked of its rights by a designing widow. This may, in the end, tend to make me wall-eyed, as the gentleman and the best bits of landscape are often in opposite directions from each other; but, up to the present, no such effect is visible. You'll be glad to hear that I'm looking my best, and, though it's a race between me and Mrs. Trent which can *seem* to have the least luggage yet carry the most surprising variety of clothes, I think I've won up to date. *She* has an extra bandbox which gets in everybody's way, even that of the steering-gear or whatever you call it; and C. C. W., though most polite, occasionally throws it a venomous glare, or even a stealthy kick, which I consider a point lost to the enemy. As for me, I found some of those little soft straw hats that you can cuddle in a pocket or anywhere, like a tame dove in your breast, and I have a different veil for each. They're *too* bewitching!

I've discovered already that the Woodsman differs from



She knocked at the door to say, "If you haven't a bath, Miss Gates, you are quite welcome to use the perfectly lovely one I have"

JANIE MONTGOMERY FLAGG

my conception of self-made millionaires. He does not talk about himself. He takes an interest—an intelligent and ingenuous interest—in other people and other things. I seem to be one of the people; and history is one of the things. He doesn't *know* much about history—anyhow, the history of Long Island—because he had to pick up his education anyhow while he worked, like snatching flowers along the wayside and botanizing over them while you're running to catch a train. But he *wants* to know; and, in that connection, your little Jose has had a bright idea. I sometimes catch bits of conversation between the fair Adèle and the Object of our Mutual Desire when A. T. is having her turn on the front seat. The summer wind of Long Island tosses me these items, wrapped in perfume of pines, salt scent of seaweed, or fragrance of flowers, and the woman seems always to be chatting about the grand people she knows or to whom she's related. "Oh, have you never met the Duchess of Wells? You ought to know each other. I must introduce you next time she comes over. She's a sort of cousin of mine," etc., etc., *ad infinitum*.

No doubt of the lady's object in baiting her hook with duchesses and such brilliant flies. But it struck me, from the first, that the expression of our fish's profile, as seen by me from the back seat, was occasionally bored, even absent-minded, and that was where my idea came in. I got it on our first day out. You know we started from Southold, where Jenny and Jimmy live (Mrs. Trent also), and from that adorable old place it's only a short distance, as the auto sails, to East Hampton, where one can buy materials



to carry out *most* ideas. We stopped there—at East Hampton, I mean—for several hours of sightseeing, and I ran the risk of leaving Adèle to sightsee with the Woodsman while I sneaked into a sweetly intelligent book store and bought books about Long Island. Also, I lingered behind the others on a later occasion, when we were all together in the fascinating Elizabethan library, and asked questions of a pretty

librarian. Of course, I knew some *things* before; and if those ancestors of mine didn't leave me much else, they left me a quick mind. It runs like mercury, and sops up things like a sponge. You wouldn't believe the amount of information I was able to absorb anaconda-like. (Forgive me, Kind Sponsors in Matrimony, if I mix metaphors). When next I was enthroned beside the Woodsman, I let fall from my lips, as if casually, jewels of knowledge. My dears, there was hardly a subject bearing upon the history of Long Island on which I hadn't at least three scintillating words at my command. If I hadn't more, I hastily dropped the subject and caught up another. You'd have felt you were getting your money's worth if you could have heard me, for this bait was evidently to the fish's liking. He was as pleased with me as the sultan with Scheherazade (is that the way to spell it?) when she was getting off one of her best Arabian Nighters.

As the car bowled us along over perfect roads, I drew a pleasant picture of early days in the country through which we had already passed or were passing.

"Southold and Greenport and Shelter Island are lovely now with their Colonial houses, all gleaming white or primrose yellow, and their great trees like emerald fountains," said I—or words to that effect. (We had crossed to Shelter Island, of course, in a ferryboat from quaint, religious-looking Greenport, and crossed again to still quaintier Sag Harbor on our way to the various Hamptons). "But doesn't it make these peaceful-seeming places a thousand times more interesting to remember the history that's made them what they are?"

The Woodsman humbly replied that it would indeed be so if one *knew* the history, and he wished to goodness he did. He ought to have read it up. But there'd been a lot of business in New York, and he hadn't had time. Then I trotted out my newly acquired facts and dressed them up as I dress dolls for the gift shop at Christmas.

I described the Algonkian Indians of Long Island (he was so interested to hear that they invented this nice word "mugwump"), and pointed out along our road some of the very trees which the Indians had trained to indicate the trail silently, as with a gesture. They make the gesture—the trees, not the Indians—by sticking out one long branch horizontally, and then letting it grow straight up at the end. This gives exactly the effect of an arm of tremendous length as far as the elbow, and the rest of it perkily short. It is wonderful to come upon such landmarks and upon old, old graveyards in the midst of lovely woods which can never really have forgotten the Indians, even if tall, brown ghosts don't walk by moonlight—as it's said they do—when the daily procession of motorists has gone to bed or is playing bridge.

If the man were inclined toward me (for some reason—goodness knows what) at first, I do believe my cause was distinctly advanced by the tempting suggestion a good memory enabled me, while speaking of Indians, to make.

"Why not," said I, "give your new car a Long Island Indian name? They're so musical and so picturesque—and some of them so appropriate. For instance, there's 'Che'pewi'ssin,' 'the Northeast Wind' (can't you hear it whistle?); and 'Muckque'tu,' 'He is swift'; and 'Nick-que'num,' 'I am going'; and 'Kutsha'munet,' 'the Lightning'; and 'Ne'top,' 'My Friend'; or, maybe best of all, 'We'quarran,' 'Eagle.'"

The poor fellow was simply enchanted with me. Jose stock went up with a bound, and I just *hoped* that Trent creature could see the expression of his profile at this, my moment, as I had seen it at *hers*. C. C. W. decided at once that the auto should become "We'quarran," the "Eagle," should become it that very evening, when we stopped the tour for the night at Oyster Bay, as we intended to do, and I should be godmother, with a quart bottle of champagne to break on the car's bonnet. Economically, I suggested that a pint would do, but he would hear of nothing less than a quart, if not a magnum.

The Adventure of Jose

I went on lecturing a lot after that, trotting out what I had snapped up about the island's history; and, you know, it has enough history to make good plots for *several* islands—what with Henry Hudson, and the poor, dear Indians who were so delighted to see Europeans before they found out what they were really like; that smug Scottish pirate, Captain Kidd, and his treasure and his six-gunned sloop, Antonio; the Dutch rivalry with the British; the fierce fighting of Revolutionary days; and the romantic fortune-making of the whalers; the home-building and the boat-building; to say nothing of the modern annexation of the place by millionaires. You'd have thought I'd been born and brought up on Long Island to hear me jabber, and I made myself so popular with my audience of one that I resolved to go on as I had begun. If you care to bet that I shall prove to be even better informed in Hudson River, New Jersey, and New England lore than in that of Long Island, I guarantee you won't lose your money. It's to save *that* I'm working, as well as in my own interests, and I do deserve credit when you think what exquisite land- and water-scapes we were skimming through every minute. I didn't want to talk. I wanted to be

all eyes and gaze, instead of which I had to be a regular Slippery Sam of intelligence in order to keep my end up. At last, however, I switched the conversation off history and made the Woodsman play a game of choosing where he'd like to live.

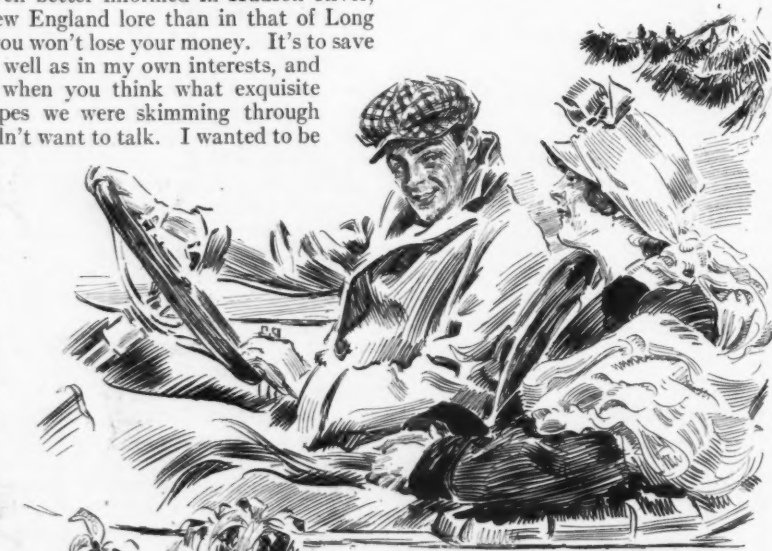
We didn't begin this, though, until long after East Hampton and Southampton, which was a pity, as they are two of the best places. But I wouldn't have believed that one little island could hold such variety as this one does—variety of scenes, of trees, of wild flowers, of architecture, and even people. One minute you meet a bearded, elderly person in a kind of gig like the

"One Hoss Shay," both man and vehicle properly belonging in the eighteenth century; and the next instant the latest make of motor dashes past driven by an up-to-date girl millionaire. And the oddest thing is that both seem perfectly suited to their background.

I know that none of you dear things have ever been on a motor-trip in this part of the world such as you are helping me to take, and if I feel guilty about this *raid* which I am making on fate, it is for your sakes—not that of my victim. Oh, if you could see dear little Shelter Island, one of Mother Long Island's favorite babies, swimming by her side. Shelter Island, with its gay, new-fashioned hotels, and its pretty, old-fashioned houses under trees which make the name "Shelter" deliciously appropriate! If you could see quaint, sleepy Sag Harbor, dreaming of its exciting past, and adorable East Hampton, whose village green and whose Great Pond must surely be sweeter than anything in England! Anyhow, I know its gray- and white-shingled houses, old and new, its gold-lichened roofs, its lawns embroidered

with blue hydrangeas, its processions of windmills, its shining yellow sands and creamy lines of breakers are sweeter than anything *anywhere*. I loved Southampton, too. It's even more historic, if possible, but doesn't *show* its history as East Hampton does, because it is so ultrafashionable that the new world has elbowed the old out of sight. Indians and Puritans are forgotten. You think of summer girls and country-club dances. And if you could see the road through the Shinnecock Hills, you would appreciate the valor of my work as Scheherazade, gabbling while I yearned only to purr, "How lovely!" It was dune-land, gold-and-silver dune-land, with diamond flashes of sea under a sapphire sky. I remember a charming old village called Quogue, and heavenly woods on the way to West Hampton, the grass starred with yellow Indian lilies; the queerly named town of

Moriches, and Bellport, of the antiquary shops, with woods, woods, woods between them—woods that have Indian ghost-legends as well as lilies; then Lake Ronkonkoma, where we had an early dinner because there was such a jolly restaurant with a gay garden, and then—t h e n—the Motor Parkway! If the Woodsman hadn't made a lame excuse to give me a second turn by his side after dinner, I believe I should have stabbed Mrs. Trent in the back with a hatpin, and I couldn't even



It wasn't only the beauty of the road that made me enjoy the run so much: it was partly my silent triumph over that widow

have loved Jenny; for it was wonderful to sit by the driver during that glorious spin. Forty-five miles of it, my darlings, and you're allowed to go forty miles an hour! It's private, you see, planned by a man whom good American motorists should canonize and erect a statue to when he passes on to an even more heavenly road. You pay for your pleasure—I don't know how much—but whatever is asked for the privilege of the drive, I'm sure the joy is worth twice the price. No dust and no policemen, and divine scenery which seems to have been brought in large samples from every part of the world. There were bits which looked English, bits which looked Italian, and bits which looked Greek. I've never been to Europe in body, but my imagination travels abroad every year; so I *know*.

If it hadn't been late, I should have begged the Woodsman to go back and begin over again; and he was feeling so kindly toward me at the time, judging by his smile, that I believe he would have done it like a shot. As it was, however, I merely sighed as we came out of the parkway onto an ordinary human road—a beautiful road, however, I must admit—and sailed on past dreamily pretty Jericho and East Norwich. We should have "chosen" these in our game, as places to live in, the Woodsman and I, if we hadn't chosen so many towns already that it would have seemed greedy to annex more; and then we arrived at lovely Oyster Bay, with its skilful mingling of ancient quaintness and the latest fashions in houses and girls. C. C. W. had engaged rooms for us at a nice hotel, for we are his guests stopping as well as going. Mrs. Trent's room was next (Concluded on page 124)

The Gray Hair

A Mystery Story

By Arthur Somers Roche

Illustrated by George Gibbs

FOUR prominent New York capitalists, Hastings, Deewald, Coleman, and Warrener are murdered after failing to comply with terms of letters received from the Society for the Redistribution of Surplus Wealth, whose object is to compel men of great wealth in the city to surrender to it half their fortunes. The murderer, for it would seem that the deeds were committed by one man, is evidently a genius at impersonation, for the several crimes are fastened, by persons who have seen the perpetrator of them, upon Robert Allaire, a rising young lawyer; Blake, the police commissioner, and Heenan, a famous detective. A note written by the murderer is a forgery of Allaire's handwriting, so one thing stands out in the mystery: the criminal is some one who knows the lawyer. Allaire is engaged to marry Allison Courtney, a well-to-do orphan making her home with her uncle, Peter Courtney, who returned to New York after a long absence from the country. She is most loyal to her *fiance*, but he, at Courtney's request, agrees to keep away from the house until the notoriety he has acquired has been forgotten.

Commissioner Blake, helpless in this extraordinary case, is removed by the mayor and replaced by Heenan, a brusque and brutal man, who at once has Allaire and his friends shadowed, and applies methods of rounding up and questioning criminals; but the only possible clue he obtains is in the mysterious death of a political heeler known as "Casey Red," who was a chauffeur, and, while displaying a lot of money, had been boasting of a "trick" he had helped "turn." Allaire and the deposed Blake try a little detective work on their own account. The lawyer searches the "morgue" of the *Star* newspaper for the record of an impersonator convicted of crime, but can find only that of one Stillman Overton, and he had been killed in a fight in Johannesburg, in 1901. Blake learns from Jepner, a wig-maker, that a man, who has disappeared from his address, had recently purchased several wigs. That day, Allison speaks to a man on the street whom she takes for her uncle, but discovers, when he lifts his hat, that he has silvery gray hair, while Peter Courtney's hair is black.

That night, Elias Tobey, a notorious speculator, is kidnaped by the society, and Allison surprises a man working at a safe in her uncle's house. He escapes. Tobey and Courtney were the only two in a meeting of threatened wealthy men at the home of Carman Wilkins, a stockbroker, who refuse to contribute their share to the society's demand for a half-million dollars.

The next morning, Wilkins receives a letter saying Tobey is held for ransom, and giving directions for the sending of the half-million dollars to a spot near Central Park by Wilkins' chauffeur, where it will be claimed by a man who will mention Wilkins' name. Heenan now believes that Tobey, badly hit in the stock-market, is the real criminal. He insists that the directions be carried out, and makes elaborate plans for a capture. Allaire and Blake are invited to be at the rendezvous. But the now famous criminal steals the money at the very start, binds and gags the chauffeur, and, impersonating him, drives the car to Central Park and back to where Wilkins and his friends are waiting, returning a package of paper slips in place of the money, before the plight of the real chauffeur and the robbery are discovered. Allaire and Blake, having heard about Casey Red, start, after the failure of Heenan's plans up-town, for the haunts of the dead heeler on the lower East Side. On the way in a taxi, they see the Wilkins car, and in its driver Allaire thinks he recognizes Courtney. They give chase, but the man eludes them, abandoning the car and entering a hotel which is close to Courtney's home. Allaire telephones the house and gets Courtney, who says he has been in all morning. He accuses Allaire of



Her first glance showed her that he was terribly nervous

being drunk, and after a scene with his niece becomes suddenly faint. Allison, not to alarm him, leaves the house to telephone Allaire about her uncle, but meets him and Blake in the street. They go to a hotel for a talk. There Blake discovers a gray hair under the lapel of Allison's coat. After some questioning, he leaves the engaged couple, taking the hair with him. His plan is to go to Jepner's, and then to the last address of Casey Red.

JEPNER himself came bustling forward from the costuming-room, whence he had seen Blake in colloquy with a clerk.

"I have more news," he announced, in a voice whose effect was spoiled by his asthmatic wheeze.

"I was just asking for you," said Blake, with a smile. "What is it?"

Jepner drew him aside with an air of mystery.

"One of my clerks who was off last night has given me

The Gray Hair

valuable information this morning. I telephoned you at your house address, but was unable to get you. I then thought of communicating with the police, but you and I are brothers, and my word of secrecy has been passed. Important though the news might be, it should go first to you, and to you only."

"What is it?" demanded Blake.

"The clerk remembered that he, about a month ago, sold the wig to a man who afterward bought the other wigs. There is no mistake, for the clerk saw the man making the later purchases. The wig he bought from this clerk was gray."

Blake's heart beat faster. He drew from the pocket-book, where he had placed it after leaving the parlor of the Martinette, the gray hair that had protruded from beneath the coat lapel of Allison Courtney.

"Jepner," he asked, "is that hair from a wig?"

The pursy little man took it from Blake's hand. He examined it. He looked up.

"It is—most certainly," he declared. "It is the hair of a goat, refined for use in a gray wig. Indeed, this hair might have come from the gray wig which was sold to the man who bought the others. Did it?"

"I believe it did," said Blake grimly. He stilled Jepner's excitement by gripping his shoulder.

"Look here," he said to the little man: "I don't need to tell you how serious this matter is. I gave you a tip last night, and you've read the papers, too. Don't let a soul know about my coming to you or anything about what we've said."

"I didn't breathe a word about your coming last night," said the little wig-maker. "I won't talk now."

He thrust out his hand and gave Blake the grip of their order. It was enough. Promising to let Jepner in on any developments if he possibly could—the wig-maker loved secrets; he heard so many of them from the babbling lips of the people of the stage who patronized him—Blake left the place and drove to the last address of Casey Red.

The landlady of the place, plying a trade that was in imminent danger of clashing with the law—indeed, she had paid fines for permitting people to smoke opium there—was averse to conversation about the departed Casey. But on Blake's assuring her that he had no connection with the police, but was interested in Casey Red for private reasons, and upon his adducing the stronger argument, which took the form of a twenty-dollar bill, the woman consented to give him what little information she knew about the habits of her late lodger.

Armed with this knowledge, Blake made his way to a saloon on the Bowery. There, money again loosened the lips of a bartender. Yes; Casey Red was pretty well known in the place. He belonged to a gang; but the gang had been broken up by the police a couple of months ago. Casey had remained out of trouble because he'd not taken part in any of the rough work of the gang. At least, Casey had always borne his part nobly when it came to

fighting with other gangs, but Casey wasn't out for the rough stuff with strangers. Casey was not a crook. That is, so far as theft was concerned. As to his propensity to use firearms, the bartender cared not to talk.

How had Casey lived? Well, Alderman Klitzky found use for him at election-time, and the alderman never forgot a friend. Casey saved his neck from a gang of strong-arm people once, and the alderman was always "there" when Casey needed the price of a meal. But hadn't Casey spent rather more money recently than would be accounted for by the alderman's benefactions? Yes; he had. There'd been a gray-haired old gent, looked like money, too,



with Casey quite a bit frequently. Yes; Casey had been flush lately, come to think about it. But the bartender had given the matter no attention. Minding his own business kept him about as busy twenty-four hours a day as he wanted to be.

He made this statement without malice, but when he added that Casey'd left several friends who might resent inquisitiveness as to his life and habits, Blake decided that the bartender had spoken as much as he intended to. And after the man had denied knowing Casey's gray-haired acquaintance, and said that he didn't believe any of Casey's friends knew him, Blake decided that he'd learned all that he could. If the gray-haired man were the murderer—and

Blake had never a doubt of the fact—it was hardly probable that he'd been so indiscreet as to let Casey Red know where he lived and who he really was.

At any rate, even though the ex-prize-fighter and actor's dresser had known his recent patron's identity, it was pretty certain that he'd kept it to himself. Otherwise, information would have been given by the various stool-pigeons examined by the police. If Casey Red had talked, his speech would have traveled from one end of the under-



Heenan plumped the charge out as though to sweep Courtney off his feet

world to the other, and Daly would have known of it and told Blake this morning. But Casey Red had been a closed-mouthed chap, so his landlady and the bartender said, and, furthermore, his death had followed shortly after his drunken boastings about the big trick he'd turned the night of the Hastings murder. If Red had been garrulous earlier, he'd probably have died earlier. No; there was nothing to be gained by hanging round the resorts of the dead man any longer. Blake instructed his taxi-driver to take him to the *Moon* office.

He was no longer of news-value, so quickly does that value leave a person in New York. The city editor, indeed, to whom Blake sent in his name, groaned at reading it. Whenever a city official is deposed, he is too apt to bring his grievances to the newspapers, who do not wish to hear them unless, with them, he can bring some scandal. But Blake had been mighty decent to newspaper men while in

office, giving them access to news-sources that, under previous commissioners, had been closed to them. So the city editor received him.

"Just want permission to look up a matter in your 'morgue,'" said Blake.

City editors are not too curious. If Blake were still commissioner and wanted to look at the clippings, the city editor would have had some one note each article the commissioner read. As it was, he merely scribbled on a card the permission Blake asked and handed it to the ex-commissioner with a smile of relief at not being requested to attack the mayor and the new commissioner.

The *Moon's* "morgue" was not as complete an affair as that of the *Star*, but Blake had no such searching investigation before him as had Allaire when the lawyer looked up his list of histrionic forgers. Blake merely wanted to look up what had been written about the life of one man—Peter Courtney.

He found the envelop quickly; rather, the attendant found it for him almost immediately. It was a bulky envelop, and it took Blake over an hour to digest its contents. For the Courtneys, though never rich as wealth is estimated nowadays, had always been well-to-do and more or less prominent socially. But most of the items had less to do with the Courtney family than with the return to New York of Peter Courtney, years after his flight from home. The reporters who had written the articles had had a good subject for a romantic sketch, and they had gone the limit. There were drawings of Peter Courtney in the midst of a desert; he was surrounded by savages; a coal-black lady played Pocohontas and saved his life; he refused to wed her, and was condemned to death; he escaped—all laid upon the flimsy foundation that Peter Courtney, the returned prodigal, had spent several years prospecting in Africa. In Africa! In South Africa!

Not much here, perhaps, but enough. There were a hundred flaws in Blake's theory, but—it is the conclusion that matters, not the road by which one arrives at the conclusion. Blake was certain that his conclusion was correct. That his reasoning was faulty, that his two and two did not make four, mattered nothing to him. Four was the answer!

He put the clippings back in the envelop with fingers that shook. No detective he! But he had been right when he told Allaire that all a detective needed was imagination; he could

figure the whole thing out from start to finish. To finish? That meant Heenan.

It galled Blake to have to call in Heenan at his glorious climax, but the ex-commissioner had no power now. The police, under Heenan, must make the arrest. Still—what matter? Heenan would not dare steal the glory. Blake would have redeemed himself in the eyes of the public. The career that had been blasted but yesterday would be made whole again to-night.

From a booth in the lobby of the *Moon* building, he called up police headquarters. The operator knew his voice. Like everyone else who had ever come into contact with Blake, he liked his ex-chief. Therefore, he had no hesitation in telling Blake that Heenan was out on some clue or other having to do with the mysterious society.

Blake was chagrined for a moment. Then he remembered his appointment with Allaire.

"Tell the commissioner to call me up the moment he gets in, will you? Or, if he's in the neighborhood, to come right over. It's extremely important." He gave the operator Allaire's address and telephone-number. The operator promised, and Blake started up-town.

He had a little misgiving as he reached Allaire's apartment-house. It was unpleasant—this news which he must

communicate to his new friend. But the gray hair had clinched matters. Though the murderer had a thousand alibis, not all of them were as the gray hair drawn from Allison Courtney's lapel. This gray hair straightened out the kinks in Blake's reasoning; to the stubborn mind of Blake, single-tracked, that went ahead despite all obstacles, there was nothing that could confute the evidence of the gray hair, when that was added to the other suspicious circumstances. He put aside his misgiving. If he were right—and he was right—Allaire and Miss Courtney would not only bear no slightest ill will against him but would be eternally grateful. He entered the building.

"Mr. Allaire at home?" he asked of Henry, the elevator-and-telephone-boy.

"Yes, sir," said Henry; "gentleman with him, sir. Went up a few minutes ago; so I know he's in. Go right up, sir? He's expecting you?"

"Yes—but if there's some one with him, you'd better tell him."

Henry called up Allaire's apartment.

"It's all right, sir," he said to Blake. "He says for you to come right up."

A moment later, Blake knocked on the door of Allaire's apartment. It opened, and he entered the small and dark hall that led to the living room. The electric light was not turned on in the hall, and the light from the living-room blinded rather than aided.

"Oh, I say, Allaire! Why don't you light up a bit? It's so dark—"

Then, for a second, it was not dark for Blake; it was blazing with light. Something had crashed upon his head; he pitched forward into the living-room; before darkness came, he had a glimpse of Allaire, prone upon the floor. Then the darkness came.

XIX

COURTNEY was up and dressed when Allison's hour of happiness ended and she returned home. He was in the library, and her first glance showed her that he was terribly nervous. His lips twitched, and his slim hands, from which years of comparative idleness had taken the calluses that mining must have put there once, moved aimlessly about his desk. He looked up at her entrance.

"Where have you been?" he asked harshly.

"I've been with Bob," she answered. "And he wasn't intoxicated. I met him at the corner with Mr. Blake, the ex-commissioner of police. We sat in the Martinette parlors for an hour. At least, Bob and I did; Mr. Blake went somewhere. But he is to meet Bob at his apartment at six. I think he has some clue, uncle. And Bob hadn't been drinking; he was merely nervous. He—he'd had an exciting time before telephoning you. He and Mr. Blake—uncle, they were chasing the murderer!"

"Chasing the murderer? Did they get him?"

"No."

She repeated to him all that Allaire and Blake had told her of the trick by which Heenan had been deceived, and Allaire's recognition, or part-recognition, of the murderer in the Wilkins car. Her uncle heard her through in silence. But when she mentioned Allaire's feeling that he knew the murderer, he spoke.

"Who was it? Doesn't he know? Hadn't he any suspicion at all?"

"Why," stammered Allison, taken a bit aback, "he thought he knew; but, of course, he was mistaken."

"Who did he think it was?"

She had not anticipated such sharp cross-questioning. Indeed, she had not anticipated telling her uncle as much as she had, but he had seemed interested, as, indeed, he might well be, and she had started and not been able to draw back. To her delight, he grew calmer as she proceeded. But his nerves must still be in terrible condition; she could not, of course, tell him what Allaire had thought.

"Uncle," she said, "aren't you going to see a doctor? Have you been well since I left?"

"I'm better," he said shortly. To her relief, he did not ask her again who it had been that Allaire had thought he recognized under the disguise of the chauffeur's uniform. "Nevertheless, I'll see the doctor—perhaps."

"I wish you would," she said, "or leave town at once. That would be better, uncle. For your illness is brought on by this dreadful society, and if you were where they couldn't get you—" A thought came to her. "Uncle, is there anyone that you know that could possibly be the murderer? Bob tells me that Mr. Heenan was certain that it was Tobey, but that now he's equally certain it isn't. But, uncle, I *know* it's some one you know. It must be. It's also some one that knows Bob. Think who knows you both and could possibly be the murderer. Uncle, is there anyone you know well who's been with you in the last forty-eight hours that has gray hair?"

"Why?" he asked.

"Mr. Blake found a gray hair on my coat collar. He wanted to know what man had been near enough to me to leave a hair there. It was funny; I told him that you were the only one, and, of course, your hair is black. And that man who looked like you wasn't close to me at all, naturally. I laughed at the moment, remembering that my tailor has gray hair and might have left one of the few he possesses on my coat. But it just occurs to me now that I looked very carefully under the lapel of that coat when it came back from the tailors. For, in hanging it up, the lapel had been torn, and I wanted to see how well it had been repaired. And if that hair had been there, I'd have noticed it. So, if you've been near any gray-haired man, and you can remember him—you see, the hair might have dropped on you and then been transferred to me, and—"

"Nonsense!" Courtney snapped. "How could I remember how many gray-haired men have sat next to me in cars or brushed against me on the streets? You'd better see the doctor, yourself, Allison. This thing has become an obsession with you—and with everyone else, I guess. I suppose," he added sarcastically, "that Blake took the hair to a chemist's, and that he'll have an analysis made of it, eh?"

But she did not respond to his jeer for a moment. She was thinking.

"Why, I believe he did take it away with him! I seem to remember that he held it in his hands, and—"

"Stop thinking about it!" her uncle commanded harshly. "He probably dropped the nasty thing in the nearest waste-paper basket. Allison, you've upset me with your talk." He passed his hand across his forehead, and she saw that it shook.

"Won't you see the doctor?" she begged.

He shook his head impatiently.

"Doctors can do me no good. I want quiet—and rest."

"Then lie down in your room," she said quickly.

"And then I'll miss you—I'll want something, and you'll be out—"

"I'll stay right in the house the rest of the day," she promised.

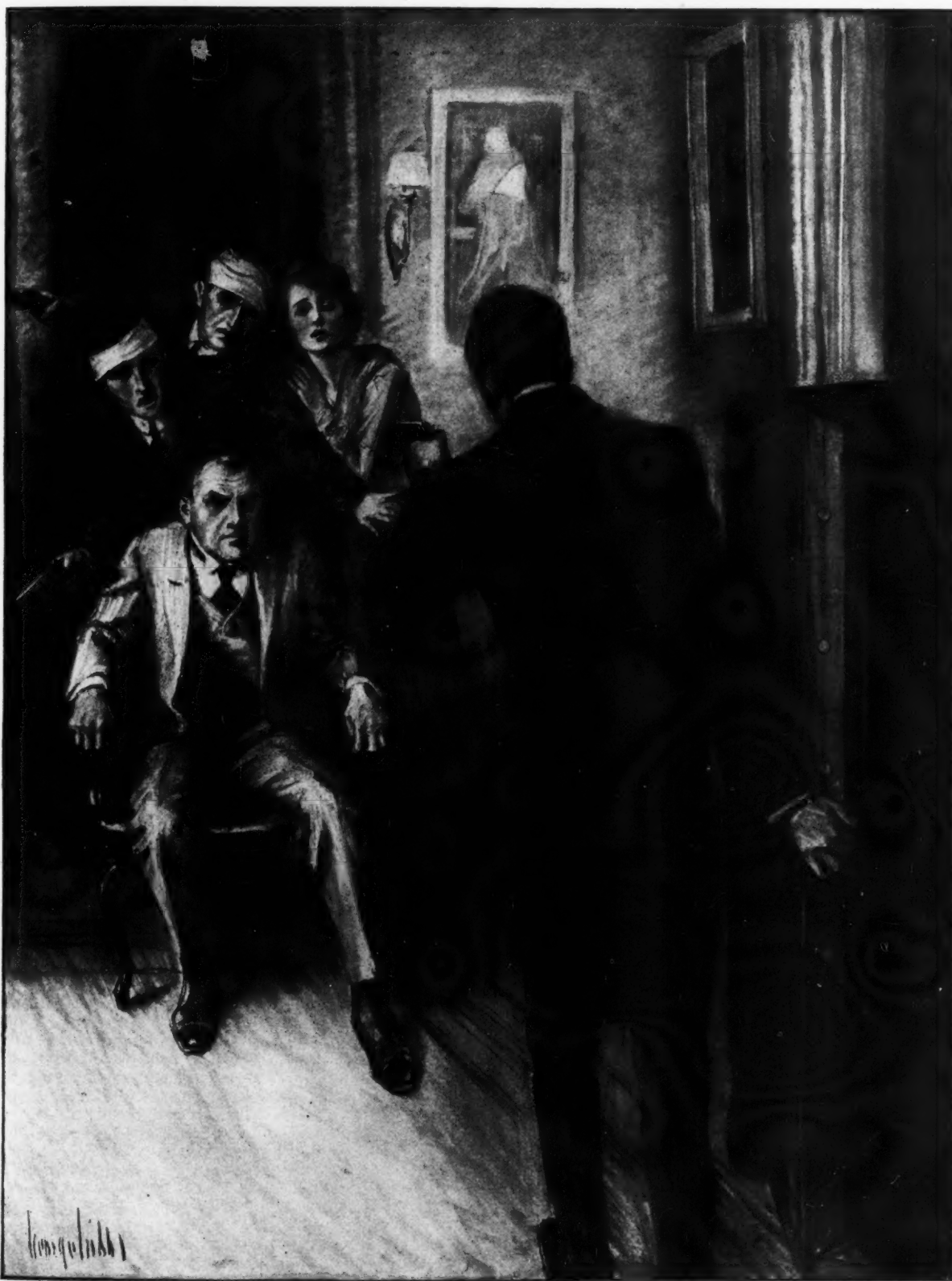
"Or else you'll be worried about me and coming up to see if I'm well," he said, with an essay at a smile. "Anyway, I have some business to attend to down-town. I have some bonds I wish to sell, and—"

"Couldn't I do it for you," she asked quickly, "if it must be done to-day?"

"I'm thinking of going away, as you suggest," he answered, to her surprise. "But this bond business ought to be attended to. Wilkins' office will handle the sale, probably give me a check for them at once. But I have them here—"

"Will you stay right in the house, not go anywhere, if I take them down-town for you?"

"If you promise that the servants won't disturb me—on any account?"



DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBB

"Be careful not to move, Heenan! You others will have regard for the lady, but you, Heenan—no: I'm not caught yet!"
He laughed in sheer triumph. "You will not dare to fire, lest I return it and my niece may be hurt.
And so—to safety! Forgive the pun!" He swung the great door of the safe open

The Gray Hair

"I'll see to that," she smiled.

He looked doubtfully at her, and her heart went out to him, nervous, worn out, and haggard as he was. Then he picked up the telephone and got Wilkins' office. The broker was angered at Courtney because of the latter's failure to subscribe to the blackmail fund; but business was always business with Wilkins. When he found that Courtney was willing to take a point less than the close of the market for twenty gilt-edged industrial bonds, provided he got cash or check to-day, the broker pounced upon the bargain. Then he asked,

"Going away, Courtney?"

"Never mind," replied Courtney.

"But, look here," said Wilkins: "You know where Deewald was going? Well, we're all going there the first thing in the morning."

Wilkins' nerves were also upset, and he dared not be more explicit lest information of the plan leak out. But Wilkins, at heart, wasn't a bad sort. This sale of bonds by Courtney made him believe that Courtney was hard up. Furthermore, Courtney had been losing, not heavily but steadily, in the stock-market for some time. Perhaps poverty and unwillingness to borrow what he might not be able to repay had been behind Courtney's refusal to contribute, and not sheer bravado.

"Join us," said Wilkins impulsively.

"That's good of you, Wilkins," said Courtney. "Maybe. Meantime—if my niece comes down with the bonds, can she have your check?"

"She can," said Wilkins. "And I'll give her directions."

Courtney hung up the receiver.

"Wilkins will give you a check for nineteen thousand and some hundred dollars," he said to Allison. He looked at his watch. It was a lucky chance that Wilkins was in his office at this hour. Only the fact that he felt rather secure in his office, among his trusted employees, all of whom had had instructions to admit no strangers to their employer's presence, indeed to admit no one at all, unless an employee entered with each visitor, had kept Wilkins down-town until after half-past four. For it was now a quarter to five.

"It may take you a little time, Allison," said Courtney. "Half an hour to get down town, fifteen minutes to transact the business, and half an hour to get back. That would make it six o'clock. But we don't dine until seven. Let me rest until ten minutes to seven, will you? Promise that you won't disturb me until then. You promise?"

"Why, of course, uncle," she laughed. "Not a soul will go near your room. And you'll try to sleep?"

"I will," he said.

And so she left him and went down-town to Wilkins' office. The broker, accompanied by four clerks as a body-guard, had left the office, but had given instructions that a check was to be delivered to Allison if the bonds were all right. An examination proved that they were, and, with the check in her pocketbook, the girl returned up-town. But there was a block in the subway, and it was half-past six before she arrived home. As she entered the house, Maggie having opened the door in response to her ring, she noticed that two men were loitering on the opposite sidewalk.

"Do you see those men, Maggie?" she asked, "Who are they?"

"They're from the Heenan agency, Miss Allison," replied the maid. "And there's one of them in the house now. He just came a minute or two ago, and said he wanted to look at the burglar-alarm wires that were cut last night."

"Did he disturb my uncle?" asked the girl.

"No'm. He just come."

"If he wants to talk to uncle, send him to me," said Allison. "I'll be in the library."

She was in that room, a minute later, when Maggie knocked on the door and ushered in the agency man.

"Miss Courtney?"

"Yes."

"I'd like to ask you a few questions. I'm Heenan, commissioner of police."

She looked curiously at the great detective. Knowing that the sordid occupation of criminal-catching is not one that appeals to men of a high order of intelligence, Heenan had, nevertheless, been so glorified in print that she'd expected to see something a little out of the ordinary in face and bearing. But Heenan was a very ordinary-looking man. She felt a little tremor of fear. If this were the sort of man on whom her uncle and

Out upon the floor rolled Courtney, and, after him, the form of Tobey

(Continued on page 132)



The Victim of the Club Soda Habit was saved from further Humiliation by the stalking entrance into the room of a Veteran Member known as the Colonel.

New Fables in Slang

By George Ade

Illustrated by John T. McCutcheon

The Fable of the Lingering Thirst and the Boundless Sahara

ON a certain Afternoon in the year 1942, the main Frolic-Chamber of the Lucifer Club was in a state of Semi-Repose.

The large Apartment (modeled after an English Tap-Room of the Brown Ale Period) had been wearing a Muffler for several Years.

Only Americans of Gentle Birth and those who had made Good were tolerated within the dusky shadows of the Lucifer Club.

Away back yonder, before an unprepared World was swatted simultaneously by Unrestricted U-Boat Warfare and Nation-Wide Prohibition, this Exclusive Social Organization had enjoyed a fruity Reputation as a Bun-Factory.

One peek at the Refined Bunch in the Ex-Café on the aforesaid afternoon of 1942 told the story of a World reclaimed.

Our Best People had long since been weaned from the baneful Booze.

The Home of the Revels had been done over into a Chautauqua.

Only by shuddering Tradition had the newer Generation learned of that receding Day when Men of fair Repute sat at these same Tables and bade the Menials repeat the Dose.

Even as a Slave-Block was still shown in New Orleans and a Whipping-Post could be seen in a Delaware Museum, so the Lucifer Club retained some of the Props and Paraphernalia of the Wet Age.

Curdling Yarns were still told of the old Profligate Times when the dusty Steins, now ranged on the High Shelf as Curios, had surged and frothed with a Hellish Compound containing as high as 4 per cent. of the Essence of Tra-la-la.

The Dents in the Furniture, so the Legends ran, had been made by Cannikins, brought down in Unison to emphasize the Fact that the Gang was present up to the full Enrolment and that all other Facts were non-essential.

An orderly group of protected and purified Male Persons sat at one of the Scarred Tables, gazing with modified Enthusiasm at a pitcher of Raspberry Shrub and a plate of Gluten Biscuit.

They were Ex-Collegians, but they did not Vocalize.

It is a Zoological Fact that Close Harmony can not be extracted from Raspberry Shrub.

In fact, the Members were in a dour and resentful Mood.

A Servant had just brought in Word that the House Committee forbade the use of Carbonated Aqua with Fruit Juices.

The Members knew that Extract of Raspberry has practically no Recoil whatsoever unless spurred to action by Sparkling Water.

They liked to see the Bubbles jump and to feel the tickle of the Gas-Beads on the way down.

Hence the Holler.

In the company was a highly anti-septic young Professor who specialized on Food Values, when his Health permitted.

He explained that all fizzy Beverages were being put into the Nixey Column because Research had shown that a Guinea-Pig, spurring for days at a time on Carbonic Acid Gas, becomes listless, inattentive, and practically of no value to Society; while one moistened with the glorious Fluid that leaps from every Faucet continues to measure up to the full Efficiency of a normal Guinea-Pig.

Also, the Savings Banks in States which had abolished

the Aerated Waters showed a marked Increase in the Total of Deposits.

Of course that left the Kickers without a Leg to stand on, although more than a Few felt that the Guinea-Pig should have kept out of it.

When Members cease to kick on the House Committee, a Club is no longer a Club.

"We thought that the Limit had been negotiated when they stopped us from using Ice," said one of the Mutineers. "I admit that the Tummy should not be chilled, and I am not here as a spokesman for anything that foams in the Tumbler, but there is a strain of Devilry in our Family, and I shall use Ice and Seltzer in my own Apartment, come what may."

"Would you continue to freeze and inflate your poor Insides, even after a Majority of Your Fellow Citizens had issued Orders to the Contrary?" demanded the Professor.

"Are you setting yourself up against the Health Bulletins?"

The Bold One began to back-pedal.

"I can not help but feel," he rejoined lamely, "that too many Authorities are coming between me and my Duodenum."

The Victim of the Club Soda Habit was saved from further Humiliation by the stalking entrance into the Room of a Veteran Member known as the Colonel.

Although somewhat bleached by the kindly assistance of Congressional and State Enactments, the Colonel was not of the standardized Pattern which enabled the other Members to harmonize so unobtrusively with the Neutral Tint of the Draperies.

He looked like a Gink that was waiting for some one to touch the Bell.



By way of defying a Law that he disapproved, he celebrated his Birthday Anniversary by pulling down the Blinds, putting on Gum Shoes and a Mask, and mixing a deadly Swig known as a Julep

The Colonel had a Past, which threw him into the Doubtful List, but the Fact which put a Dark Ring around his Local Standing was this: He still gloried in his previous Shame.

He dated back to the Pre-Reformation, when all Creation seemed to be on a Toot.

He could remember when every Vegetarian Cafeteria had been a Buffet.

He had played Poker for Real Money. Also Golf on Sunday.

He had smoked Cigarettes.

He had applauded when vicious Pugs bammed each other in a padded Ring.

He had seen the Ponies come scooting into the Home Chute, and then he had hurried in to mace his Bit from Ikey.

He had stayed up until 1.00 A.M., feeding on the mixed Harmonies of the Cabaret.

He had trotted in Hotels and Restaurants, on Ocean Piers, and at Dancing Clubs, long since snuffed out by the Police.

He had qualified as a Sport when the Title could not be earned on the Croquet Grounds.

In other words, he was a Reprobate of the Old School.

No wonder that these Sheltered Ones, who had learned to obey the Curfew and never had felt the jingle of a Bronx, looked upon the Hold-Over with a degree of Disfavor, secretly tinged with Admiration for one who had hit all of the High Spots before the Universe was planed down to a Dead Level of Decorum and Sobriety.

In the unwritten Records of the Club it appeared that somewhat previous to 1920 the Colonel had made it a sinful Practise to pull a Birthday Dinner every Year.

This jovial Function, which passed out automatically when the Club climbed on the Wagon, was still treasured in Recollection by a few Survivors as SOME Party.

As nearly as could be gleaned from wistful Reminiscence, it had been an exciting Combination of the Galveston Flood and a Busy Day on the Somme Front.

But that was before the Frontier of Civilization began to move eastward from the Missouri River.

Slowly but surely, the White Jacket gave way to the triumphal Advance of the White Necktie.

At last the Light of Kansas and Oklahoma penetrated even the Darkest Recesses of Fifth Avenue.

And now the Lucifer Club had its Members wearing Snaffles and Interference Pads.

The Corkscrew had been beaten into a Shoe-Horn.



This jovial Function, which passed out automatically when the Club climbed on the Wagon, was still treasured in Recollection by a few Survivors as SOME Party

Azaleas were blooming in the silver Wine-Buckets.

And the Colonel's Birthday Parties had gone the way of the Jigger and the Jazz Band.

To show you how one hardened to Iniquity will cling to his Vices in spite of the Anti-Saloon League, it was whispered about the Club that the Colonel still protected in his Back Yard a Patch of the proscribed Mint.

Also it was darkly rumored that in a secret Cavern somewhere on the Premises he treasured an Earthenware Vessel containing the Contraband Fluid known as Bourbon.

By way of defying a Law that he disapproved, he celebrated his Birthday Anniversary by pulling down the Blinds, putting on Gum Shoes and a Mask, and mixing a deadly Swig known as a Julep.

It was said that he aggravated this Illegal Performance by drinking to the Confusion of Small-Town Legislators who wear Celluloid Collars.

This extended Prelude is meant to give the Reader a Correct Line on the Colonel as a Tough Nut in General.

In 1917 he had been a *Bon Vivant*, which is French for a Regular Little Fellow.

In 1942 he was merely a Relic of that dissolute Era which terminated when W. J. B. got after John Barleycorn and talked him to Death.

No wonder that the Juniors of the Lucifer Club, who had been kept away from Mince Pie speeded up with Real Stuff, failed to find themselves on a friendly Footing with this Unregenerate.

Merely out of politeness they asked him to cut in on the diluted Raspberry.

He raised a forbidding Hand.

"In my Youth I was taught to respect the Supreme Court," he said, gazing scornfully at the so-called Refreshments, "but even that august Tribunal cannot convince me that a Drink is related to something which Nature intended for the dyeing of Easter Eggs."

"Surely you are not yearning, even after two Decades, for a Dram of that which destroys both Body and Soul?" demanded the Professor. "It is a Medical Fact that the Appetite for Liquor endures only a few months after the Slave is locked up in a Dry Community."

The Colonel came back as follows:

"I am not bothered by an Appetite. I am harassed by Memories. All of you have read in your Histories of the wicked Age when every Hostess had Mortimer bring in the Dry Martinis just before Dinner was served. You have found References in forbidden Fiction to Bottles covered with Cobwebs; to the Uncle of the Bride holding up a Beaker of some Rare Vintage and proposing the



"I am not bothered by an appetite. I am harassed by Memories. All of you have read in your Histories of the wicked Age when every Hostess had Mortimer bring in the Dry Martinis just before Dinner was served"

Health of the Happy Pair; to gay Banquets at which every Speaker became a Daniel Webster after 9 P.M. All these Suggestions of the licentious Mid-Wilson or Pie-Eyed Period arouse in you only a Sense of Shame. You are trying to forget that your immediate Ancestors belonged to this Club, which was kept going Year after Year by the preponderance of Bar Receipts. You came upon the Scene when the harshest Sound that greeted your

Ears was the squeezing of a Lemon. In your fortunate Environment, the acme of Naughtiness is to speed up the Car while going to a Tennis Tournament. With me, it is different."

"You mean that you cherish fond Remembrances of the Improprieties of Long Ago?" asked one of the Younger Members.

"Life had certain Attractions for me, even before they cut off my Allowance," replied the Colonel. "You may not believe it, but the old U. S. A. was a moderately cheerful Abode even when dominated by those accustomed to touch the Harp lightly. I know that every Person who dallied with the Accursed Stuff is now branded as a Miscreant, and yet I recall many useful and interesting Citizens who would walk around an Ice-Cream Soda to get to a Rickey. Furthermore, among the virtuous Non-Drinkers was an alarming Percentage of the Kind that no one would care to have around the House on a Rainy Sunday. They were Nice People, but not to room with. And they were Ignorant. They classed all stimulating Mixtures under the generic head of 'Rum.' Any Expert will tell you that Rum was used principally for curing a Cold. Their



"Among the virtuous Non-Drinkers was an alarming Percentage of the Kind that no one would care to have around the House on a Rainy Sunday"

Fanaticism was founded on Misinformation. They believed that a Drink was something that induced a Man to go Home and hit his Wife on the head with an Ax. They did not know, never having been invited to the Right Places, that sometimes a Drink, passing to its Destination under salubrious Conditions, will induce a Man to buy his Wife an Electric Phaeton. They were not familiar with Bottled Goods which could be used as a Social Lubricant and Promoter of Conversation. Anything in a Bottle looked to them like a Ticket to the Penitentiary. The Man who wasn't strictly on the Rain-Water they classed with Joe Morgan, the Village Soak. One Morning, we woke up and found that 51 per cent. of the Voters had absorbed the happy Idea that nobody in all the World must ever again repeat those Vile Words, 'Here's looking at you.' Up to that Time, there had been much Suffering among the Poor. Now the Suffering was transferred to the Rich."

"You mean that the Drinking Classes did not wish to be emancipated from Slavery?" asked an incredulous Listener.

"Oh, Lad! Talk about Anguish! The Corner Saloon curled up and died without a struggle, but the Clubs threw many a Spasm before taking the final count. Never shall I forget the Day when the Blow fell. I breezed into this Very Room and told the Boy to get busy on a Tom Collins. You Fellows never saw one, but I may tell you, without giving you a downward Shove on the Road to Ruin, that it came very tall and was not hard to encompass on a Warm Day. The Servant told me to shoot again. He said he could fix me a Collins except for the one Ingredient which made it a Collins. I started to Bark, and was shown a Pamphlet with an underlined Statement that the Jails in Kansas were practically empty. Because the jail-attendance in Kansas was falling off, I had to make a dreadful Choice between Slow Death and Sarsaparilla. While I was sitting there, trying to adjust myself to the Horrors of the New Situation, other Members appeared and began to discuss the Outrage. There was a customary Round-Up between 5 and 6 P.M. The Regulars would drop in on the way Home and get ready to meet their Wives and tell how hard they had been Working all day. It was a mournful Company the Day we left the Waving Trees and Singing Birds and marched out into the Desert. Away to the Horizon was a dry Sweep of parched Desolation, and something told us that no matter how long we kept on marching, we would never come to an Oasis."

The Professor had followed this amazing Confession with an Impatience that was poorly concealed.

"You were better off without your Pick-me-ups," he explained. "Continued Indulgence weakens the Will and deludes the Judgment. You and your bibulous Comrades

were mistaken in assuming that you felt cheered and refreshed after the second or third Round. It was all Imagination."

"Possibly," replied the Colonel. "That Imagination Stuff is the principal Asset of Christian Science. I am not here to defend any Man who has been legislated beyond the Pale of Respectability. I am simply telling you that a lot of Folks who had been getting by as Respectable Members of Society suddenly found themselves dying on the Vine. Those who refused to acquiesce got it Good. Take the case of my Aunt Mattie. She was a wilful Creature, but she had her Good Points. The Officers found a Bottle of Cooking Sherry in her Pantry. They gave her Six Months."

"You will admit that the World is better behaved since the dethronement of King Alcohol," suggested One who was reeking with Raspberry.

"I will admit that a deep Calm prevails over many Spots that formerly were quite animated," was the evasive Reply.

"Unfortunately, the new Laws have eliminated that rugged Character known as the Pillar of Rectitude. In the bright red Days of my Youth, a Good Man was one who stood off Temptation. Now that all Temptation has been legally abolished, no Person gets any Medals for being Virtuous. He can't be otherwise unless he possesses In-



"The Officers found a Bottle of Cooking Sherry in her Pantry. They gave her Six Months"

formation which I cannot obtain. There was a Time when the Man who did not drink Beer or smoke Cigarettes or play Poker or look at Ball Games on Sunday was regarded as Snow-White. Now that Breweries, Cigarettes, Poker Games, and Sunday Baseball have been put into the same Category as Murder and Arson, the Individual who keeps away from Satanic Influences is merely a Non-Criminal. It is a changed Universe. Golf has never been the same since the 19th Hole was wiped out. Formerly, Players were sustained through a Hard Match by a Vision of that which would make the Alibi sound more plausible and cause every Bogey Hole to look like Par. When you rob Victory of the Celebration Features and deprive Defeat of soothing Consolation, you have put a good Game on the Fritz."

Suddenly the Colonel paused and looked toward the Doorway, where another Member of the Hardened Type that was doomed to Extinction stood beckoning, his manner Secretive.

The Colonel walked over.

"Come with me," whispered the Newcomer; "I know of a Blind Pig where we can get some Coffee."

Moral: Do unto Yourself as your Neighbors do unto Themselves, and look Pleasant.

The next *New Fable in Slang*, that of *The Getting-Together of the Lily and the Hick*, will appear in *August Cosmopolitan*.



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Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

The Bitter Water

(Continued from page 64)



A DROP OF INK THAT COST A GOWN

A note to explain a change of plans for the evening—too much haste—a steel pen dipped too full of ink—and her costly, favorite gown was ruined!

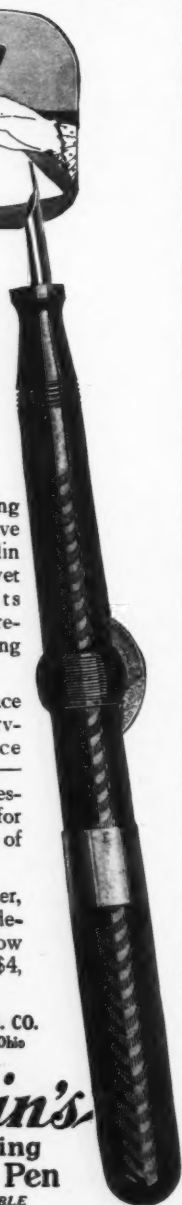
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"Did he get it?" I asked.
"No; of course not. Since Paulette has thrown Blake over, he hasn't had anything. She used to be almost like a bank to him. Heaven knows what she ever saw in him, but he borrowed enough from her while it lasted. Well, I probably wouldn't have thought anything again of it if I hadn't just heard that the police are pretty sure that Blake was at the Ste. Germaine after the opera. I suppose Ramirez will tell you all about it. But—I thought I might tell you about Waring. He never will. It flashed over me that, perhaps as a result of Waring's demand for money, Blake might have tried to see Paulette again, might have run into Barretos, who, we know, was there, and that there might have been a little unpleasantness that started this whole mess."

"At least an interesting and plausible theory," I agreed, rather impressed by it. We chatted for some time about the city, the country, the people, and the *cause célèbre*, until finally I decided that it might be possible that Kennedy by this time was on the trail of something. I left Scott and went up-stairs, making the resolution to cultivate Waring, in the hope that he might shed some more light by amplifying Scott's story.

Kennedy listened as I retailed what I had just heard concerning Waring and Blake. He said nothing, but I knew that he had mentally ticketed and filed away another perfectly good theory.

"Have you found anything?" I inquired.

"Yes," he replied; "it was as I hinted to you in the Barretos apartment. Barretos was not killed by atropine."

"Then what was it?" I asked, mystified.

"You remember I found his pupil contracted almost to a pin-point? The process of elimination of drugs was, in this case, comparatively easy. I simply began testing for all that I could recall that had that effect. It was so marked that I started seeking the one that first occurred to me. I don't claim any uncanny intelligence. That part of it was pure luck. Barretos died of physostigmin poisoning."

"And physostigmin is—what?" I inquired, quite willing to betray my ignorance.

"A drug used by oculists just as they use atropine, but producing the precisely opposite result. It causes a contraction of the pupil more marked than that produced by any other drug. That was why I tried its test first."

Interested as I was in physostigmin, which, by this time, came tripping off my tongue like the name of an old friend, I could not forget our first report of the case.

"But what about the belladonna, the atropine, in the glass and in the bottle?" I demanded.

"I did not say I had cleared up the case," cautioned Craig. "It is still a mystery. Atropine has not only an opposite effect but it is interesting to know that it's one of the few cases where we find drugs mutually antagonistic to such a degree. It is an antidote to physostigmin. Three and a half times the quantity almost infallibly counteracts a dose of physostigmin."

"But there was no trace of physostigmin in either glass, was there?" I asked.

"While you were out, I had the glasses sent in. No; not a trace in either. The other glass is really free even from belladonna. No; we've just taken a step forward—that's all. There's a long way to go yet. What of the physostigmin? How was it given? I made a close examination. There were no marks on the body. I admit I still have no explanation."

For some moments, Kennedy worked thoughtfully over his analysis, though I know that he was merely toying now, in the endeavor to determine the next most important move.

"I think I'll vary my custom," he decided finally, "and announce what I have discovered as I go along. It will be interesting to see what happens."

We started from the room, but instead of going to the elevator, he led the way to the stairs and the floor below. As he paused and knocked at a door, I recognized it as the apartment of Madame Barretos.

I cannot say that we were any more welcome than on our previous visit, yet she seemed not to dare refuse to see us. Perhaps, too, there was an element of curiosity to know whether anything had been discovered. She had not long to wait. Kennedy did not keep her in suspense. In fact, that seemed to be part of his plan—to discharge the information like a broadside and watch the result.

"I have discovered just what it was that caused your husband's death," he began briskly, watching her closely. "It was not belladonna. It was physostigmin, a drug much used by oculists."

For an instant, Nina Barretos gazed at Kennedy, startled. He seemed to have broken through her reserve. I knew that he was "fishing," but it was evident that she did not.

"I suppose you know that my father, Jacques Lebolt, was an optician—one of the famous opticians of Paris!" she cried, searching Kennedy's face as though to see how much he did know. "As a girl, I had no desire for the profession, the business—whatever you call it—naturally. I was rather an artist, and I thought that my art was my life. I know my father wanted a son to take over the business from him when he grew old. But he loved me—and humored me. It was as a student of art in the Latin Quarter that I met two young men, José Barretos and another, Jean La Guerre, both of them studying music. They were rivals, bitter rivals. I was romantic. I enjoyed it, without troubling myself which of them I really loved." She paused. Kennedy's face was as inscrutable as though he had known all along. "One day," she resumed slowly, tremulously, "my father was discovered—dead. He had been poisoned by one of his own drugs—physostigmin. Jean was accused. He fled. Later, I married José. And now—José is dead—and with the same drug!"

She had become almost hysterical as she dropped on a divan, burying her face in the cushions and sobbing. For several minutes, no word was spoken. Finally, she looked up, her composure regained. It may have been unkind, but I could not

help feeling that she had not told the whole story, that her giving way to her feelings had been an artifice, a refuge, to gain time. If it had been, it had succeeded. Try as we could, we were unable to learn a thing more from her about what had happened on the fatal night at the hotel than she had already told both to the police and to us. There was nothing to do now but to withdraw and await another opportunity to force from her what she knew, if anything.

Down-stairs, we found Señor Ramirez anxiously waiting for us. Before even Kennedy could inform him of our discovery, he whispered:

"I have had a visit from Blake at my office. Really, the fellow has become a nuisance. I know they shadowed him there, and I am not sure but that some overzealous policeman may be shadowing me now. He seems to think that it is I who have put the police on his trail, when, heaven knows, it is I who have been shielding him. I will do so no longer. It is my duty to tell what I know. I am going to tell you to protect myself."

Ramirez had led us, as he talked, to a quiet alcove.

"One night, shortly after Señor Barretos arrived, he, Blake, and myself were playing baccarat at the Jockey Club. Blake was losing, was already heavily in debt to Barretos. Suddenly, I was startled by Barretos throwing down his cards, with a sharp exclamation to Blake. He had caught Blake cheating. It was a ticklish moment. I fully expected a duel.

"Finally, Barretos leaned over and said: 'Leave Madame Paulette to me and I cancel the debt. Otherwise, I report this incident to the Board of Governors.' You may have wondered why I have assumed the attitude I have toward Blake. It is because of what I know. To all intents and purposes, Blake bartered her, to save his credit and his honor."

It was a hideous charge to make, and I felt convinced that Ramirez would not have made it if it had not been true.

"And now," he added, "I have just learned that the police have found that Blake was secretly trying to meet Madame Paulette. He could not even keep a dishonorable bargain. Perhaps he has been meeting her all along. I am convinced that she really cares for him, that she never cared for Barretos, though she feared him and his influence at the Teatro. Now that I have told you, I am going to tell the police. I think it is my duty."

Kennedy was considering the new evidence thoughtfully, evidently piecing it together with what he had already heard and what Scott had told me. As Ramirez left us to seek the police officer in charge at the hotel, Kennedy remarked:

"I should like to check that up with what you heard about Waring and Blake. Let us see if Waring is still in his room."

Waring's room was on the floor above the Barretos suite, the same floor on which we were, although at the other end. Blake, I knew, had a small room above that. As we passed down the thickly carpeted corridor, we came to a flight of steps which, I knew, led almost directly up to Blake's. Another flight led down to the floor on which Barretos had lived.

I was about to say something about the location of the room when my foot kicked some small object lying along the edge of

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a rug between the two flights of stairs. The thing flew over and hit the baseboard. Mechanically, I reached down and picked it up. It seemed to be a rough-coated, grayish-brown bean of irregular kidney shape, about an inch long and half an inch thick, with two margins, one short and concave, the other long and convex, and two flattened surfaces.

Kennedy seized it, looked at it a moment, then pressed the hard outer coat until it parted slightly, disclosing inside two creamy white cotyledons. Then he pressed it back into shape as it was before. For a moment, he glanced, first up at the flight of steps toward Blake's room, then down the hall toward Waring's.

As we stood there, Blake's door opened. As he saw us, he came slowly down the steps, while I noticed that Kennedy played ostentatiously with the bean.

"Is there anything new?" inquired Blake, and I saw that he had noted what was in Kennedy's hands.

"Only that I think Madame Paulette could help us a great deal," returned Craig. "I may have to take up your offer of help, and ask you to go with me to see her later."

Blake professed his willingness, but I knew it was only a mask. A moment after, he left us, promising to be down in the lobby, and we went on through the hall to Waring's room.

"I'm going to try a little psychology," announced Kennedy. "For one thing, I want to know just how much Madame Barretos really knew of Blake and Paulette. Señor Ramirez has just told me of some of Blake's operations. There is no use shielding him, Waring. What I want you to do is to tell Madame Barretos just what you know of that pair." Waring started to demur, but Kennedy was obdurate. "Ramirez is already telling what he knows," he urged. "The police know that you demanded the return of a loan from him last night, that Blake went to Paulette and there met Barretos. Perhaps that was the start of the trouble between them. Who knows? Madame Barretos, of course. I have tried this method already with her once and have found out part of her story. Now, with this new evidence, I mean to try it again."

Reluctantly Waring consented. Nor could I blame him. It savored too much of baiting an already heart-broken woman. However, a moment later we were again admitted by the French maid. Our previous visit did not seem to have allayed the nervousness of Madame Barretos, and a second visit so soon seemed to have caught her off guard. For a moment, she stared at Waring, then at Kennedy, as if endeavoring to read our minds. Kennedy, however, was determined to give her no chance.

Casually Craig reached into his vest pocket and drew forth the peculiar bean, as though absent-mindedly toying with it for want of some other occupation. His back was toward Waring, but I saw that the action was not lost on Madame Barretos. I thought, for a moment, that she was going to faint.

"I hope, Madame Barretos," cut in Waring, "that you will pardon me."

"Just a moment, Waring!" interrupted Craig. "Madame Barretos," he shot out suddenly, before she had recovered her composure, "you have not been frank with the police. But you may be frank with

me. Some one besides you and your husband was in that room last night!"

Remorselessly, Kennedy pressed home the inquisition. I saw Waring scowl at Kennedy. Almost I hated Craig myself for it.

"It is your duty to tell," urged Kennedy. "It is my duty to find out. I have found out much in only a few hours. Walter, will you stand by that door into the hall? Madame, some one was in that room!"

An instant she faltered and gazed wildly from one to the other of the men before her. The strain was too great. She broke under it.

"No," she cried, sobbing, "there was no one in the room! I—"

It was too much for Waring. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw his glance riveted on Kennedy's hands. He took a step forward.

"Professor Kennedy," he said, in a husky voice, "it was I who visited the apartment. I am Jean La Guerre!"

I do not know whether Kennedy was as startled as I at the unexpected revelation. At any rate, his face did not betray it.

"Let me tell you," he raced on. "Before God, I say that I am innocent of the murder of Monsieur Lebolt! The real murderer was José Barretos. It was his scheme. But I knew that he had directed suspicion at me. I was afraid. I fled—to Morocco—down the West Coast, changed my name from La Guerre to Waring, changed myself, became an Englishman. At last I came to South Africa. There I went to work. I have succeeded. But never have I forgotten how he murdered a man and stole a woman's love.

"Always I have awaited the day. At last it came—by pure chance. Business had brought me here; the opera had brought Barretos. I saw him, but he did not recognize me. The night after the opening at the Teatro, I followed him—to Paulette's. I saw the fight with Blake. I had been the innocent cause of it. Then I followed him here." La Guerre paused a moment, contemplating his revenge. "Before he knew it," he hurried on, "I had the gun at his head. He recognized me then, as I spoke. I faced him, and he cringed from me. It was an old crime. He might escape if I exposed him, tried to have him taken back. I could have shot him—but I did not." He paused and pointed significantly at the bean, which Kennedy was still fingering. "Then what?" he went on. "I drew from my pocket one of those—one of the famous ordeal-beans of Calabar, something I had seen on my journey down the West Coast of Africa, fleeing from him. In the Calabar they have a form of dueling with those seeds. Two opponents divide a bean. Each eats half. Often both die. But they believe that God will decide who is guilty and who is innocent. It is primitive justice—the duel by poison!

"Often I had thought of it, thought of that verse in the Bible, 'If thou have not gone aside to uncleanness, be thou free from this water of bitterness that causeth the curse.' I would not kill him. I would give him an equal chance. I cut the bean. There were two glasses on the table. I filled them with water. At the point of the gun, I forced him to eat half. I

watched him chew it. Then I ate my half. Together we drank the glasses of water. The minutes passed as I stood over him. On which would it take effect first? It was the ordeal!

"At last I saw that his lungs and heart were beginning to be affected. I waited for symptoms in myself. I was dizzy, burning with thirst, hardly able to walk as I staggered out, but alive!"

"And Madame Barretos?" recalled Kennedy suddenly.

"No—no—she was not there!"

"But the atropine—in one glass," persisted Kennedy.

"Oh—yes—yes—the atropine. In his glass also, I—" La Guerre was getting hopelessly tangled.

"It is a pretty story," remarked Kennedy coldly. "But it was not atropine that killed him. It was physostigmin. Atropine is the antidote. Did you know that when you planned your ordeal?"

La Guerre stared helplessly. Was he, after all, a murderer?

A figure in a filmy house dress darted between the two men.

"Wait!" cried Nina Barretos. "Let me tell. I was there. I saw it all. I knew of the Calabar bean. What should I do? Scream? Monsieur La Guerre would have shot him before anyone answered. Besides—" She stopped.

As I watched La Guerre, I was convinced that her revelation was as new to him as it was to us.

"It came to me in a flash," she went on, in a low voice. "I thought of my belladonna—an antidote. I remembered that much from my father's business. Quietly I went to my dressing-table." Breathless we watched her and listened, fascinated. "There were only a few drops left in the bottle!"

She paused and clasped her hands in the agony of living over those moments.

"I tried to run between them and plead with them. They would not listen. But I managed to get between them and the glasses on the table—holding the bottle in one hand behind me—so! Whom should I save?" she asked in desperation, as she acted it all over again under the stress of her feelings. "My husband, or the man I really loved? There was not enough for both. I poured the few drops of the belladonna into the glass nearest Mr. Waring—Jean!"

She swayed as the words were wrung from her very soul. La Guerre caught her.

The door opened, and I turned quickly. It was Señor Ramirez, in his hand a crumpled piece of paper.

"I thought as much!" he burst out, "Read this! Blake has committed suicide!"

It was a note to Madame Paulette. In it Blake, ruined, hounded by his past, had settled his last debt with the world.

"They told me you were here," raced on Ramirez. "Now—does not that prove what we have all believed?" he demanded.

I know that, to this day, the editor does not understand the strange look on all our faces as we turned to Kennedy.

"The police suspect Blake," he said simply. "Blake is dead. The real murderer is dead, also. There is nothing to be gained by further exposure. The case is now beyond the law."



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Beyond

(Continued from page 59)

temptation to read the rest of that letter and see from whom it was. No; she did not admit that she was tempted. One did not read letters. Then the full import of those few words struck into her: "Dear Bryan: But I say—you are wasting yourself." A letter in a chain of correspondence, then! A woman's hand; but not his mother's, or his sisters'—she knew their writings. Who had dared to say he was wasting himself? A letter in a chain of letters! An intimate correspondent, whose name she did not know, because—he had not told her! Wasting himself—on what? On his life with her down here? And was he? Had she herself not said, that very night, that he had lost his laugh? She began searching her memory. Yes; last Christmas vacation—that clear, cold, wonderful fortnight in Florence—he had been full of fun. It was May now. Was there no memory since—of his old infectious gaiety? She could not think of any. "But I say—you are wasting yourself." A sudden hatred flared up in her against the unknown woman who had said that thing a fever running through her veins, making her ears burn. She longed to snatch forth and tear to pieces the letter, with its guardianship of which that bust seemed mocking her; and she turned away with the thought, "I'll go and meet him; I can't wait here."

Throwing on a cloak, she walked out into the moonlit garden, and went slowly down the whitened road toward the station. A magical, dewless night. The moonbeams had stolen into the beech clump, frosting the boles and boughs, casting a fine ghostly gray over the shadow-patterned beech-mast. Gyp took the short cut through it. Not a leaf moved in there, no living thing stirred; so might an earth be where only trees inhabited. She thought, "I'll bring him back through here." And she waited at the far corner of the clump, where he must pass, some little distance from the station. She never gave people unnecessary food for gossip—any slighting of her irritated him; she was careful to spare him that.

The train came in; a car went whizzing by, a cyclist, then the first foot-passenger at a great pace, breaking into a run. She saw that it was he, and, calling out his name, ran back into the shadow of the trees. He stopped dead in his tracks, then came rushing after her. That pursuit did not last long, and, in his arms, Gyp said,

"If you aren't too hungry, darling, let's stay here a little—it's so wonderful!"

They sat down on a great root, and, leaning against him, looking up at the dark branches, she said,

"Have you had a hard day?"

"Yes; got hung up by a late consultation, and old Leyton asked me to come and dine."

Gyp felt a sensation as when feet happen on ground that gives a little.

"The Leytons—that's Eaton Square, isn't it? A big dinner?"

"No. Only the old people, and Bertie and Diana."

"Diana? That's the girl we met coming out of the theater, isn't it?"

"When? Oh—ah—what a memory, Gyp!"

"Yes; it's good for things that interest me."

"Why? Did she interest you?"

Gyp turned and looked into his face.

"Yes. Is she clever?"

"H'm! I suppose you might call her so."

"And in love with you?"

"Great Scott! Why?"

"Is it very unlikely? I am."

He began kissing her lips and hair. And, closing her eyes, Gyp thought, "If only that's not because he doesn't want to answer!" Then, for some minutes, they were as silent as the moonlit beech clump.

"Answer me truly, Bryan. Do you never—never—feel as if you were wasting yourself on me?"

She was certain of a quiver in his grasp; but his face was open and serene, his voice as usual when he was teasing.

"Well, hardly ever—aren't you funny, dear?"

"Promise me faithfully to let me know when you've had enough of me. Promise!"

"All right! But don't look for fulfillment in this life."

"I'm not so sure."

"I am."

Gyp put up her lips, and tried to drown forever in a kiss the memory of those words: "But I say—you are wasting yourself."

IV

SUMMERHAY, coming down next morning, went straight to his bureau; his mind was not at ease. "Wasting yourself!" What had he done with that letter of Diana's? He remembered Gyp's coming in just as he finished reading it. Searching the pigeonholes and drawers, moving everything that lay about, he twitched the bust—and the letter lay disclosed. He took it up with a sigh of relief.

DEAR BRYAN:

But I say—you are wasting yourself. Why, my dear, of course! "*Il faut se faire valoir!*" You have only one foot to put forward; the other is planted in I don't know what mysterious hole. One foot in the grave—at thirty! Really, Bryan, pull it out. There's such a lot waiting for you. It's no good your being hoity-toity, and telling me to mind my business. I'm speaking for everyone who knows you. We all feel the blight on the rose. Besides, you always were my favorite cousin, ever since I was five and you a horrid little

Cheerfulness in a Tin with a sifter top

"Be good and you'll be happy"—if your feet don't hurt.

It's true, you know.

All the wealth and good things in the world won't make you cheerful when something *hurts*.

If it's a definite, locatable pain,—you can most generally fix it. But it is the "fidgets" that you *can't* exactly locate, that make you utterly miserable in the face of every circumstance.

"Fidgets" more than likely come from skin irritation somewhere—just pure mechanics, like a dry bearing in a motor car.

Dousing with Mennen's after your bath is as good for you as it is for baby.

And it's as soothing to your disposition as it is to his.

If your husband is crotchety sometimes (as husbands occasionally are—especially in hot weather) get *him* to try it.

And if he says it's too ladylike, remind him that the soldiers of Uncle Sam shake thousands of tins into their shoes to make marching easier.

Of the hundreds of Talcum Powders on the market, maybe two or three are as good as Mennen's. But it's so easy to be *sure*. Just say "Mennen's" to the druggist; ask him to give you the new large tin.

"Smile Powder" somebody called it, and that's what it really is.

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An unusual photograph of an "Old Town Canoe" hull before canvas is put on, showing long length planks.

bully of ten; and I simply hate to think of you going slowly down instead of quickly up. Oh, I know: "D—n the world!" But—are you? I should have thought it was "d—ning" you! Enough! When are you coming to see us? I've read that book. The man seems to think love is nothing but passion, and passion always fatal. I wonder! Perhaps you know.

Don't be angry with me for being such a grandmother.

Au revoir.

Your very good cousin,
DIANA LEXTON.

He crammed the letter into his pocket, and sat there, appalled. It must have lain two days under that bust! Had Gyp seen it? He looked at the bronze face; and the philosopher looked back from the hollows of his eyes, as if to say: "What do you know of the human heart, my boy—your own, your mistress's, that girl's, or anyone's? A pretty dance the heart will lead you yet!

Put it in a packet, tie it round with string, seal it up, drop it in a drawer, lock the drawer. And to-morrow it will be out and skipping on its wrappings. Ho, ho!" And Summerhay thought: "You old goat! You never had one!" In the room above, Gyp would still be standing as he had left her, putting the last touch to her hair—a man would be a scoundrel who, even in thought, could—"Hello!" the eyes of the bust seemed to say. "Pity! That's queer, isn't it? Why not pity that red-haired girl, with the skin so white that it burns you, and the eyes so brown that they burn you—don't they?" Old Satan! Gyp had his heart; no one in the world would ever take it from her!

And in the chair where she had sat last night, conjuring up memories, he, too, now conjured. How he had loved her, did love her! She would always be what she was and had been to him. And the sage's mouth seemed to twist before him with the words: "Quite so, my dear! But the heart's very funny—very—capacious!" A tiny sound made him turn.

Little Gyp was standing in the doorway. "Hello!" he said. "Hello, Baryn!"

She came flying to him, and he caught her up so that she stood on his knees with the sunlight shining on her fluffed-out hair.

"Well, Gipsy; who's getting a tall girl?"

"I'm goin' to ride."

"Ho, ho!"

"Baryn, let's do Humpty-Dumpty!"

"All right; come on!" He rose and carried her up-stairs.

Gyp was still doing one of those hundred things which occupy women for a quarter of an hour after they are "quite ready," and at little Gyp's shout of, "Humpty!" she suspended her needle to watch the sacred rite.

Summerhay had seated himself on the foot-rail of the bed, rounding his arms, sinking his neck, blowing out his cheeks to

simulate an egg; then, with an unexpectedness that even little Gyp could always see through, he rolled backward onto the bed.

And she, simulating "all the king's horses," tried in vain to put him up again. This immemorial game, watched by Gyp a hundred times, had to-day a special preciousness. If he could be so ridiculously young, what became of her doubts? Looking at his face pulled this way and that, lazily imperturbable under the pomelings of those small fingers, she thought, "And that girl dared to say he was *wasting himself*!" For in the night conviction had come to her that those words were written by the tall girl with the white skin, the girl of the theater—the Diana of his last night's dinner. Humpty-Dumpty was up on the bed-rail again for the finale; all the king's horses were clasped to him, making the egg more round, and over they both went with shrieks and gurgles. What

a boy he was! She would not—no; she would not brood and spoil her day with him.

But that afternoon, at the end of a long gallop on the downs, she turned her head away and said suddenly, "Is she a huntress?"

"Who?"

"Your cousin—Diana."

In his laziest voice, he answered, "I suppose you mean—does she hunt me?"

She knew that tone, that expression on his face, knew he was angry; but could not stop herself.

"I did."

"So you're going to become jealous, Gyp?"

It was one of those cold, naked sayings that should never be spoken between lovers—one of those sayings at which the heart of the one who speaks sinks with a kind of dismay, and the heart of the one who hears quivers.

She cantered on. And he, perforce, after her.

When she reined in again, he glanced into her face and was afraid. It was all closed up against him. And he said softly,

"I didn't mean that, Gyp."

But she only shook her head. He *had* meant it—had wanted to hurt her! It didn't matter—she wouldn't give him the chance again. And she said:

"Look at that long white cloud, and the apple-green in the sky—rain to-morrow. One ought to enjoy any fine day as if it were the last."

Uneasy, ashamed, yet still a little angry, Summerhay rode on beside her.

That night, she cried in her sleep; and, when he awakened her, clung to him and sobbed out:

"Oh, such a dreadful dream! I thought you'd left off loving me!"

For a long time he held and soothed her. Never, never! He would never leave off loving her!

But a cloud no broader than your hand can spread and cover the whole day.

The next instalment of *Beyond* will appear in *August Cosmopolitan*.

The Tortoise-shell Cat

An unusual story of the Inner Life
by that writer of unusual stories,

Elizabeth Robins,

Author of "My Little Sister"
will appear in

August Cosmopolitan.

The Restless Sex

(Continued from page 37)

Now, Cleland senior had already sent various sums to that particular charity; and his eyes followed rather listlessly the paragraphs describing certain cases which still were totally unrelieved or only partially aided by charitable subscriptions. He read on as a man reads whose heart is still sore within him—not without a certain half-irritable sense of sympathy, perhaps, but with an interest still dulled by the oppression which separation from his son always brought. His preoccupied mind plodded on as he glanced over the several paragraphs of appeal.

CASE NO. 108. This case has been partly relieved through contributions, but thirty dollars are still required. Otherwise, these two aged and helpless gentlewomen must lose their humble little home, and an institution will have to take care of them. Neither one has many more years to live. A trifling aid now means that the few remaining days left to these old people will be tranquil days, free from the dread of separation and destitution.

CASE NO. 113. The father, consumptive and unable to work; the mother still weak from childbirth; the only other wage-earner a daughter aged sixteen; four little children dependent. Seventy dollars will tide them over until the mother can recover and resume her wage-earning, which, with the daughter's assistance, will be sufficient to keep the family together.

CASE NO. 119. For this case, no money at all has been received so far. It is the case of a little child, Stephanie Quest, left an orphan by the death or suicide of both drug-addicted parents, and taken into the family of a kindly German carpenter two years ago. It is the first permanent shelter the child has ever known, the first kindness ever offered her, the first time she has ever had sufficient nourishment in all her eleven years of life. Now she is in danger of losing the only home she has ever had. Stephanie is a pretty, delicate, winsome, and engaging little creature of eleven, whose only experience with life had been savage cruelty, gross neglect, filth, and immemorial starvation until the carpenter took her into his own too numerous family, and his wife cared for her as though she were their own child.

But they have five children of their own, and the wife is soon to have another baby. Low wages, irregular employment, the constantly increasing cost of living now make it impossible for them to feed and clothe an extra child.

They are fond of the little girl; they are willing to keep and care for her if fifty dollars could be contributed toward her support. But if this sum be not forthcoming, little Stephanie will have to go to an institution.

The child is now physically healthy. She is of a winning personality, but somewhat impulsive, unruly, and wilful at times; and it would be far better for her future welfare to continue to live with these sober, kindly, honest people who love her than to be sent to an orphanage.

CASE NO. 123. A very old man, desperately poor and ill and entirely—

John Cleland dropped the paper suddenly across his knees. A fierce distaste for suffering, an abrupt disinclination for such details checked further perusal.

His charities already had been attended to for the year. That portion of his income devoted to such things was now entirely used up. But he remained uneasily aware that the portion reserved for further acquisition of Americana was still intact for the new year now beginning.

That was his only refuge from loneliness and the ever-living grief—the plodding hunt for such things and the study con-



Give Your Feet a Vacation This Summer

Every day is vacation day for feet incased in stylish, comfortable Keds. They are durable and modish for office wear, smart and dressy for vacation and week-end trips and easy and comfortable for after-hours recreation. Women and children love to wear them around the home, in the park, everywhere.

Keds

mean pleasing comfort for all the family. The new styles are many and varied, but in all there are the same smart, attractive features—tops of soft, flexible canvas, springy rubber soles, high or low rubber heels.

Give every member of your family a pair of Keds. They'll wear longer than any shoe at anything like the price. The reputation of the largest rubber manufacturer in the world is back of every pair of Keds. Ask to see the three leading grades at your dealer's.



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456 N. Fourth St., Columbus, Ohio

nected with this pursuit. Except for his son—his ruling passion—he had no other interest, now that his wife was dead.

And now his son had gone away again. The day had to be filled—filled rather quickly, too; for the parting still hurt cruelly and with a dull persistence that he had not yet shaken off. He must busy himself with something.

It was the last morning of the exhibition at the Christensen Galleries of early-American furniture. That afternoon, the sale was to begin. He had not had time for preliminary investigation. He realized the importance of the collection, knew that his friends would be there in force, and hated the thought of losing such a chance.

Turning the leaves of his newspaper for the advertisement, he found himself again confronted by the columns containing the dreary "Hundred Neediest Cases." And, against every inclination, he reread the details of Case No. 119.

Odd, he thought to himself angrily, that there was nobody in the city to contribute the few dollars necessary to this little girl. The case in question required only fifty dollars. Fifty dollars meant a home, possibly moral salvation, to this child.

He read the details again, more irritated than ever, yet grimly interested to note that, as usual, it is the very poor with many burdens who help the poor. This carpenter, living probably in a tenement, with a wife, an unborn baby, and a herd of squalling children to support, had still found room for another little waif.

John Cleland turned the page, searched for the advertisement of the Christensen Galleries, discovered it, read it carefully. There were some fine old prints advertised to be sold. His hated rivals would be there—beloved friends yet hated rivals in the endless battle for bargains in antiquities.

When he got into his car, a few minutes later, he told the chauffeur to drive to Christensen's. Half-way there, he signaled and spoke through the tube:

"Where is the United Charities Building? Where? Well, drive there first."

IV

"Would you care to go there and see the child for yourself, Mr. Cleland? A few moments might give you a much clearer idea of her than all that I have told you," suggested the capable young woman to whom he had been turned over in the offices occupied by the United Charities Organization of Manhattan and the Four Boroughs, Incorporated.

John Cleland signed the check which he had filled in, laid it on the desk, closed his check-book, and shook his head.

"I'm a busy man," he said briefly.

"Oh—I'm sorry! I wish you had time to see her for a moment. You may obtain permission through the Manhattan Charities Concern, a separate organization which turns over certain cases to the excellent child-placing agency connected with our corporation."

"Thank you; I haven't time."

"Mr. Chiltern Grismer would be the best man to see—if you had time."

"Thank you."

There was a chilly silence; Cleland stood wrapped in gloomy preoccupation.

"But," added the young woman, "if

you are so busy that you have no time to bother with this case personally—"

"I have time," snapped Cleland, turning red. For the man was burdened with the inconvenient honesty of his race—a sort of tactless truthfulness which characterized all Clelands. He said: "When I informed you that I'm a busy man, I evidently, but unintentionally, misled you. I'm not in business. I have time. I simply don't wish to go into the slums, to see somebody's perfectly strange offspring."

The amazed young woman listened, hesitated, then laughed.

"Mr. Cleland, your frankness is most refreshing. Certainly there is no necessity for you to go if you don't wish to. The little girl will be most grateful to you for this generous check, and happy to be relieved of the haunting terror that has made her almost ill at the prospect of an orphanage. Thank you for little Stephanie Quest."

"What did the other people do to her?" inquired John Cleland.

"What people?"

"The ones who—her parents, I mean. What was it they did to her?"

"They were dreadfully inhuman—"

"What did they do to the child? Do you know?"

"Yes, I know, Mr. Cleland. They beat her mercilessly when they happened to be crazed by drugs; they neglected her when sober. The little thing was a mass of cuts and sores and bruises when we investigated her case; two of her ribs had been broken, somehow or other, and were not yet healed—"

"O Lord!" he interrupted sharply.

"That's enough of such devilish detail. I beg your pardon, but such things annoy me. Also, I've some business that's waiting—or pleasure, whichever you choose to call it." He glanced at his watch, thinking of the exhibition at Christensen's and the several rival and hawklike amateurs who would be deriding him for his absence and looking for loot. "Where does that child live?" he added carelessly, buttoning his overcoat.

The capable young woman, who had been regarding him with suppressed amusement, wrote out the address on a pad, tore off the leaf, and handed it to him.

"In case you ever become curious to see little Stephanie Quest, whom you have aided so generously," she explained.

Cleland, recollecting with increasing annoyance that he had three hundred dollars less to waste on Christensen than he had that morning, muttered the polite formality of leave-taking required of him, and bowed himself out, carrying the slip of paper in his gloved fingers.

Down in the street, where his car stood, the sidewalks were slowly whitening under leisurely falling snowflakes.

"Where's that?" he demanded peevishly, shoving the slip of paper at his chauffeur.

"Do you know?"

"I can find it, sir."

"All right," snapped John Cleland.

He stepped into the little limousine and settled back with a grunt. Then he hunched himself up in the corner and jerked the fur robe over his knees, muttering. Thoughts of his wife, of his son had been heavily persistent that morning. Never before had he felt actually old—he was only fifty-odd. Never before had he felt himself so alone, so utterly solitary.

Never had he so needed the comradeship of his only son.

He had relapsed into a sort of grim, unhappy lethargy, haunted by memories of his son's baby-days, when the car stopped in the tenement-lined street, swarming with push-carts and children.

The damp, rank stench of the unwashed smote him as he stepped out and entered the dirty hallway.

The place was certainly vile enough. A deformed woman with sore eyes directed him to the floor where the Schmidt family lived. Answering his knock, a shapeless woman opened the door.

"Mrs. Schmidt?"

"Yes, sir"—retying the string which alone kept up her skirt.

He explained briefly who he was, where he had been, what he had done through the United Charities for the child Stephanie. "I'd like to take a look at her," he added, "if it's perfectly convenient."

Mrs. Schmidt began to cry.

"Ex-cuse me, sir; I'm so glad we can keep her. Albert has all he can do for our own kids—but the poor little thing—it seemed hard to send her away to a 'home.'" She gouged out the tears abruptly with the back of a red, water-soaked hand. "Steve! Here's a kind gentleman come to see you. Dry your hands, dearie, and come and thank him."

A gray-eyed child appeared—one of those slender little shapes, graceful in every unconscious movement of head and limb. She was drying her thin red fingers on a bit of rag as she came forward, the steam of the wash-boiler still rising from her bare arms.

A loud, continuous noise arose in the further room, as though it were full of birds and animals fighting.

For a moment, the tension of inquiry and embarrassment between the three endured in silence; then an odd, hot flush seemed to envelop the heart of Cleland senior—and something tense within his brain loosened, flooding his entire being with infinite relief. The man had been starving for a child—that was all. He had suddenly found her. But he didn't realize it even now.

There was a shaky chair in the exceedingly clean but wretchedly furnished room. Cleland senior went over and seated himself gingerly.

"Well, Steve?" he said, with a pleasant, humorous smile. But his voice was not quite steady.

"Thank the good, kind gentleman!" burst out Mrs. Schmidt, beginning to sob again and to swab the welling tears with the mottled backs of both fists. "You're going to stay with us, dearie. They ain't no policeman coming to take you to no institoot for orphan little girls. The good, kind gentleman has give the money for it. Go down onto your knees and thank him, Steve."

"Are you really going to keep me?" faltered the child. "Is it true?"

"Yes; it's true, dearie. Don't go a-kissing me! Go and thank the good, kind—"

"Let me talk to the child alone," interrupted Cleland dryly. "And shut that door, please"—glancing into the farther room, where a clothes-boiler steamed, onions were frying, five yelling children swarmed over every inch of furniture, a baby made apocryphal remarks from a

home-made cradle, and a canary-bird sang shrilly and incessantly.

Mrs. Schmidt retired sobbing, extolling the goodness and kindness of John Cleland, who endured it with patience until the closed door shut out eulogies, yells, canary, and onions. Then he said:

"Steve, you need not thank me. Just shake hands with me—will you? I—I like children."

The little girl, whose head was turned toward the closed door behind which the woman had disappeared, looked round at this large, strange man in his fur-lined coat, who sat there smiling at her in such friendly fashion. And slowly, timidly, over the child's face the faintest of smiles crept in delicate response to his advances. Yet, still in the wonderful gray eyes there remained that heartrending expression of fearful inquiry which haunts the gaze of children who have been cruelly used.

"Is your name Stephanie?"

"Yes, sir."

"Stephanie Quest?"

"Yes, sir."

"What shall I call you? 'Steve?'"

"Yes, sir"—winningly grave.

"All right, then. Steve, will you shake hands?" The child laid her thin, red, water-marred fingers in his gloved hand. "You've had a rather tough deal, Steve, haven't you?"

The child was silent, standing with head lowered, her bronzed brown hair hanging and shadowing shoulders and face.

"Do you go to school, Steve?"

"Yes, sir."

"Not to-day?"

"No, sir. It's Saturday."

"Oh, yes. I forgot. What do you learn in school?"

"Things—writing—reading."

"Do you like school?"

"Yes, sir."

"What do you like best?"

"Dancing."

"Do they teach *that*? What kind of dancing do you learn to do?"

"Fancy dancing—folk-dances. And I like the little plays that teacher gets up for us."

"Do you like any other of your studies?"

"Droring."

"Drawing?"

"Yes, sir," she replied, flushing painfully.

"Oh! So they teach you to draw? Who instructs you?"

"Miss Crowe. She comes every week. We copy picture-cards and things."

"So you like to draw, Steve," nodded Cleland absently, thinking of his only son, who liked to write, and who, God willing, would have every chance to develop his bent in life. Then, still thinking of his only son, he looked up into the gray eyes of this little stranger.

As fate would have it, she smiled at him. And, looking at her in silence, he felt the child-hunger gnawing in his heart—felt it, and, for the first time, vaguely surmised what it really was that had so long ailed him. But the idea, of course, seemed hopeless, impossible. It was not fair to his only son. Everything that he had was his son's—everything he had to give—care, sympathy, love, worldly possessions. These belonged to his son alone.

"Are you happy here with these kind people, Steve?" he asked hastily.

"Yes, sir."

"Hello Huck!"



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But though his conscience should have instantly acquitted him, deep in his lonely heart the child-hunger gnawed, unsatisfied. If only there had been other children of his own—younger ones to play with, to have near him in his solitude, to cuddle, to caress, to fuss over, as he and his dead wife had fussed over their only baby!

"Steve?"

"Sir?"

"You are sure you will be quite happy here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Would you—" A pause; and again he looked up into the child's face, and again she smiled. "Steve, I never had a little girl. It's funny, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

A silence.

"Would you like to—to go to a private school?"

The child did not understand. So he told her about such schools and the little girls who went to them. She seemed deeply interested; her gray eyes were clear and seriously intelligent, and very, very intently fixed on him in the effort to follow and understand what he was saying.

He told her about other children who lived amid happy surroundings, what they did, how they were cared for, schooled, brought up; what was expected of them by the world, what was required by the world from those who had had advantages of a home, of training, of friends, and of an education. He was committing himself with every word, and refused to believe it.

At times, he paused to question her, and she always nodded seriously that she understood.

"But this," he added smilingly, "you may not entirely comprehend, Steve—that such children, brought up as I have explained to you, owe the human race a debt which is never canceled." He was talking to himself now, more than to her. "The hope of the world lies in such children, Steve," he said. "The world has a right to expect service from them. You don't understand, do you?" Her wonderfully clear eyes were almost beautiful with intelligence as they looked straight into his. Perhaps the child understood more than she herself realized, more than he believed she understood. "Shall I come to see you again, Steve?"

"Yes, sir; please."

There was a pause. Very gently the slight pressure of his arm, which had crept round her, conveyed to her its wistful meaning; and when she understood, she leaned slowly toward him in winning response and offered her lips with a gravity that captivated him.

"Good-by, Steve dear," he said unsteadily; "I'll come to see you again very soon."

Then he put on his hat and went out abruptly—not down-town to Christensens, but back to the United Charities, and, after an hour, from there he went down-town to his attorney's, where he spent the entire day under suppressed excitement.

For there were many steps to take and much detail to be attended to before this new and momentous deal could be put through—a transaction concerning a human soul and the measures to be taken to insure its salvage.

V

DURING the next few weeks, John William Cleland's instinct fought a continuous series of combats with his reason.

Instinct, with her powerful allies, loneliness and love, urged the solitary man to rash experiment; reason ridiculed impulse and made it very clear to Cleland that he was a fool.

But instinct had this advantage: she was always awake, whispering to his mind and heart; and reason often fell asleep on guard over his brain.

But, when awake, reason laughed at the conspirators, always in ambush to slay him, and carried matters with a high hand, rebuking instinct and frowning upon her allies.

And John Cleland hesitated. He wrote to his only son every day. He strove to find occupation for every minute between the morning awakening in his silent chamber and the melancholy lying-down at night. But always the battle between reason and instinct continued.

Reason had always appealed to Cleland senior. His parents and, later, his wife and son had known the only sentimental phenomena which had ever characterized him in his career. Outside of these exceptions, reason had always ruled him. This is usually the case among those who inherit money from forebears who, in turn, have been accustomed to and hand down a moderate but unimpaired fortune through sober generations.

Such people are born logical when not born fools. And now Cleland senior, mortified and irritated by the increasing longing which obsessed him, asked himself frequently which of these he really was.

Every atom of logic in him counseled him to abstain from what every instinct in him was desiring and demanding—a little child to fill the loneliness of his heart and house, something to mitigate the absence of his son, whose absences must, in the natural course of events, become more frequent and of longer duration with the years of college imminent, and the demands of new interests, new friends increasing year by year.

He told himself that to take another child into his home would be unfair to Jim, to take her into his heart was disloyal, that the dear past belonged to his wife alone, the present and the future to his only son. And, all the while, the man was starving for what he wanted.

Well, the arrangements took some time to complete. Stephanie kept her own name; she was to have six thousand dollars a year for life after she became twenty-one. He charged himself with her mental, moral, spiritual, physical, and general education.

It came about in the following manner: First of all, he went to see a gentleman whom he had known for many years, but whose status with himself had always remained a trifle indefinite in his mind—somewhere betwixt indifferent friendship and informal acquaintanceship.

The gentleman's name was Chiltern Grismer; his business, charity and religion. Cleland had learned at the United Charities that Grismer was an important personage in the Manhattan Concern, a separate sectarian affair with a big office-building, and

a book-bindery for the immense tonnage of sectarian books and pamphlets published and sold by it.

Grismer, tall, bony, sandy, and with a pair of unusually light-yellowish eyes behind eye-glasses, appeared the classical philanthropist of the stage. With his white, bushy side-whiskers, his frock coat, and his little ready-made black bow tie, slightly askew under a high choker, he certainly dressed the part. In fact, any dramatic producer would have welcomed him in the rôle, for he would have had no "business" to learn; it was natural for him to join his finger-tips together while conversing, and his voice and manner left nothing whatever to criticize.

"Ah! My friend of many years!" he exclaimed, as Cleland was ushered into his office. "And how, I pray, may I be of service to my old friend, John Cleland? M-m-m, yes—my friend of many years!"

Cleland told his story very simply, adding, "I understand that your concern is handling Case One-nineteen, Grismer—acting for a child-placing agency."

"Which case?" demanded Grismer, almost sharply.

"Case One-nineteen. The case of Stephanie Quest," repeated Cleland.

Grismer looked at him with odd intentness for a moment, then his eyes shifted.

"M-m-m, yes. Oh, yes! I believe we have this case to handle among many others. M-m-m! Quite so; quite so."

"May I have the child?" asked Cleland bluntly.

"Bless me! Do you really wish to take such chances, Cleland?"

"Why not? Others take them."

"M-m-m, yes. Oh, yes—certainly. But it is usually people of the—ah—middle and lower classes who adopt children—m-m-m, yes—the middle and lower classes. And, naturally, they would not be very much disappointed in a foundling or waif who failed to—ah—develop the finer, subtler, more delicate qualities that a gentleman in your position might reasonably expect—"

"I'll take those chances in the case in question," said Cleland quietly.

"M-m-m, yes—the case in question. Case One-nineteen. Quite so. I am wondering"—he passed a large, dry hand over his chin and mouth reflectively—"I have been wondering whether you have looked about before deciding on this particular child. There are a great many other deserving cases—"

"I want this particular child, Grismer."

"Quite so—m-m-m, yes." He looked up almost furtively. "You—ah—have some previous knowledge, perhaps, of this little girl's antecedents?"

Mr. Grismer's voice grew soft and persuasive; his finger-tips were gently joined. Cleland, looking up at him, caught a glimmer resembling suspicion in those curiously light-colored eyes.

"Yes; I have learned certain things about her," he said shortly. "I know enough."

"May I ask—ah—just what facts you have learned about this unfortunate infant?"

Cleland, bored to the verge of irritation, told him what he had learned.

There was a silence, during which Grismer came to the conclusion that he had better tell Cleland another fact, which necessary legal investigation of the child's

antecedents might more bluntly reveal. Yes; certainly Grismer felt that he ought to place himself on record at once and explain this embarrassing fact in his own way before others cruelly misinterpreted it to Cleland. For John Cleland's position in New York among men of wealth, of affairs, of influence, and of culture made this sudden and unfortunate whim of his for Stephanie Quest a matter of awkward importance to Chiltern Grismer.

His large, dry hand continued to massage his jaw. Now and then, the bony fingers wandered caressingly toward the white side-whiskers, but always returned to screen the thin lips with a gentle, incessant massage.

"Cleland," he began, in a solemn voice, "have you ever heard that this child is—ah—is a very distant connection of my family—m-m-m, yes—my immediate family? Have you ever heard any ill-natured gossip of this nature?" Cleland, too astonished to reply, merely gazed at him. And Grismer wrongly concluded that he *had* heard about it, somewhere or other. "M-m-m, yes—a connection—very distant, of course. In the event that you have heard of this unfortunate affair from sources perhaps unfriendly to myself and family—m-m-m, yes—unfriendly—possibly it were judicious to explain the matter to you—in justice to myself."

"I never heard of it," said Cleland, "never dreamed of such a connection."

But to Grismer all men were liars.

"Oh, I did not know. I thought you might have heard malicious rumors. But it is just as well that you should be correctly informed. Do you recollect ever reading anything concerning my—ah—late sister?"

"Do you mean something that happened many, many years ago?"

"That is what I refer to."

"Yes," said Cleland; "I remember that she ran away with a married man."

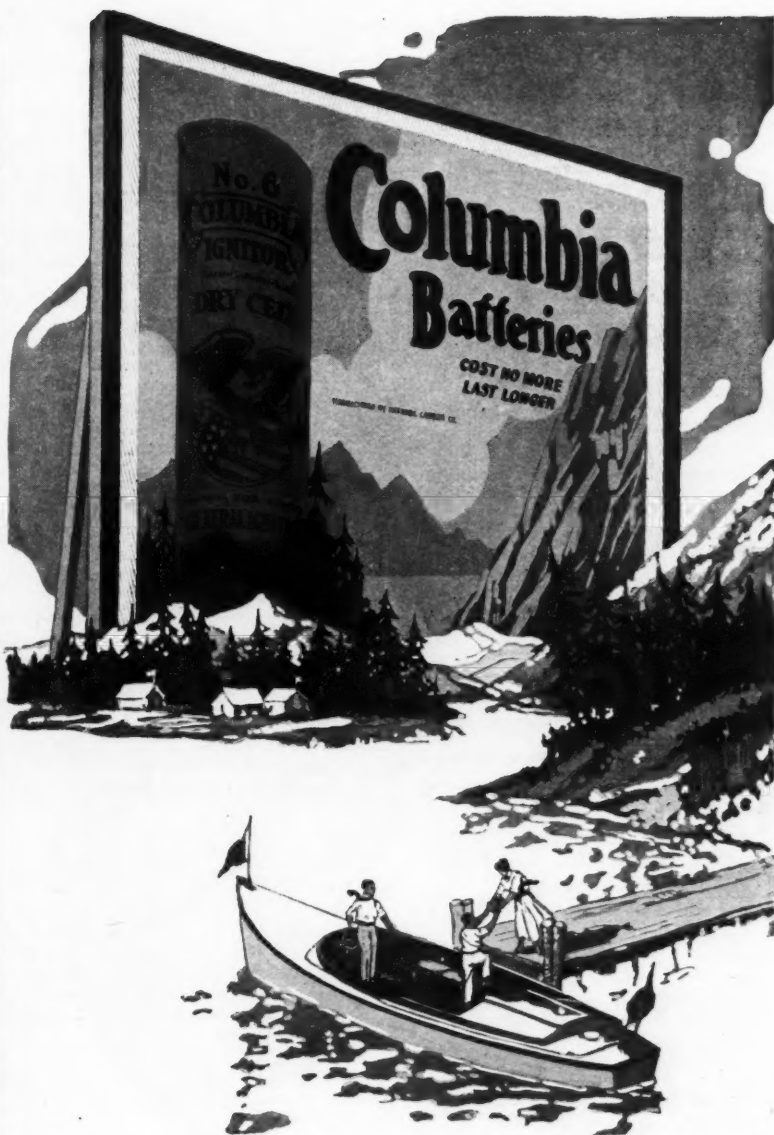
"Doubtless," continued Grismer, with a sigh, "you recollect the dreadful disgrace she brought upon my family—the cruel scandal exploited by a pitiless and malicious press." Cleland said nothing. "Let me tell you the actual facts," continued Grismer gently. "The unfortunate woman became infatuated with a common Pullman conductor—an Irishman named Conway—a very ordinary man who already was married. His religion forbade divorce; my wretched sister ran away with him. We have always striven to bear the disgrace with resignation—m-m-m, yes—with patience and resignation. That is the story." Cleland, visibly embarrassed, sat twisting the handle of his walking-stick, looking persistently away from Grismer. The latter sighed heavily. "And so," he murmured, "our door was forever closed to her and hers. Her name was Jessie Grismer. She—ah—assumed the name of Conway. There was a daughter, Laura. A certain Harry Quest, the profligate, wastrel son of that good man, the Reverend Anthony Quest, married this girl, Laura Conway. Stephanie Quest is their daughter."

"Good heavens, Grismer! I can't understand that you, knowing this, have not done something—"

"Why?"

"But—she is the little grandchild of your own sister!"

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"Is that your—creed—Grismer?"

"It is."

"Oh! I thought such creeds were out of date—old-fashioned—"

"God," said Chiltern Grismer patiently, "is old-fashioned, I believe—m-m-m, yes—very old-fashioned, Cleland. But his purposes are terrible, and his wrath is a living thing to those who have the fear of God within their hearts."

"Oh! Well, I'm sorry, but I really can't be afraid of God. If I were, I'd doubt him. Come; may I have the little girl?"

"Do you desire her to abide under your roof after what you have learned?"

"Why, Grismer, I've seen the child. It may be a risk, as you say. But—I want her. May I have her?"

"M-m-m." He touched a bell, and a clerk appeared. Then he turned to Cleland. "Would you be good enough to see our Mr. Bunce? I thank you. Good-after-noon. I am happy to have conversed again with my old friend, John Cleland—m-m-m, my friend of many years."

An hour later, John Cleland left "our" Mr. Bunce, armed with proper authority to begin necessary legal proceedings.

Talking it over with Brinton, his attorney, that evening, he related the amazing conversation between himself and Chiltern Grismer. Brinton laughed:

"It isn't religious bigotry; it's just stinginess. Grismer is the meanest man on Manhattan Island. Didn't you know it?"

"No. I don't know him well—though I've been acquainted with him for a long while. But I don't see how he can be stingy."

"Why?"

"Well, he's interested in charity—" "He's paid a thumping big salary. He makes money out of charity. Why shouldn't he be interested? Chiltern Grismer is hogging his only sister's share of the Grismer money, and scared stiff for fear some descendant might reopen the claim and fight the verdict which beggared his own sister."

"By Gad," exclaimed Cleland, very red, "I've a mind to look into it and start proceedings again, if there is any ground—"

"You can't."

"Why?"

"Not if you adopt this child."

"Not in her behalf?"

"Your motives would be uncharitably suspected, Cleland. You can give her enough. Besides, you don't want to stir up anything—for this little girl's sake."

"No; of course not. You're quite right, Brinton. No money could compensate her. And, as you say, I am able to provide for her amply."

"Besides," said Brinton, "there's the paternal aunt, Miss Rosalinda Quest. She's as rich as mud. It may be that she'll do something for the child."

"I don't want her to!" exclaimed Cleland angrily. "If she'll make no objection to my taking the girl, she can keep her money and leave it to the niggers of Senegambia when she dies, for all I care! Fix it for me, Brinton."

"You'd better go down to Bayport and interview her yourself," said the lawyer. "And, by the way, I hear she's a queer one—something of a bird, in fact."

"Bird?"

"Well, a vixen. All the same, she's doing a lot of real good with her money."

"How do you mean?"

"She's established a sort of home for the offspring of vicious and degenerate parents. It's really quite a wonderful combination of clinic and training-school, where suspected or plainly defective children are brought to be taught and to remain under observation. Why not call on her?"

"Very well," said Cleland reluctantly, not caring very much about encountering "vixens" and "birds" of the female persuasion.

Except for this paternal aunt and the Grismers, there turned out to be no living human being related to the child Stephanie.

Once assured of this, John Cleland undertook the journey to Bayport, running down in his car one morning.

When he arrived at the entrance to the place, a nurse on duty gave him proper directions how to find Miss Quest, who was out about the grounds somewhere.

He found her at last, in nurse's garb, marching up and down the gravel paths of the Common Sense Home for Defectives, as the institution was called.

She was pruning privet hedges. She had a grim face, a belligerent eye, and she stood clicking her pruning shears aggressively as he approached, hat in hand.

"Miss Quest, I presume?" he inquired.

"I'm called Sister Rose," she answered shortly.

"By any other name—" began Cleland gallantly, but checked himself, silenced by the hostility in her snapping black eyes.

"What do you wish?" she demanded impatiently.

Cleland, very red, swallowed his irritation.

"I came here in regard to your niece—"

"Niece? I haven't any!"

"I beg your pardon; I mean your great-niece. Her name is Stephanie Quest."

"Harry Quest's child? Has he really got a baby? I thought he was lying!"

"You didn't know it, then?"

"No. He wrote about a child. Of course, I supposed he was lying. That was before I went abroad."

"You've been abroad?"

"I have."

"Long?"

"Several years."

"How long since you've heard from Harry Quest?"

"Several years—a dozen, maybe. I suppose he's living on what I settled on him. If he needed money, I'd hear from him soon enough."

"He doesn't need money now. He doesn't need anything more from anybody. But his little daughter does."

"Is Harry dead?" she asked sharply.

"Very."

"And—that hussy he married—"

"Equally defunct. I believe it was suicide."

"How very nasty!"

"Or," continued Cleland, "it may have been suicide and murder."

"Nastier still!" She turned sharply aside and stood clicking her shears furiously. After a silence, "I'll take the baby," she said, in an altered voice.

"She's eleven years old."

"I forgot. I'll take her, anyway. She's probably a defective—"

"She is *not!*" retorted Cleland, so sharply that Sister Rose turned on him in astonishment. "Madam," he said, "I want a little child to bring up. I have chosen this one. I possess a comfortable fortune. I offer to bring her up with every advantage, educate her, consider her as my own child, and settle upon her for life a sum adequate for her maintenance. I have the leisure, the inclination, the means to do these things. But you, madam, are too busy to give this child the intimate personal attention that all children require—"

"How do you know I am!"

"Because your time is already dedicated in a larger sense to those unhappy children who need you more than she does. Because your life is already consecrated to this noble charity of which you are founder and director. A world of unfortunates is dependent on you. If, therefore, I offer to lighten your burden by relieving you of one responsibility, you could not logically decline or disregard my appeal to your reason." His voice altered and became lower. "And, madam, I already love the child as though she were my own."

After a long silence, Sister Rose said:

"It isn't anything you've advanced that influences me. It's my—failure—with Harry. Do you think it hasn't cut me to the—the soul?" she demanded fiercely, flinging the handful of clipped twigs onto the gravel. "Do you think I am heartless because I said his end was a nasty one? It was. Let God judge me. I did my best." Cleland remained silent. "As a matter of fact, I don't care what you think," she added. "What concerns me is that possibly—probably this child would be better off with you. You're the John Cleland, I presume." He seemed embarrassed. "You collect prints and things?"

"Yes, madam."

"Then you are the John Cleland. Why not say so?" He bowed. "Very well then; what you've said has in it a certain amount of common sense. I have, in a way, dedicated my life to all unfortunate children; I might not be able to do justice to Harry's child—give her the intimate personal care necessary—without impairing this work which I have undertaken, and to which I am devoting my fortune."

There was another silence, during which Sister Rose snapped her shears viciously and incessantly. Finally, she looked up at Cleland.

"Does the child care for you?"

"I—think so."

"Very well. But I shan't permit you to adopt her."

"Why not?"

"I may want her myself when I'm too old and worn out to work here. I wish her to keep her name."

"Madam—"

"I insist—and that's flat. And you need not settle an income on her—"

"I shall do so," he interrupted firmly.

"Do you presume to dictate to me what I shall do concerning my own will?" she demanded, and her belligerent eyes fairly snapped at him.

"Madam, it isn't necessary to—"

"Don't instruct me, Mr. Cleland!"

"Very well, madam—"

"I shall do as I always have done, and that is exactly as I please," she said,

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glancing at him. "And if I choose to provide for the child in my will, I shall do so without requesting your opinion. Pray understand me, Mr. Cleland. If I let you have her, it is only because I am self-distrustful. I failed with Harry Quest. I have not sufficient confidence in myself to risk failure with his daughter. Let the matter stand this way until I can consult my attorney. Take her into your home. But remember that she is to bear her own name, that the guardianship shall be shared by you and me, that I am to see her when I choose, take her when I choose. Probably I shall not choose to do so. All the same, I retain my liberty of action."

The next instalment of *The Restless Sex* will appear in *August Cosmopolitan*.

The Adventure of Jose

(Concluded from page 96)

door to mine, and she knocked at the door to say, "If you haven't a bath, Miss Gates, you are quite welcome to use the perfectly lovely one I have." She didn't look a bit pleased to learn that I had a perfectly lovely one, too, thanks to our host; and the elaborate ceremony of christening the car after dinner, with me as godmother, nearly finished the woman.

Next morning, we flashed about with the auto in different directions, seeing things the Woodsman thought I ought to see, though the others had seen them. I loved Locust Valley and Garden City, which does so thoroughly deserve its name, and, after a wonderful run, we lunched at the Piping Rock Club, to which C. C. W. had got an invitation for us all.

After lunch, we lingered a long time, and Mrs. Trent met some swagger friends, whom she paraded before the Woodsman, calling them by their Christian names, though I noticed they didn't return the compliment. It must have been half-past three when we started away, and as Mrs. T. had had last turn on the front seat with Jenny there before that, I was expecting the honor. But I had counted without Adèle.

"Dear Mr. Woods, may Miss Gates sit with my brother Freddy?" she chirped. "He hasn't the courage to ask; but I have, for he has something so important to tell her."

"Oh, certainly," said the Woodsman, supposing, no doubt, that my desire to hear the "important thing" must be taken for granted.

"This," thought I, "is revenge for my double turn yesterday, and the bath and the christening." But, my dears, there was more in it even than that. She'd actually egged the useful Freddy on to flirt with me. He did it neatly, too—much better than one would imagine from his looks—and when we stopped for tea at a darling old once-upon-a-time whaling-town by the waterside (it's called Huntington), he had the impudence to exclaim:

"Oh, I say, Woods; don't take Miss Gates away from me! We can't be parted like that."

For a minute I was flabbergasted; but I remembered all that was at stake, and determined not to be downed by a pair of plotters. I didn't speak a word. All I

Cleland said, in a low voice,

"It would be—heartless—if——"

"I'm not heartless," she rejoined tartly. "Therefore, you need not worry, Mr. Cleland. If you love her and she loves you, I tell you you need not worry. All I desire is to retain my liberty of action. And I intend to do it. And that settles it!"

Cleland senior went home.

In a few days, the last legal objection was removed. There were no other relatives, no further impediments; merely passionate tears from the child at parting with Schmidt, copious, fat tears from the carpenter's wife, no emotion from the children, none from the canary-bird.

did was to give the Woodsman one look. And he said dryly,

"I'm afraid I'll have to take her, Mr. Fanning."

It was a delicious spin after this, all the way back to Southold; but it wasn't only the beauty of the road that made me enjoy the run so much; it was partly my silent triumph over that widow. She is a wily widow—isn't she?—not to be despised. I must look out for squalls and "watch my step."

I stay with Jenny to-night, and to-morrow morning we set forth again, club's flag and my feathers flying, for a glimpse of the Hudson River country. The whole party dined with Jenny and me (Jimmy's away, you know), and I made the lobster à la Newburg with the chafing-dish—a glorified lobster à la Newburg with some special tricks invented by myself. It was a success. C. C. W. had two helpings. Jen prophesies that he'll propose, on the strength of the lobster and everything else before the trip is over. I didn't discuss the Adèle and Freddy danger with her, however. I simply couldn't.

You shall have all further details and developments according to my vow.

Jose to Herself

I've been reading over my diary, and I do feel what I said I didn't. I feel a beast. It's hateful to make fun of him. I am the common one, not he. I ought to be ashamed of myself, and I am. But I can't tell the club so. The girls would laugh too much. I know what they would think. They'd say, "Jose's falling in love with that man, after all." I'm not, of course. Nothing of the kind. Only, I am grateful for all his niceness, and the wonderful time he's giving me. Already he seems entirely different from what I thought at first. How hurt he would be if he knew what a little cat he is feeding with his richest cream! If I had any real sense of honor and self-respect, I suppose I should make an excuse not to go on with the trip, now I begin to get a point of view and see myself in my true colors. I'd pretend to have a sunstroke or something. But I must indeed be a hardened sinner, for nothing on earth would tempt me to do that—and leave the Woodsman to Mrs. Trent.

The next instalment of *The Adventure of Jose* will appear in *August Cosmopolitan*.

Myself and Others

(Concluded from page 91)

first tasted the delicious buckwheat cakes, popovers, corn muffins, and other cereals that make breakfast such a tempting meal in the most hospitable country in the world. In the dining-room were further evidences of the host's *penchant* for Japanese art, the blue-white plates, coffee-cups, and other accessories being of Oriental design. Scattered over the table were queer little dishes containing mysterious relishes and compounds prepared by the painter himself, while in the center stood a bowl (Japanese, of course) filled with water on which a single blossom floated, perhaps a eucharist lily.

After my appearance on the stage, I met at Whistler's that remarkable architect, E. S. Godwin, and there being at the moment a vacant plot of ground in Tite Street, he set about drawing for me plans for an inexpensive house, but my triumvirate of counselors—Oscar Wilde, Frank Miles, and Whistler—insisted on offering so many suggestions regarding the building, which Godwin good-naturedly allowed them to carry out, that, when the rough sketches were inspected, it was discovered that there was no provision for a staircase, and before the architect had time to remedy the oversight, my engagement to tour the United States put an end to the project.

I might mention that a number of studies of me were made by Lord Leighton in his characteristically finished style, and that I sat for a shepherdess in his picture, "Arcadia," which I have never seen since. Some years later, when I was about to appear in New York as Galatea, Leighton designed my costume, making the draperies of flesh tint with blue-and-gold touches. He contended that the Greek statues had originally been colored, and that they had been washed white in the course of time.

Lord Houghton gave a commission for a portrait of me to be painted by his protégé and friend, Henry Weigall. It was not considered very successful, however, and the only person I ever heard admire it was General U. S. Grant, and he was too splendidly bluff and sincere not to have meant what he said.

A feature of the London season was a series of tableaux, planned for charitable purposes by Lady Freake and given at her enormous house in Cromwell Road, South Kensington. They are still remembered as being exceptional. Each tableau was directed by a great painter, and represented one of his best known works. Millais selected his poetic picture, "Effie Deans," choosing me to represent the heroine. The young girl leans over a stile, taking farewell of her betrayer—her maiden snood, to which she has forfeited the right, held in her hand—a very pathetic portrayal of what Mr. Gladstone considered to be Scott's greatest novel, "The Heart of Midlothian." Godfrey Pearce, who posed for the lover in the original picture, posed with me for the tableau. It was while I was sitting to Millais, by the by, that I first met Gladstone, the artist being engaged at the same time in painting the familiar, speaking likeness of the great statesman which is now in the National Portrait Gallery, London.

The next instalment of *Myself and Others* will appear in *August Cosmopolitan*.

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Golden Fleece

(Continued from page 45)

drew up among the dim-eyed monsters of the grove and directly alongside an eight-cylinder roadster with a snout like a greyhound.

"Aw, Charley, I thought you promised you wasn't going to stop!"

"Honey sweetness, I just never was so dry."

Miss Hassiebrock laid out a hand along his arm, sitting there in the quiet car, the trees closing over them.

"There's Yiddles Farm a little further out, Charley; let's stop there for some spring water."

He was peeling out of his gauntlets, and cramming them into spacious side pockets.

"Water, honey, can wash me, but it can't quench me."

"No high jinks to-night, though, Charley?"

"Sure—no."

They high-stepped through the gloom, and finally, with firmer step, up the gravel walk and into the white-lighted, screened-in porch.

Three waiters ran toward their entrance. A woman with a bare V of back facing them, and three plumes that dipped to her shoulders, turned square in her chair.

"Hi, Charley. Hi, Loo!"

"H'lo, Jess!"

They walked, thus guided by an obsequious waiter, through a light confetti of tossed greetings, sat, finally, at a table half concealed by an artificial palm.

"You don't feel like sitting with Jess and the crowd, Loo?"

"Charley, hasn't that gang got you into enough mix-ups?"

"All right, honey, anything your little heart desires."

She leaned on her elbows across the table from him, smiling and twirling a great ring of black onyx round her small finger.

"Love me?"

"Br-r-r—to death!"

"Sure?"

"Sure. What'll you have, hon?"

"I don't care."

"Got any my special Gold Top on ice for me, George? Good. Shoot me a bottle and a special layout of *hors d'oeuvres*. How's that, sweetness?"

"Yep."

"Poor little girl," he said, patting the black onyx, "with the bad old blues! I know what they are, honey; sometimes I get crazy with 'em myself."

Her lips trembled.

"It's you makes me blue, Charley."

"Now, now; just don't you worry that big nifty head of yours about me."

"The—the morning papers and all—I—I just hate to see you going so to—to the dogs, Charley—a—fellow like you—with brains."

"I'm a bad egg, girl, and what you going to do about it? I was raised like one, and I'll die like one."

"You ain't a bad egg. You just never had a chance. You been killed with coin."

"Killed with coin! Why, Loo, do you know, I haven't had to ask my old man

for a cent since my poor old granny died five years ago and left me a world of money? While he's been piling it up like the Rocky Mountains, I've been getting down to rock-bottom. What would you say, sweetness, if I told you I was down to my last few thousands? Time to touch my old man, eh?"

He drank off his first glass with a quaff, laughing and waving it empty before her face to give off its perfume.

"My old man is going to wake up in a minute and find me on his checking-account again. Charley boy better be making connections with headquarters or he won't find himself such a hit with the niftiest doll in town, eh?"

Charley, you—haven't run through those thousands and thousands and thousands the papers said you got from your granny that time?"

"It was slippery, hon; somebody butted it."

"Charley, Charley, ain't there just no limit to your wildness?"

"You're right, girl; I've been killed with coin. My old man's been too busy all these years sitting out there in that marble tomb in Kingsmoreland biting the rims off pennies to hold me back from the devil. Honey, that old man, even if he is my father, didn't know no more how to raise a boy like me than that there saltcellar. Every time I got in a scrape, he bought me out of it, filled up the house with rough talk, and let it go at that. It's only this last year, since he's short on health, that he's kicking up the way he should have before it got too late. My old man never used to talk it out with me, honey. He used to lash it out. I got a twelve-year-old welt on my back now, high as your finger. Maybe it'll surprise you, girl, but now, since he can't welt me up any more, me and him don't exchange ten words a month."

"Did—did he hear about last night, Charley? You know what came out in the paper about making a new will if—if you ever got pulled in again for rough-housing?"

"Don't you worry that nifty head of yours about my old man ever making a new will. He's been pulling that ever since they fired me from the academy for lighting a cigarette with a twenty-dollar bill."

"Charley!"

"Next to taking it with him, he'll leave it to me before he'll see a penny go out of the family. I've seen his will, hon."

"Charley, you—you got so much good in you. The way you sent that wooden leg out to poor old lady Guthrie. The way you made Jimmy Ball go home, and the blind-school boys and all. Why can't you get yourself on the right track where you belong, Charley? Why don't you clear—out—West, where it's clean?"

"I used to have that idea, Loo. West where a fellow's got to stand on his own. Why, if I'd have met a girl like you ten years ago, I'd have made you the baby doll of the Pacific Coast. I like you, Loo. I like your style and the way you look like a million dollars. When a fellow walks into a café with you, he feels like he's

wearing the Hope diamond. Maybe the society in this town has given me the cold shoulder, but I'd like to see any of the safety-first boys walk in with one that's got you beat. That's what I think of you, girl."

"Aw, now, you're lighting up, Charley. That's four glasses you've taken."

"Thought I was kidding you last night—didn't you—about wedding-bells?"

"You were lit up."

"I know. You're going to watch your step, little girl, and I don't know as I blame you. You can get plenty of boys my carat, and a lot of other things thrown in I haven't got to offer you."

"As if I wouldn't like you, Charley, if you were dead broke!"

"Of course you would! There, there, girl, I don't blame any of you for feathering your nest." He was flushed now and above the soft collar his face had relaxed into a not easily controllable smile. "Feather your nest, girl; you got the looks to do it. It's a far cry from Flamm Avenue to where a classy girl like you can land herself if she steers right. And I wish it to you, girl; the best isn't good enough."

"I—dare you to ask me again, Charley!"

"Ask what?"

"You know. Throw your head up the way you do when you mean what you say and—ask."

He was wagging his head now insistently, but pinioning his gaze with the slightly glassy stare of those who think none too clearly.

"Honest, I don't know, beauty. What's the idea?"

"Didn't you say yourself—Gerber, cut here in Claxton that—magistrate that marries you in verse—"

"By gad, I did!"

"Well—I—I—dare you to ask me again, Charley."

He leaned forward.

"You game, girl?"

"Sure."

"No kidding?"

"Try me."

"I'm serious, girl."

"So'm I."

"There's Jess over there can get us a special license from his brother-in-law. Married in verse in Claxton sounds good to me, honey."

"But not—the crowd, Charley; just you—and—"

"How're we going to get the license, honey, this time of night without Jess? Let's make it a million-dollar wedding. We're not ashamed of nobody or nothing."

"Of course not, Charley."

"Now, you're sure, honey? You're drawing a fellow that went to the dogs before he cut his canines."

"You're not all to the canines yet, Charley."

"I may be a black sheep, honey, but, thank God, I got my golden fleece to offer you!"

"You're not—black."

"You should worry, girl. I'm going to make you the million-dollar baby doll of this town, I am. If they turn their backs, we'll dazzle 'em from behind. I'm going to buy you every gewgaw this side of the Mississippi. I'm going to show them a baby doll that can make the high-society bunch in this

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town look like subway sports. Are you game, girl? Now, think well—here goes—Jess!"

"Charley—I—you—"

"Jess—over here! Quick!"

"Charley—honey—"

At eleven o'clock a sickle moon, thin as the stretched arch of a bow and quivering of its own ductility, cut through a sky that was fleecily clouded—a swift moon that rode fast as a ship. It rode over but did not light Squire Gerber's one-and-a-half-storied, weathered-gray, and set-slightly-in-a-hollow house on Claxton countryside.

Three motor-cars, their engines chugging out into wide areas of stillness, stood processional at the curb. A red hall light showed against the door-pane and two lower-story windows were widely illuminated.

Within that room of chromos and the cold horsehair smell of unaired years, silence, except for the singing of three gas-jets, had momentarily fallen, a dozen or so flushed faces, grotesquely sobered, staring through the gaseous fog, the fluttering lids of a magistrate whose lips habitually fluttered, just lifting from his book.

An hysterical catch of breath from Miss Vera de Long broke the ear-splitting silence. She reached out, the three plumes dipping down the bare V of her back, for the limp hand of the bride.

"Gawd bless you, dearie; it's a big night's work!"

In the tallest part of St. Louis, its busiest thoroughfares enclosing it in a rectangle, the Hotel Sherman, where traveling salesmen with real alligator bags and third-finger diamonds, habitually shake their first Pullman dust, rears eighteen stories up through and above an aeriality of soft-coal smoke, which fits over the rim of the city like a skull-cap.

In the Louis Quinze, gilt-bedded, gilt-framed, gilt-edged bridal-suite *à la lux* on the seventeenth floor, Mrs. Charley Cox sat rigid enough and in shirt-waisted incongruity on the lower curl of a gilt divan that squirmed to represent the letter S.

"Charley—are you—sorry?"

He wriggled out of his dust-coat, tossing it on the gilt-canopied bed and crossed to her, lifting off her red sailor.

"Now that's a fine question for a ten-hours' wifey to ask her hubby, ain't it? Am I sorry, she asks me before the wedding crowd has turned the corner. Lord, honey, I never expected anything like you to happen to me!"

She stroked his coat sleeve, mouthing back tears.

"Now everybody'll say—you're a goner—for sure—marrying a—Popular Store girl."

"If anybody got the worst of this bargain, it's my girl."

"My own boy," she said, still battling with tears.

"You drew a black sheep, honey, but I say again and again, 'Thank God, you drew one with golden fleece!'"

"That—that's the trouble, Charley—there's just no way to make a boy with money know you married him for any other reason."

"I'm not blaming you, honey. Lord, what have I got besides money to talk for me?"

"Lots. Why—like Jess says, Charley, when you get to squaring your lips and jerking up your head, there's nothing in the world you can't do that you set out to do."

"Well, I'm going to set out to make the stiff-necks of this town turn to look at my girl, all right. I'm going to buy you a chain of diamonds that'll dazzle their eyes out; I'm—"

"Charley, Charley, that's not what I want, boy. Now that I've got you, there ain't a chain of diamonds on earth I'd turn my wrist for."

"Yes, there is, girl; there's a string of pear-shaped ones in—"

"I want you to buck up, honey; that's the finest present you can give me. I want you to buck up like you didn't have a cent to your name. I want you to throw up your head the way you do when you mean business, and show that Charley Cox, without a cent to his name, would be—"

"Would be what, honey?"

"A winner. You got brains, Charley—if only you'd have gone through school and shown them. If you'd only have taken education, Charley, and not got fired out of all the academies, my boy would beat 'em all. Lord, boy, there's not a day passes over my head I don't wish for education. That's why I'm so crazy my little sister Genevieve should get it. I'd have took to education like a fish to water if I'd have had the chance, and there you were, Charley, with every private school in town and passed 'em up."

"I know, girl; just looks like every steer I gave myself was the wrong steer till it was too late to get in right again. Bad egg, I tell you, honey."

"Too late! Why, Charley—and you not even thirty-one yet? With your brains and all—too late! You make me laugh. If only you will—why, I'm game to go out West, Charley, on a ranch, where you can find your feet and learn to stand on them. You got stuff in you, you have. Jess Dandy says you was always first in school, and when you set your jaw, there wasn't nothing you couldn't get on top of. If you'd have had a mother and—and a father that wasn't the meanest old man in town, dear, and had known how to raise a hot-headed boy like you, you'd be famous now instead of notorious—that's what you'd be."

He patted her yellow hair at that, tilting her head back against his arm, pinching her cheeks together and kissing her puckered mouth.

"Dream on, honey; I like you crazy, too."

"But, honey, I—"

"You married this millionaire kid, and, bless your heart, he's going to make good by showing you the color of his coin."

"Charley!"

She sprang back from the curve of his embrace, unshed tears immediately distilled.

"Why, honey—I didn't mean it that way! I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. What I meant was—sh-h-h-h, Loo—all I meant was, it's coming to you. Where'd the fun be if I couldn't make this town

point up its ears at my girl? Nobody knows any better than your hubby what his Loo was cut out for. She was cut out for queening it, and I'm going to see that she gets what's her due. Wouldn't be surprised if the papers have us already. Let's see what we'll give them with their coffee this morning."

He unfolded his fresh sheet, shaking it open with one hand and still holding her in the cove of his arm.

"Guess we missed the first edition, but they'll get us sure."

She peered at the sheet over his shoulder, her cheek against his and still sobbing a bit in her throat.

The jerking of her breath stopped then; in fact, it was as if both their breathing had let down with the oneness of a clock stopped.

It was she who moved first, falling back from him, her mouth dropping open slightly.

He let the paper fall between his wide-spread knees, the blood flowing down from his face and seeming to leave him leaner.

"Charley—Charley—darling!"

"My—poor old man!" he said, in a voice that might have been his echo in a cave.

"He—his heart must have give out on him, Charley, while he slept in the night."

"My—poor—old—man!"

She stretched out her hand timidly to his shoulder.

"Charley—boy—my poor boy!"

He reached up to cover her timid touch, still staring ahead as if a mental apathy had clutched him.

"He died like—he—lived. Gad—it's—tough!"

"It—it wasn't your fault, darling. God forgive me for speaking against the dead, but—everybody knows he was a hard man, Charley—the way he used to beat you up instead of showing you the right way. Poor old man, I guess he didn't know—"

"My old man—dead!"

She crept closer, encircling his neck and her wet cheek close to his dry one.

"He's at peace now, darling—and all your sins are forgiven—like you forgive—his."

His lips were twisting.

"There was no love lost there, girl. God knows there wasn't. There was once nine months we didn't speak. Never could have been less between a father and son. You see he—he hated me from the start, because my mother died hating him—but—dead—that's another matter. Ain't it, girl—ain't it?"

She held her cheek to his so that her tears veered out of their course, zig-zagging down to his waistcoat, stroked his hair, placing her rich, moist lips to his eyelids.

"My darling! My darling boy! My own poor darling!"

Sobs rumbled up through him, the terrific sobs that men weep.

"You—married a rotter, Loo, that couldn't even live decent with his—old man. He—died like a dog—alone."

"Sh-h-h Charley. Just because he's dead don't mean he was any better while he lived."

"I'll make it up to you, girl, for the rotter I am. I'm a rich man now, Loo."

"Sh-h-h."

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WHEN A NAIL WON'T DO IT

"I'll show you, girl. I can make somebody's life worth living. I'm going to do something for somebody to prove I'm worth the room I occupy, and that somebody's going to be you, Loo. I'm going to build you a house that'll go down in the history of this town. I'm going to wind you around with pearls to match that skin of yours. I'm going to put the kind of clothes on you that you read of queens wearing. I've seen enough of the kind of meanness money can breed. I'm going to make those Romans back there look like pikers. I'm—"

She reached out, placing her hand pat across his mouth, and, in the languid air of the room, shuddering so that her lips trembled.

"Charley—for God's sake—it—it's a sin to talk that way!"

"O God, I know it, girl! I'm all muddled—muddled."

He let his forehead drop against her arm and, in the long silence that ensued, she sat there her hand on his hair.

The roar of traffic, seventeen stories below, came up through the open windows like the sound of high seas, and from where she sat, staring out between the pink-brocade curtains, it was as if the close July sky dipped down to meet that sea, and space swam around them.

"O God," he said finally, "what does it all mean—this living and dying—"

"Right living, Charley, makes dying take care of itself."

"God, how he must have died, then! Like a dog—alone."

"Sh-h-h, Charley; don't get to thinking."

Without raising his head, he reached up to stroke her arm.

"Honey, you're shivering."

"No-o."

"Everything's all right, girl. What's the use me trying to sham it's not. I—I'm bowled over for the minute, that's all. If it had to come, after all it—it came right for my girl. With that poor old man out there, honey, living alone like a dog all these years, it's just like putting him from one marble mausoleum out there on Kingsmoreland Place into one where maybe he'll rest easier. He's better off, Loo, and—we—are, too. Hand me the paper, honey: I—want to see—just how my—poor old man—breathed out."

Then Mrs. Cox rose, her face distorted with holding back tears, her small high heels digging into and breaking the newspaper at his feet.

"Charley—Charley—"

"Why, girl, what?"

"You don't know it, but my sister, Charley—Ida Bell!"

"Why, Loo, I sent off the message to your mamma. They know it by now."

"Charley—Charley—"

"Why, honey, you're full of nerves! You mustn't go to pieces like this. Your sister's all right. I sent them a—"

"You—you don't know, Charley. My sister—I swore her an oath on my mother's prayer-book I wouldn't tell, but now that he's dead, that—lets me out. The will—Charley, he made it yesterday, like he always swore he would the next time you got your name on the front page."

"Made what, honey? Who?"

"Charley, can't you understand? My

sister Ida Bell and Brookes—your father's lawyer. She's his private stenographer—Brookes', honey. You know that. But she told me last night, honey, when I went home. You're cut off, Charley! Your old man sent for Brookes yesterday at noon. I swear to God, Charley! My sister Ida Bell, she broke her confidence to tell me. He's give a million alone to the new college hospital. Half a million apiece to four or five old peoples' homes. He's give his house to the city with the art gallery. He's even looked up relations to give to. He kept his word, honey, that all those years he kept threatening. He—he kept it the day before he died. He must have had a hunch—your poor old man. Charley, darling, don't look like that! If your wife ain't the one to break it to you you're broke, who is? You're not 'Million Dollar Charley' no more, honey. You're just my own Charley, with his chance come to him—you hear, my Charley, with the best thing that ever happened to him in his life happening right now.

He regarded her as if trying to peer through something opaque, his hands spread rather stupidly on his wide knees.

"Huh?"

"Charley, Charley, can't you understand? A dollar, that puts him within the law, is all he left you."

"He never did. He never did. He wouldn't. He couldn't. He never did. I saw—his will. I'm the only survivor. I saw his will."

"Charley, I swear to God! I swear as I'm standing here you're cut off. My sister copied the new will on her typewriter three times and seen the sealed and stamped one. He kept his word. He wrote it with his faculties and witnesses. We're broke, Charley—thank God, we're flat broke!"

"He did it? He did it? My old man did it?"

"As sure as I'm standing here, Charley."

He fell to blinking rapidly, his face puckering to comprehend.

"I never thought it could happen. But I—I guess it could happen. I think you got me doped, honey."

"Charley, Charley!" she cried, falling down on her knees beside him, holding his face in the tight vise of her hands and reading with such closeness into his eyes that they seemed to merge into one. "Haven't you got your Loo? Haven't you got her?"

He sprang up at that, jerking her backward, and all the purple-red gushed up into his face again.

"Yes, by God, I've got you! I'll break the will; I'll—"

"Charley, no—no! He'd rise out of his grave at you. It's never been known where a will was broke where they didn't rise out of the grave to haunt."

He took her squarely by the shoulders, the tears running in furrows down his face.

"I'll get you out of this, Loo. No girl in God's world will have to find herself tied up to me without I can show her a million dollars every time she remembers that she's married to a rotter. I'll get you out of this, girl, so you won't even show a scratch. I'll—"

"Charley," she said, lifting herself by his coat lapels, and her eyes again so closely level with his, "you're crazy with

the heat—stark, raving crazy! You got your chance, boy, to show what you're made of—can't you see that? We're going West, where men get swept out with clean air and clean living. We'll break ground in this here life for the kind of pay-dirt that'll make a man of you. You hear? A man of you!"

He lifted her arms and, because they were pressing insistently down, squirmed out from beneath them.

"You're a good sport, girl; nobody can take that from you. But just the same, I'm going to let you off without a scratch."

"'Good sport!' I'd like to know, any-ways, where I come in with all your solid-gold talk. Me that's stood behind somebody-or-other's counter ever since I had my working-papers."

"I'll get you out of—"

"Have I ever lived anywheres except in a dirty little North Saint Louis flat with us three girls in a bed? Haven't I got my name all over town for speed, just because I've always had to rustle out and try to learn how to flatten out a dime to the size of a dollar? Where do I come in on the solid-gold talk, I'd like to know. I'm the penny-splitter of the world, the girl that made the five-and-ten millinery department famous. I can look tailor-made on a five-dollar bill and a tissue-paper pattern. Why, honey, with me scheming for you, starting out on your own is going to make a man of you. You got stuff in you. I knew it, Charley, the first night you spied me at the Highlands dance. Somewhere out West, Charley Cox is now going to begin to show 'em the stuff in Charley Cox—that's what Charley Cox & Co. are going to do!"

He shook his head, turning away his eyes to hide their tears.

"You been stung, Loo. Nothing on earth can change that."

She turned his face back to her, smiling through her own tears.

"You're not adding up good this morning, Mr. Cox. When do you think I called you up last night? When could it have been if not after my sister broke her confidence to tell me? Why do you think all of a sudden last night I seen your bluff through about Gerber? It was because I knew I had you where you needed me, Charley—I never would have dragged you down the other way in a million years, but when I knew I had you where you needed me—why, from that minute, honey, you didn't have a chance to dodge me!"

She wound her arms round him, trembling between the suppressed hysteria of tears and laughter.

"Not a chance, Charley!"

He jerked her so that her face fell back from him, foreshortened.

"Loo—oh, girl—oh, girl!"

Her throat was tight and would not give her voice for coherence.

"Charley—we—we'll show 'em—you—me!"

Looking out above her head at the vapory sky showing through the parting of the pink-brocade curtains, rigidity raced over Mr. Cox, stiffening his hold of her.

The lean look had come out in his face; the flanges of his nose quivered; his head went up.

The next *Fannie Hurst* story, *Get Ready the Wreaths*, will appear in *September Cosmopolitan*.

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The Gray Hair

(Continued from page 102)

others had relied for protection, what chance had they against the resourceful genius of the society?

"I'll be glad to answer anything, Mr. Heenan. But I'm sure I don't know how I can help you."

"I think you can," he said, a certain quiet stubbornness in his tone. "I would like you to think over the past two days, Miss Courtney. Then I would like you to tell me if you know—of your own personal knowledge, and not because he told you—where your uncle was between eight and nine o'clock on the night before last, between eleven and two yesterday, and between six and eight last night."

"Eight and nine on the night before last? Why, between those hours John Hastings was killed! And yesterday—Deewald, Warrenner and Coleman—and between six and eight—"

"Casey Red, chauffeur of the taxi that took the murderer to Hastings house, was killed," said Heenan. "Will you answer my questions, Miss Courtney?"

Her breath came fast. "I don't understand you," she faltered, while a sickening doubt, that had been planted in her breast by Allaire this afternoon, took root and flourished suddenly.

"I'll explain later," said Heenan. "Just answer them now, ma'am, if you will."

She tried to speak, but could not. The hint behind Heenan's questions was too plain. Yet how absurd it was! And then she thought again of the gray-haired man and the hair that Blake had drawn from her lapel. But her uncle had been at home sleeping, to-day, when Allaire and Blake had chased the murderer. And while he had been out somewhere the evening before last, and out again yesterday forenoon, and out again between six and eight last night—it was too absurd! She walked swiftly to the library door, and, before Heenan guessed her intention, had called,

"Uncle!"

"Yes, my dear?"

Courtney, fully dressed, was half-way down the stairs that led from his room. He descended the full distance. She pointed into the library.

"That man wants to know where you've been—oh, ask him yourself, Mr. Heenan!"

"What is it, Heenan?" demanded Courtney. His face was flushed with fever, but his voice was calm and cold. He sat down in a chair near his large, old-fashioned safe. The detective flushed a little beneath his calm scrutiny. But when he spoke, his voice, too, was cold.

"Mr. Courtney, the repair-man of the Burglary Insurance Company called here to-day to repair the wires cut by the man who entered last night. He informed his company that it looked like a job done from the inside. The company informed me; I just came up here and verified his statement. Those wires were cut from the inside!"

"Well?" Courtney was still calm.

"Ex-Commissioner Blake and Robert Allaire saw the murderer to-day. Allaire thought he was you!"

Heenan plumped the charge out as though to sweep Courtney off his feet. But the man with the signs of fever on his

face merely raised his eyebrows and looked at his niece.

"I told you, my dear, that Robert was not quite himself." He turned to Heenan. "Did he also tell you that he immediately telephoned me and that I was at home?"

"He did," said Heenan. "Also that the Wilkins car was found at the Martinette, a two-minute walk from this house. Mr. Courtney, this isn't a case where I want to make an arrest unless I'm sure."

Courtney smiled.

"And if I were the murderer, don't you think you're taking risks?"

"I have two men outside this house," said Heenan calmly. "You'd never pass them alive. I'm taking no risk of your escaping. As for myself—Mr. Courtney, I may be doing a tremendous injustice to you. If I am, I'll apologize for it later. And if you'll answer a few questions, I'll ask no more of you."

"And if I don't?"

"You'll be arrested at once, charged with murder."

This verbal fencing increased the strain on Allison's nerves.

"Answer them, uncle, no matter how absurd he seems."

"I will, in a moment," said Courtney. "But first, Heenan, why on earth do you suspect me?"

"It's too much of a coincidence that you and Tobey, the two men who refused last night to contribute, should be both attacked within a few hours," said Heenan. "Now this ain't regular—this telling a man the case against him. But I'm giving you a chance—that's all. Show me your alibi for the time Hastings, Warrenner, Coleman, Deewald, and Casey Red were killed, and I'll admit I'm a sucker right off. I don't want to charge a man like you without good reason. But that burglary last night was an inside job."

"But why should I attempt to burglarize my own house?"

"To throw suspicion off yourself, if any should arise," said Heenan patiently. "You'd got Tobey for his refusal, and you thought it would mix things up if it seemed there'd been an attempt to get you."

"But your men were outside the house. How could I have 'got' Tobey without their knowing it?"

"You don't work alone," said Heenan.

"And now, Mr. Courtney, I've given you all I'm going to. All you've got to do is to tell me, first, where you were between eight and nine night before last. I don't want to make any mistake—but I'm taking no chances. I've got my men outside. If I don't come out in a few minutes, they'll come in after me; so you won't do anything rash. Where were you?"

"Answer him, uncle!" cried Allison. "Don't let him sit there and intimate—"

Courtney smiled.

"On the night before last, my dear Heenan, I was in Hoboken, making a payment to bind the purchase of some apartment-property over there. I have the signed agreement in my safe. It is dated; I will get the agreement for you. You may call up the notary who witnessed the signatures, and he will tell you at what hour the agreement was signed. Will that do?"

"Let me see the paper," demanded Heenan.

Courtney walked to the safe. It was extremely large, five feet high, and filled a corner of the library. He fumbled with the combination. The front-door bell rang, and he straightened up suddenly.

"See who it is, Allison," he said.

But Maggie, the maid, was in the hall. She opened the door at once, and immediately there was the sound of rushing feet upon the stairs. Courtney's flushed face went white. He bent again over the safe and his shaking hands moved rapidly. Then Allaire and Blake burst into the room. The head of each of them was bound in gauze, and their faces were pale as men who have just risen from the sick-bed. They paused in the door for just a fraction of a second. Then, as they leaped forward, a revolver shone in Courtney's hands. Weapons were in their own hands, but they paused. The voice of Courtney broke the deadly stillness.

"My niece," he said softly, "might be hurt. Gentlemen, be careful!" He moved his revolver so that it covered Heenan. "You, having no feelings, might not care that a lady were injured. The first bullet is for you, Heenan, if you dare to move."

His left hand still fumbled with the combination, and he worked it, though his back was to the safe.

"I am not well," he said, with a smile. "Had I been well, you gentlemen"—and he looked at Blake and Allaire—"would not be here. I thought I'd settled for you. My arm is not as strong as it was once. Had I used a revolver, I would have been sure. A gentleman should not use the vulgar sand-bag. And yet—I'm not caught yet. Be careful not to move, Heenan! You others will have regard for the lady, but you, Heenan—no; I'm not caught yet!" He laughed in sheer triumph. "You will not dare to fire, lest I return it and my niece be hurt. And so—to safety! Forgive the pun!"

He swung the great door of the safe open, and they saw at last. For he stooped slightly, was behind the heavy door, and it was closing upon him before Heenan, his weapon out at last, could move from his chair. The edge of the steel door was within an inch of slamming home, with Courtney inside; Heenan's fingers clawed at the smooth surface and only propelled it the faster; he was too late to seize the knob or the edge. As for the others, fear for Allison had kept them from even raising their revolvers.

And, then as the steel door touched its jamb, it paused. There came from within the huge safe the sounds of a struggle. The door opened. Out upon the floor rolled Courtney, and, after him, the form of Tobey. And even as Allaire and Heenan and Blake sprang at the rolling figure of Allison's uncle, the revolver, that Tobey's attack had not made him relinquish, was discharged. The trigger had caught in the fringe of the library rug. Courtney rolled over on his back.

"Confess, Courtney; confess!" cried Heenan into the ears of the dying man.

Courtney's eyes glazed; they took on an expression of surprise.

"Courtney? Courtney? The beggar must look like me. You're the second man in Johannesburg that's called me Courtney. My name is Browne."

"But your real name"—and Blake



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XX

THE name of Allaire had been cleared; the name of Courtney received no stain. Those clients who had withdrawn their business from Allaire were prompt to return it to him. In relief at not being forced to go into hiding on Deewald's yacht, at getting their half-million back, and out of gratitude to Allaire for his part in solving the mystery, the eight financiers had informed the young lawyer that his career would continue as though John Hastings had lived. The practise that Hastings would have given him, they would give him. Phelan, Swinton, and Lane had given him a dinner at the Maple Club, and did not insist that he play bridge afterward, although they chafed him on being "bossed" before matrimony.

Allison had promised to marry him as soon as the society had been forgotten, or, at least, had ceased to be a nine days' wonder. Her strong mind and body, aided, perhaps, by the soothing words of Allaire, had refused to break down at the shock of her pseudo uncle's death and the revelations that followed upon it. It was a mercy that Overton had never won her love, for, intensely loyal as she was, had she been fond of him, the discovery of his imposture and other crimes might have invalidated even so strong a young person as she. But she was all right and so, of course, was Allaire. The bruise inflicted by Overton when he had gained admittance to Allaire's apartment was a minor matter, as was that suffered by Blake. The insanity which had mastered the impersonator had weakened his arm toward the end. Blake and Allaire had been unconscious only a short time, and then had been able to taxi-cab to the Courtney residence in time to witness the climax, which would have occurred even had they not arrived. Yes; Allaire was all right.

Tobey was all right, too. He remembered nothing, save that he had awakened in a strange house. He was bound and gagged, but not blindfolded, and had recognized Courtney as his captor. But he had not been harmed, and, after working hours on his bonds, had loosened them. He had then managed to break down a door that led to a narrow passage. He had followed this passage down under the ground, then up again, and had finally come up at the back of the safe in Courtney's library in time to recognize the murderer's voice and bear him to the ground. That passage explained much. It led from the house, supposedly unoccupied, on Thirty-seventh Street, directly back of the Courtney home. Courtney owned the vacant house under an assumed name, and had, after probably months or years of labor, constructed the passage, which opened into the safe, and extended up another flight to a closet in his room. Undoubtedly, he had been the "burglar,"

in the dead of night, his progress through the passage, on his return from kidnaping Tobey, had been audible. For some reason or other, he had chosen to emerge from the safe instead of from the closet in his room. At Allison's shot he had dodged back into the safe, made his way up-stairs to his own room, descended, and cut the burglar-alarm wires, and opened the kitchen window when he had gone down-stairs in apparent pursuit of the mid-night marauder.

But the passage explained also Courtney's alibis. He had been able to enter the Thirty-seventh Street house and race through the passage to his room in time to answer Allaire's excited telephone-call.

His knowledge of Allaire's handwriting and business was easily explainable. Allison naturally told her supposed uncle of her fiancé's business prospects, and he might have seen a note from Allaire to Allison. Also, the girl had mentioned Allaire's plans for the night of Hastings' murder. Just why he had chosen to impersonate Allaire could be explained not only on the grounds of Allaire's business relations with Hastings but also on the theory that Allaire, having socialistic tendencies, might be supposed by an insane man to have anarchistic views also, and be willing to join the society of which Overton was the only member. This theory also explained the sending of the thousand dollars to Allaire.

And the attacks on Blake and Allaire were explained by the murderer's fear that the gray hair, the only proof, might be used by Blake to trace the crimes to their source. Overton had got Allison out of the house by the errand to Wilkins, and then had gone to Allaire's apartment, where, Allison had told him, the ex-commissioner and the lawyer were to meet. Evidently, Overton had feared that, if Allison remained at home, she would insist on looking into his room to see if he were well. And only his fast-failing strength—an autopsy later proved his insanity—had saved Allaire's life when his gray-haired visitor, who had given no name, struck him down in the moment of entrance and recognition. Then Blake had been attacked, and Overton had gone home via the secret passage, only to lose his nerve at Heenan's charges and the appearance of the two men he thought he had killed.

The fact that he was Overton, the fugitive from justice, the "Impersonator of Great Men, Past and Present," was the explanation of the clever deceptions perpetrated by the murderer. Overton had been the greatest master of the art of make-up in his time. The years had not robbed him of his cunning.

And the fact that Courtney had really been Overton was the fly in the ointment for Heenan. The great detective had never guessed this. He had had only suspicion—suspicion on which he would have found it hard to secure an indictment even, much less a conviction. And Blake, the ousted commissioner of police, had investigated and, if Overton had not died, would have undoubtedly been able to secure a conviction of the murderer.

For the gray hair on Allison's lapel could only have come from the murderer's gray wig. And her pseudo uncle was the only person from which it could have come. Blake had looked up Courtney's past; the mention of the name of Overton by Allaire,

after his researches, coupled with Casey Red's past acquaintance with the impersonator, had interested Blake. And when he had found that Courtney had been in Africa at the time of Overton's alleged death, and that no one had seen Courtney during all the years of his absence, it had seemed to him that it was highly probable that Courtney was really Overton, a conclusion that Overton's dying words had made certain.

Of course, there was much theory; it could never be known certainly whether or not Casey Red had recognized his old master and been bribed into silence at first, later used as an accomplice, and then slain because of his drunken loquacity. It could only be presumed, as, also, Overton's attempt at flight, even before Blake and Allaire arrived, through the safe raised the presumption that Heenan's reasoning had been correct. But the gray hair was the only real evidence before Overton's attempted flight. There was no other direct proof; for no disguises were found in the vacant house, although ashes in the furnace might have been those of wigs.

But the theories were such that the newspapers acclaimed Blake in even the same editions in which they also praised Heenan for keeping his word and capturing the murderer within forty-eight hours. Both men deserved credit; but when one got down to cases, all "Courtney" would have had to do to refute Heenan would have been to hold his tongue. Heenan had no proof. If "Courtney" had chosen to laugh at Heenan, and not lied about a Hoboken transaction as an excuse to enter the safe, Heenan could have done nothing, in the absence of proof. Only, the fever which had seized upon the murderer, in the last stage of the possibly sincere yet insane plan to redistribute the wealth of the world, had given him away.

But the hair which Blake had taken from Allison's lapel was *proof*. The murderer would have had to explain where he bought it. The chances were that some one of Jepner's clerks would have seen a resemblance in the murderer to the person who bought it. Coupled with everything else, it made for proof. And Blake had done this! The fire of Heenan's triumph had turned to ashes.

For Blake had given his whole theory to the papers. He had explained his belief that Overton had seized upon Courtney's death and their resemblance, one to the other, to throw any detectives still upon his trail off the scent. Then Overton, learning of the deaths of Courtney's brother and father, had dared claim Courtney's inheritance and place in the world. Then he had broken down under the strain of the impersonation, had lost money speculating, had gone insane, had planned the murderous society, had been recognized by Casey Red—Blake's whole theory sounded like imaginative fiction, but the facts bore it out. And Blake had done it all!

Heenan sat in his office, rereading and rereading the afternoon papers. The four financiers had been buried; their funeral processions had passed through crowds who forgot the solemnity of the occasion in the huge relief at knowing that New York was no longer threatened by an anarchistic society. The city made gay.

"He even," mused Heenan, "doped it out that Overton stole the auto from which

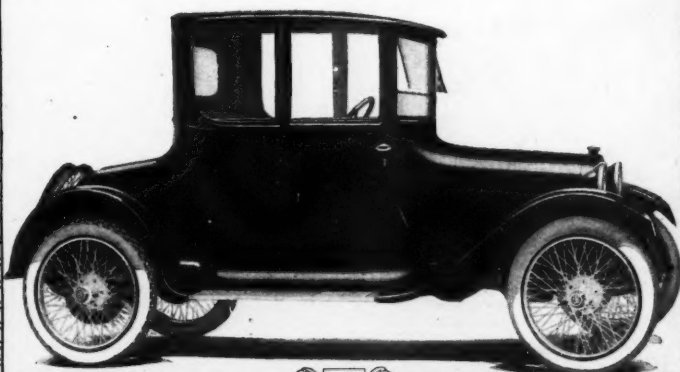
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he killed Deewald on the day he was downtown in Maiden Lane having a ring set for Miss Courtney. He got everything. And still—he ain't a detective. Things happened for him—that's all. He ain't a detective—hanged if he is! He's just a lucky guy that stumbled on things—that's all. He's just lucky. He didn't have to keep busy trying to protect them guys, or any of the other work, and he had time to look up those wigs, and he happened to see that hair on the girl's lapel, and he happened to hear her tell about the gray-haired guy on the next block, and that's all. Luck!" Then he sighed. "After all, I was Johnny-on-the-spot. I got the guy, for all Blake got him to tell who he really was and all the rest of it. I got him!" He sighed again. "Aw, I ain't small! If the papers think that, under the conditions,

with all due credit to me, the mayor acted hasty—why—I ain't small. There's glory enough for two. Blake doped it after the guy'd been nailed by me. At least, I got there first, and—Blake won't go into detective work. Running the department is all he cares about. And he didn't really deserve to be fired. He done well. I admit it. He done real well. And I ain't small. If he hadn't done anything, it'd be different. But, as it is—anyway, a guy gets his too much from the papers in this job. They roasted me yesterday because Tobey was kidnaped, and—I ain't stuck on it."

He drew a piece of paper toward him and wrote his resignation. That night, the interrupted career of Blake was in full swing again. Mayor Phinney had reappointed him commissioner of police.

THE END

Andrew Carnegie

(Concluded from page 77)

Now he had sufficient capital to found the Keystone Bridge Works—the steel-king was in the making.

In those frontier days of transportation, there were no standardized rates; everybody was a rebater. The closest bargainer had a sharp advantage over his competitors. Whoever could ship tonnage at the least cost held his rivals at a disadvantage.

Carnegie surely knew every traffic deal in his district. It was his business to have the information, and the information doubtless got him much business.

Luck had put an extra ace in his hand. One may do well in every game with such an advantage.

As day grows into night, a steel-rail-mill was his next undertaking. The purchase of the Homestead Works followed, long before which his responsibilities were too heavy for one pair of shoulders.

Common sense and discretion both urged a policy of partnerships. Carnegie was not a technician, not even a mechanic. Without technical experts and practical collaborators, his strategic position was nullified.

The school in which he trained advocated no allegiance without commensurate returns. He was a sufficiently apt pupil to realize that any man qualified for executive responsibility was a potential opponent, and he could better afford more associates than additional competitors.

He saved millions by sharing thousands. Napoleon knocked threatening ambitions out of his lieutenants' heads with marshal's batons. So did Carnegie. He bought talent on his own terms, because he bought it early enough. The liberal employer pays least in the long run.

Nothing extraordinary about the foregoing.

To recapitulate: we find an industrious young man who has paid strict attention to business, sidestepped risk, engaged only

in correlated activities, who measured his leaps, and otherwise faithfully observed the oftenest quoted copy-book maxims relating to success.

It is perfectly apparent that anyone concentrating his attention and abilities upon a given objective should produce telling results.

But Carnegie did not specialize. He yearned for intellectual recognition—for fame, for glory. Neither business nor money could satisfy his avidity.

Philanthropy is the one diversion remaining to the plutocrat after failure to extract anticipated pleasures and benefits from wealth.

But here Carnegie is unique. Endowment is no afterthought of his. As early as 1885, he declared his present program.

We discover the incipient benefactor, publicist and author in British and American periodicals thirty years ago. The illiterate little pauper had already developed into a forceful and finished writer—an observer of world affairs, a student of politics, an authority on economics, a fluent platform speaker with several well-regarded volumes to his credit. You see, his is at once a perfectly plausible and utterly illogical performance. We have never known his like, and we do not yet know if we like him.

Superior as we grant Mr. Carnegie to be, we feel it is our place and not his privilege to recognize his countless excellences.

We cherish a stubborn conviction that the great should be especially modest, and although we are sure that the wish to serve is responsible for Mr. Carnegie's manifold expressions of generosity, none the less his habit of stenciling educational and humanitarian institutions with his personal mark suggests the uncharitable notion that the advertising space is well worth even the price he pays for it.

But bystanders cannot judge the aim of a big gun; the elevation is confusing.

See
Thomas A. Edison

with the eyes of

Herbert Kaufman

In August Cosmopolitan.

But He Saw New York

(Continued from page 75)

outside the station. A porter carried their bags. A cab rolled up.

The lady gave her number and stepped within. She leaned out, however, to whisper, with a warning glance at the driver, "Ask how much it will be."

"How much?" The driver was a forbidding person; Henry's voice faltered.

"Four dollars," replied the driver.

"How much did he say?" whispered the lady.

"Four dollars."

"Oh, that's all right! Sometimes they try to get five."

Distress touched Henry's face.

The porter, his arms full of bags, leaned over the step. A suitcase—Henry's—slipped out of his grasp and fell on the lady's foot. She fell back, white with pain. Her lower lip trembled.

"Oh," cried Henry, "you're hurt!"

She crowded suddenly forward, swept Henry back with an elbow, glared at the porter, and let forth a torrent of language such as Henry had never before heard from the lips of a lady. It made him uncomfortable. He wished she would stop. Her creamy skin was red and rough now. The porter was apologizing abjectly. On the box, the driver was whistling cheerily. She turned to Henry, said,

"Don't give the fool a cent—not one cent!"

Henry had been ready, after some painful calculating, with a silver quarter. He managed now, while she was hunting feverishly for the powder-puff in her bag, to drop the coin into the porter's curved palm. They rode away. The endlessly busy city swirled about the cab. Henry felt a gloved hand in his. Then a voice.

"Wasn't it dreadful of me to lose my temper like that?"

"Oh, no!" cried Henry quickly. "Oh, no! Anybody would have!"

"He hurt me like everything. But I shouldn't have lost my temper. I told you I was ugly in the morning."

"But you aren't! You were awfully nice at breakfast." She seemed to have no reply for this. Henry added: "It's your temperament. I understand it."

She gave him a sidelong glance, then rode in silence, considering this.

She lived in a yellow-brick flat-building, far up-town.

"We could have taken the elevated," she said, "but it's so noisy and crowded."

"And there's all our bags," he added.

He carried hers in for her, and up-stairs to a door in a dark hall, where one gas-jet flickered in a little bead of light. He wondered if the landlady put chewing-gum inside the burner to shut off all but a minimum of gas. That was what Mrs. Wilcox did in the boarding-house in which Henry lived in Sunbury, Illinois.

He sniffed a musty odor that seemed to come from the walls and the floor. One of his sudden, unaccountable fits of depression came upon him now. He stood motionless, his mouth drooping at the corners, his eyes downcast.

The lady regarded him.

"I'm not going to ask you in now," she murmured.

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The light that says
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There are nooks and corners in every home that even daylight cannot reach—

where matches, candles or lamps are positively dangerous. That's why you need an Eveready DAYLO* about the house, for both convenience and safety.

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*DAYLO is not merely the new name for our product but a mark by which the public will hereafter distinguish between the ordinary "flasher" or "flashlight" and the highest development of the portable electric light.

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get an Eveready DAYLO

when a leak in the water or gas pipe must be fixed quickly

when you lose a key, a coin or a ring in the dark

when the watch dog barks his alarm

when all the lights in the house go out

when the wrong medicine bottle may mean a tragedy

whenever you need light—indoors or out—that cannot cause fire or blow out—you need an Eveready DAYLO*



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Foot troubles are generally due to misplaced bones. Fallen arches often cause pains in feet, legs, thighs and back. Callouses on sole are due to pressure from some metatarsal bone.

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Adjustable Callous Remover & Arch Builder

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If your feet bother you, our book, "Orthoprazy of the Foot," will help you. Free. Write.

WIZARD FOOT APPLIANCE CO., 1672 LOCUST ST., ST. LOUIS, MO.

"You said you wanted to take care of me," said he stoutly.

"Of course I'll take care of you." She came close to him. "You may kiss me—just once."

He hesitated, then touched her cheek with his lips.

"You funny boy!" she said. Then, "Aren't you going to ask me to lunch?"

"Oh, yes, of course! But—"

"I'll meet you down-town at half-past one. • Say at Delmonico's."

He stared at her. His mouth fell a little open. If she had said, "I am the queen, and you are to lunch with me at the royal palace," the words could have moved him no more deeply.

"You can find it. Ask somebody. And then you can tell me all about things, and where you're stopping."

"I'll be at the Waldorf," said he, and moved, in a daze, down the stairs and out to the waiting cab.

Rattling along under the elevated structure, he said aloud, in a state that was like exultation except that there was no joy in it, a nervous tension more extreme than anything he had felt yet—dread, hope, and a fascinatingly terrible sense of being cut away from all moorings, of drifting on a boundless tide of human experience:

"I kissed her! I did—I kissed her!"

The cab turned into a cross-street that was lined with brown houses with high stoops, all alike. Henry had read in novels of "brownstone fronts." These brought a separate little thrill of their own.

Then they swung into a long, straight avenue that was crowded, even at this hour of the forenoon, with traffic. It seemed to him that thousands of glittering carriages passed, most of them with driver and footman in livery.

He knew now that he was riding down Fifth Avenue. The brown- and gray-stone buildings were the mansions of the very rich. Each housed a family concerning which Henry already knew much.

The cab pulled up before a wonderful structure of red stone. An austere person in gold-braided uniform opened the door and reached for his bags. Henry gaye the cabman two two-dollar bills.

"Well," remarked that worthy—"well, well?"

"What is it? What's the matter?" asked Henry, glancing about to see if the austere person was listening. He was not. He had crossed the walk with the bags and was entering the hotel.

"Eight dollars," said the driver.

"You said four dollars."

"That was to go up there."

"But you had to come back, anyway."

"I didn't have to bring you."

The cabman's face was growing redder. He was undoubtedly about to utter loud noises.

"Oh, well," said Henry; "it ain't right, but—"

"It is right! Do you think I'd make my horse—"

"Keep quiet, can't you! I'm going to pay it."

"Of course you're going to pay it."

Four one-dollar bills were added to the two two-dollar ones in the cabman's red and dirty hand.

"Well," he cried, "is that all?"

"Oh," said Henry miserably, glancing around again, "I suppose you want a

tip." He found a half-dollar in his pocket and meekly handed it over.

"Oh, get out!" roared the driver. "Why, this here ain't even ten per cent.!"

Then Henry fled. He didn't turn until well within the great double doors of glass.

The cabman was standing now on his box, whip in hand. He was bellowing.

"He won't dare chase me in here," thought Henry. "And probably there's another door where I can go out."

He stood before a counter of yellow marble. There were great columns of the same rich stone. The chairs and lounges were red and gold. More of the austere men and boys stood about in their gold braid. The extremely indifferent young man behind the marble counter was apparently the clerk. Henry boldly signed the register and said,

"I want a room."

"With a bath?" asked the young man.

"Oh—why, yes. How—how much will it cost?"

"Give you a nice, quiet room in the rear for four dollars."

"A day?" asked Henry.

"Oh, yes."

"That's with board, I—"

"No; just the room."

"How much without a bath?"

"Give you a pleasant room at two dollars."

"I—I'll take the room with the bath."

"All right. Front! Six seventeen."

Henry's impulse was to linger and visit, but the young man had turned his back, and the austere person was moving him toward a golden elevator. He gave this person a quarter. It seemed impossible to offer him less.

He found the other exit he had hoped for and wandered out on the Avenue.

Never, even on a Sabbath in Sunbury, had he seen such clothes as these New York people wore. He felt crude, obscure. At least he had brought his gloves. It became apparent early that he couldn't appear at Delmonico's in the old soft hat that had done so well in Sunbury. He paid five dollars for a new one.

He bought a watch as well, in a gold-filled case warranted for ten years. And he had to buy a fob.

He left his old Waterbury, telling the jeweler to throw it away; but first he unscrewed the crystal and slipped it into his breast-pocket.

At twenty minutes past one he stood in the entrance lobby of the old Delmonico's, near Madison Square. Wanting precise information, he kept on his gloves. A *maitre d'hôtel* bowed haughtily, inquiringly.

"I'm waiting for some one," he murmured toward the *maitre d'hôtel*, "if it's all right to—stand here."

The lady was late. But she was beautiful. She came with a rustle of hidden silk and a haunting breath of lilacs. Her face was smooth as the finest enamel; her eyes were humbly bright.

"She's been walking," thought Henry. "Gives her that fresh color."

He was assailed by an unexpected breathlessness. She knew Delmonico's. The *maitre d'hôtel* bowed to her. She addressed him as "Henri"—"On-ree," with a curiously foreign twist to the "r." Henry softly practised the sound as he followed her down the glittering restaurant between rows of crowded tables.

She knew just how to order. He left it

to her. She called for cocktails—very dry, with just a little French vermouth. Then oysters from the deep sea. Then a dainty little entrée. Then a fascinating dish, of which breast of chicken and fresh mushrooms appeared to be main ingredients. Henry had not before tasted fresh mushrooms, only the little round ones that come in cans. Then a complicated salad. The meal ended with an ice, coffee, and a tiny glass of green liquor in crushed ice.

"You'll smoke?" she murmured softly. "I envy you. They won't let me."

He had heard of women smoking. He had smoked a little himself—a cigarette now and then, just to keep up with certain other youths, and once a pipe. He had not enjoyed the pipe. How sophisticated she was! And how sophisticated he was becoming! Give him a few weeks, and he, too, would be able to say, "On-ree," and to know when a dish should be imperiously sent back as too cold or too hot or as ill-cooked.

"Bring me a mild cigar," he commanded the hovering waiter.

"Domestic or imported, sir?"

"Oh—imported."

He cut off the end with his dull, nicked pocket-knife, as he had seen men do. He lighted it, and settled back with an air. He decided to buy a new knife, or, perhaps better, a gold or silver cigar-clipper. The waiter laid the check, face down, at his elbow.

He eyed that check. It stirred him, shocked him slightly. He had forgotten that such things were. His thoughts darted back, rather painfully, over the long meal, considering this item and that, estimating their probable cost. The total would be high—might as well make up his mind to that. He glanced up and about, at the glittering tableware and the gilded ceiling, the priceless wood paneling and the carvings and tapestries. Even Henry felt the richness of it. "Somebody's gotta pay for it," he mused. The bill would be several dollars.

He decided to ignore it for a while, smoke comfortably on, and chat, as he saw men doing at other tables.

The lady leaned both elbows on the table, bent her brilliant eyes on him.

"Are you fond of the theater?" she asked softly.

He admitted that he was.

"There are several good plays in town. We might take one in to-night, if you're not busy."

Henry's thoughts darted this way and that for a panicky moment.

"Sure," he said doubtfully; "we could do that."

He was becoming aware of a wholly physical discomfort that stirred sharp misgivings. A sweat was breaking out on his temples. He held the cigar before his swimming eyes and regarded it with desperate thoughts. He felt cold, even shivered a little.

A uniformed page came toward them between the crowded tables, calling softly:

"Mrs. Jones! Mrs. Lillian Jones!"

The lady heard, beckoned.

"I'm Mrs. Jones," she said.

"Telephone, please," said the boy.

She excused herself, glided away.

Henry's blank eyes stared out of a wan face. Mrs. Jones! Mrs. Lillian Jones!

He pushed back his chair. He looked again miserably at the cigar. He rose.



Voilà le talc charmant!

And Madame, Mademoiselle, — have you known yet how completely exquisite talc may be? How infinitely fine? How surpassingly refreshing?

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He didn't know where to go, but go somewhere he must, at once. He caught sight of the check lying there. They might think he was trying to get out without paying. He snatched it up, crumpled it in his hand, stumbled out toward the door.

Bareheaded, he plunged past idly curious door-flunkies—out to the sidewalk, around into the side street. And there, it must be recorded, Henry Calverly, 3d was unmistakably, violently ill.

A little later, white of face, he slipped back into the beautiful building. It seemed as if the world was looking on, millions, hundreds of millions of eyes, cruel eyes, observing him.

He mumbled apologetically to the *maitre d'hôtel*, straightening out the waiter's check and studying it with eyes that were hard to bring to a focus.

"Want to pay this," he was saying, with a sense of inner stupefaction. Then he stared at it. The amount was nine sixty-five. "Must be some mistake."

"What's that?" asked the *maitre d'hôtel*, without perceptible sympathy.

"Nothing. I'll pay it." He was fumbling in his pockets. A ten-dollar bill appeared, and a few smaller ones. He added a one. "Just give that to the waiter, will you?"

The *maitre d'hôtel* smiled condescendingly. Henry found his hat-check, and surrendered it, with a silver quarter, to one of the flunkies.

He edged out to the street, and moved swiftly along by the building, turned into the side street, was confronted with the scene of his disaster, turned back and fled, incontinent, up Broadway.

Late that afternoon, a pale youth with an expression between sadness and fright in his eyes entered a flower shop that had some orchids in the window, and with a far-away look asked the prices. Early in the evening, he stepped into a prettily decorated fruit store and asked about steamer-baskets. In each place he ended by remarking listlessly: "I won't take anything now. I was just looking around."

Still later, he found a telegraph-office, and sent the following message, day-rate, to his mother in Sunbury, Illinois:

Please send fifty dollars by telegraph at once.

"What address?" asked the clerk. "Where is it to be sent?"

Henry's eyelids fluttered. He couldn't say the Waldorf. That, he knew now, could never be explained. In fact, it was now clear to him that he couldn't face that hotel himself until he had money in his pocket. It was all right, of course; they wouldn't be likely to ask him for money right away; but he couldn't conceivably go there. Why, the lady knew he was stopping there! But it wasn't exactly that. It was the gold braid and the yellow-marble columns and that clerk.

"Why can't it be sent here?" he asked. "All right. Call around in the morning."

Later still, toward midnight, he dropped on a bench in Madison Square. Other persons were there, scattered about on the many benches—depressing men that looked like tramps, and women that were more depressing still. He saw the rosy dawn come behind the brown spire of Doctor Parkhurst's church.

At eight-fifteen, he appeared at the telegraph-office. He appeared there also at

nine, nine-forty, and two. This last gap marked a period of discouragement, during which he rashly spent ten cents for a ride to the Battery and back.

The latter part of this interval was to be accounted for by his appearance at the pier from which the good ship Umbria sailed at one.

He made his way the length of the huge covered structure to the first-cabin gangway. In his hands were no flowers, no fruit. He saw his Ernestine, prettily dressed, very small and vivacious, standing on the deck. Her mother was at her elbow, and a man who must have been her father. Four young men crowded about her, eagerly talking. Her arms were full of flowers.

So this was the girl he had almost eloped with, the girl who had touched and torn his heart, the girl he had traveled a thousand miles to see in a moment of dignified parting.

He thought she looked his way, and dodged behind a pile of boxes. For an instant then, he wavered. He considered, heart in throat, dashing up the gangway, gripping her hand.

Again he wavered. There had been no chance to brush his hair. His clothes had unmistakably been slept in. His eyes felt bloodshot. Then men came to remove the boxes that were providing him cover. He fled.

But he lingered in the street outside the pier. He stood there until the ship backed majestically out, and the tugs nosed it round until the bow pointed down-stream, and, with flags waving and whistles sounding and passengers crowding the rails, it slid deliberately out of sight behind the bulk of the next pier.

Then, and not before, he got out of his pocket some pieces of broken glass, on one or two of which were discernible parts of a transparency, a face. He dropped these in the street. It was necessary to turn his pocket inside out to free it of clinging bits of glass.

As he turned to cross muddy, crowded West Street, he was saying to himself, with a trace of color on his cheeks and of life in his eyes, this rather surprising sentence—surprising, considering all the circumstances: "That's a real ocean liner—and I've seen her go!"

At the telegraph-office, the clerk met him with a grin.

"You get some of it," he said; and counted out twenty-five dollars.

With halting steps, Henry approached the great hotel of red stone without and marble columns and gilt within. He got up to his room. From the bags that had not yet been opened he drew a shirt, a collar, a handkerchief, and a tooth-brush. Ten minutes later, a white-faced youth, he approached the cashier's window and huskily asked for his bill.

A gold-braided young man had pounced on the bags. Henry, silent, set of face, took them away from him, and set out on foot for the railway station.

Here, after hesitating inquiries, he made the discovery that it is possible to travel second class in America, though not on eighteen-hour, extra-fare trains. He was two nights on the road to Chicago, with a wait at Buffalo, traveling in smoking-cars and subsisting on apples, bananas, train-sandwiches, and an occasional glass of chalky milk. It was nearly noon when he found himself again breathing the smoke-

laden air of Chicago. He walked all the way across the city to the old red-brick station from which yellow trains ran to and beyond Sunbury.

Here his heart failed him. He looked down at his baggy, wrinkled suit, and wondered sadly if any number of seventy-five-cent pressings could restore the shape. And if a hundred gallons of benzine could sponge out the smell of bad tobacco that was even in his hair under his hat, that clung to the skin of his hands and face. Even here, in the great, roaring train-shed, with its escaping gases and its thousand greasy odors, he could smell that bad tobacco. He couldn't go home. Not this way. At least, not yet. He must think up explanations. About the money, too. For two days he had been putting off that thought!

It was awful! He pressed a smudgy hand against an equally smudgy face, then felt in his pocket. A few silver coins met his touch.

He checked his bags, scrubbed hands and face in the wash-room, and headed back into the city. How different it was from New York—grimy squares of buildings, dirty cable-cars with hay on the floor, streets swimming ankle-deep with mud, no pleasant homes mixed comfortably in on little side streets, surprisingly few smartly dressed women or sophisticated, actorlike men! He hated this city as he made his way through the mud.

He lunched on wheat cake and lemon-meringue pie at a counter behind which fat negroes bawled orders and banged thick plates. At two, he found himself in a dime museum on lower Wabash Avenue. He found temporary solace in the Chamber of Horrors. The "Execution of Mary Queen of Scots" gratified him, as did the hideous details of the "Cronin Murder," the waxen dynamiter in the act of blowing off his own head, and, of course, the "Assassination of President Garfield."

Shortly after three, an uncomfortable little thought crept into his jaded mind.

All the late-afternoon trains would be crowded with people he knew. Older people! And girls! He mustn't, he couldn't be seen looking like this.

He caught the three-thirty-eight, and tried to hide himself in the rear seat of the rear car under the red fire-extinguisher. He slumped down low in the seat and pulled his hat forward.

He felt as if he had been traveling for years, suffering bitter experiences at the hands of a grim old world. But this was only Friday. He had started on Monday. And for New York! Everybody had known of his departure. For he had talked. *How* he had talked! You would have thought he was off for years, or at least for a little trip round the world. Yet here it was, only Friday! The fellows would talk. It would sting. And what, *what* could he say to his mother? He must think about this—think hard. He pulled his hat even lower and thought harder.

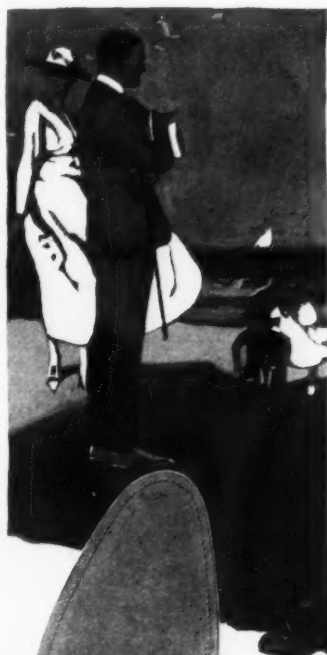
"Why, Henry!"

The voice was gentle, comforting, yet with a practical ring. It was the voice of a nice girl, a "sensible" girl.

He raised his miserable eyes and beheld a well-grown girl of seventeen, who exhibited an honest array of freckles, a mass of brown hair that was tied with a wide ribbon behind her neck, a pleasant smile, and direct, very blue eyes.

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They have *proved* Neolin Soles to be better than leather—the six million wearers of Neolin. And the various manufacturers who compliment Neolin by trying to imitate it.

Why are Neolin Soles better shoe soles?

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"Oh," he mumbled, shamefaced, "hello, Martha!"

"Aren't you going to ask me to sit down, Henry?"

He moved his bags to the floor.

"Sure," he remarked.

"How does it come you're back so soon?"

"Oh, I couldn't stay. A few days is a lot in New York. And—and"—an uprush of honesty took command of his tongue—"and you've no idea what it costs, Martha!"

"I know. Everybody says it's terribly expensive. Uncle Will brought back a bill of fare last winter from the Waldorf. There were things—just single dishes, like steak or chicken or duck—that cost dollars and dollars!"

A faint glow of returning self-esteem began warming Henry's breast. He dropped his eyes.

"Oh, yes," he murmured; "I know. I had a room at the Waldorf. Room and bath."

"Henry—no! You *didn't*!"

"Oh, yes," he said again.

"My!" said Martha. "It must be wonderful! I wonder if I'll ever see it."

"Sure," said he. "I'll take you there some day."

Her silence, after this, brought alarm. He glanced again. Martha hadn't taken it altogether as humor. She had lowered her eyes. She was plainly thinking.

"It's an interesting trip," he said hurriedly. "Specially on the eighteen-hour."

"Henry—you didn't—"

"Oh, yes. Lots o' millionaires go that way. And I liked Delmonico's."

"Henry!"

The effect was worth something. When they stepped down at Sunbury and he walked up Simpson Street, past the stores and the carriages and the Sunbury National Bank, where he had once worked; and B. F. Jones' book store, where he had worked after that; and Donovan's drug store, where he had consumed so many

maple nut sundaes and frosted chocolates with extra ice-cream, he found himself feeling appreciably better. There could be no question that he had stirred some degree of admiration in Martha's breast. Half forgetting what a sight he was, he stepped into Donovan's, set down his bags, and called for a frosted chocolate.

He had a charge-account at Donovan's, but it had lately run into figures. As he stood at the marble counter, his lips moving with his effort to figure up the present status of this not overhealthy account, he saw that the boy was out and that Mr. Donovan himself was coming to serve him. It would have been better not to come in.

However, with an air, he threw a ten-cent piece on the counter. It left in his pocket—in the world, in fact—three copper cents. Then the foamy, semisolid drink all poured down his throat, he picked up his bags and marched stiffly toward the boarding-house of Mrs. Wilcox, in Douglass Street.

Salvage, the next episode of *The Loves of Henry the Ninth*, will appear in *August Cosmopolitan*.

Tenting To-night

(Continued from page 51)

well worth while. However, I am not at all sure that it is a trip for a woman to take. I can swim. But that would not have helped at all had the boat, at any time in those four days, struck a rock and turned over. Nor would the men of the party, all powerful swimmers, have had any more chance than I.

We were a little nervous that afternoon. The cañon grew wilder; the current, if possible, more rapid. But there were fewer rocks; the river bed was clearer.

We were rapidly nearing the Middle Fork. Another day would see us there, and from that point, the river, although swift, would lose much of its danger.

Late the afternoon of the third day we saw our camp well ahead, on a ledge above the river. Everything was in order when we arrived. We unloaded ourselves solemnly out of the boats, took our fish, our poles, our graft-hooks and landing-nets, our fly-books, my sunburn lotion, and our weary selves up the bank. Then we solemnly shook hands all round. We had come through; the rest was easy.

On the last day, the river became almost a smiling stream. Once again, instead of between cliffs, we were traveling between great forests of spruce, tamarack, white and yellow pine, fir and cedar. A great golden eagle flew over the water just ahead of our boat. And in the morning we came across our first sign of civilization—a wire trolley with a cage, extending across the river in lieu of a bridge. High up in the air at each end, it sagged in the middle until the little car must almost have touched the water. We had a fancy to try it, and landed to make the experiment. But some ungenerous soul had padlocked it and had gone away with the key.

For the first time that day, it was possible to use the trolling-lines. We had tried them before, but the current had carried them out far ahead of the boat. Cut-throat trout now and then take a spoon. But it is the bull-trout which falls victim, as a rule, to the troll.

I am not gifted with the trolling-lines.

Sometime I shall write an article on the humors of using it—on the soft and sibilant hiss with which it goes out over the stern; on the rasping with which it grates on the edge of the boat as it holds on, staunch and true, to water-weeds and floating branches; on the low moan with which it buries itself under a rock and dies; on the inextricable confusion into which it twists and knots itself when, hand over hand, it is brought in for inspection.

I have spent hours over a trolling-line, hours which, otherwise, I should have wasted in idleness. There are thirty-seven kinds of knots which, so far, I have discovered in a trolling-line, and I am but at the beginning of my fishing career.

"What are you doing," the Head said to me that last day, as I sat in the stern busily working at the line. "Knitting?"

We got few fish that day, but nobody cared. The river was wide and smooth; the mountains had receded somewhat; the forest was there to the right and left of us. But it was an open, smiling forest. Still far enough away, but slipping toward us with the hours, were settlements, towns, the fertile valley of the lower river.

We lunched that night where, just a year before, I had eaten my first lunch on the Flathead, on a shelving, sandy beach. But this time the meal was somewhat shadowed by the fact that some one had forgotten to put in butter and coffee and condensed milk.

However, we were now in that part of the river which our boatmen knew well. From a secret cache back in the willows, George and Mike produced coffee and condensed milk and even butter. So we lunched, and far away we heard a sound which showed us how completely our wilderness-days were over—the screech of a railway locomotive.

Late that afternoon, tired, sunburned, and unkempt, we drew in at the little wharf near Columbia Falls. It was weeks since we had seen a mirror larger than an inch or so across. Our clothes were wrinkled from being used to augment our

bedding on cold nights. The whites of our eyes were bloodshot with the sun. My old felt hat was battered and torn with the fish-hooks that had been hung round the band. Each of us looked at the other, and prayed to heaven that he looked a little better himself.

Columbia Falls had heard of our adventure, and was prepared to do us honor. Automobiles awaited us on the river bank. In a moment, we were snatched from the jaws of the river and seated in the lap of luxury. If this is a mixed metaphor, it is due to the excitement of the change. With one of those swift transitions of the Northwest, we were out of the wilderness and surrounded by great yellow fields of wheat.

Cleared land or natural prairie, these valleys of the Northwest are marvelously fertile. Wheat grows an incredible number of bushels to the acre. Everything thrives. And on the very borders of the fields stands still the wilderness to be conquered, the forest to be cleared. Untold wealth is there for the man who will work and wait, land rich beyond the dreams of fertilizer. But it costs about eighty dollars an acre, I am told, to clear forest-land after it has been cut over. It is not a project, this Northwestern farming, to be undertaken on a shoe-string. The wilderness must be conquered. It cannot be coaxed. And a good many hearts have been broken in making that discovery. A little money—not too little—infinite patience, cheerfulness, and red-blooded effort—these are the factors which are conquering the Northwest.

I like the Northwest. In spite of its pretensions, its large cities, its wealth, it is still peopled by essential frontiersmen. They are still pioneers—because the wilderness encroaches still so close to them. I like their downrightness, their pride in what they have achieved, their hatred of sham and affectation.

And if there is to be real progress among us in this present generation, the growth

of a political and national spirit, that sturdy insistence on better things on which our pioneer forefathers founded this nation, it is likely to come, as a beginning, from these newer parts of our country. These people have built for themselves. What we in the East have inherited, they have made. They know its exact cost in blood and sweat. They value it. And they will do their best by it.

Perhaps, after all, this is the end of this particular adventure. And yet, what Western story is complete without a round-up?

There was to be a round-up the next day at Kalispell, further south in that wonderful valley.

But there was a difficulty in the way. Our horses were Glacier Park horses. Columbia Falls was outside of Glacier Park. Kalispell was even further outside of Glacier Park, and horses were needed badly in the park. For last year Glacier Park had the greatest boom in its history and found the concessionaires unprepared to take care of all the tourists. What we should do, we knew, was to deadhead our horses back into the Park as soon as they had had a little rest.

But, on the other hand, there was Kalispell and the round-up. It would make a difference of just one day. True, we could have gone to the round-up on the train. But, for two reasons, this was out of the question. First, it would not make a good story. Second, we had nothing but riding-clothes, and ours were only good to ride in and not at all to walk about in.

After a long and serious conclave, it was decided that Glacier Park would not suffer by the absence of our string for twenty-four hours more.

On the following morning, then, we set off down the white and dusty road, a gay procession, albeit somewhat ragged. Sixteen miles in the heat we rode that morning. It was when we were half-way there that one of the party—it does not matter which one—revealed that he had received a telegram from the government demanding the immediate return of our outfit. We halted in the road and conferred.

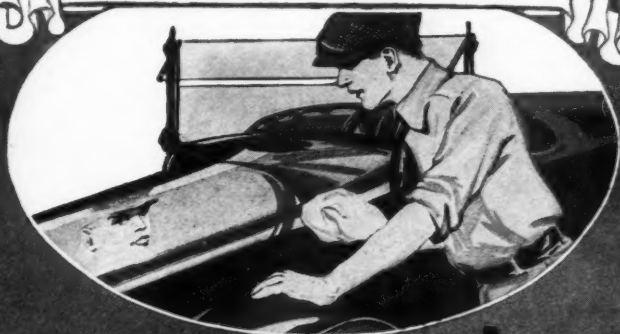
It is notorious of governments that they are short-sighted, detached, impersonal, aloof, and haughty. We gathered in the road, a gaily bandannaed, dusty, and highly indignant crowd, and conferred.

The telegram had been imperative. It did not request. It commanded. It unhorsed us violently at a time when it did not suit either ourselves or our riding-clothes to be unhorsed.

We conferred. We were, we said, paying two dollars and a half a day for each of those horses. Besides, we were out of adhesive tape, which is useful for holding on patches. Besides, also, we had the horses. If they wanted them, let them come and get them. Besides, this was discrimination. Ever since the park was opened, horses had been taken out of it, either onto the Reservation or into Canada, to get about to other parts of the park. Why should the government pick on us?

We were very bitter and abusive, and the rest of the way I wrote mentally a dozen sarcastic telegrams. Yes; the rest of the way. Because we went on. With a round-up ahead and the Department of

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the Interior in the rear, we rode forward to our stolen holiday, now and then pausing, an eye back to see if we were pursued. But nothing happened; no sheriff in a buckboard drove up with a shotgun across his knees. The government, or its representative in Glacier Park, was contenting itself with foaming at the mouth. We rode on through the sunlight, and sang as we rode.

Kalispell is a flourishing and attractive town of northwestern Montana. It is notable for many other things besides its annual round-up. But it remains dear to me for one particular reason.

My hat was done. It had no longer the spring and elasticity of youth. It was scarred with many rains and many fish-hooks. It had ceased to add its necessary jaunty touch to my costume. It detracted. In its age, I loved it, but the Family insisted cruelly on a change. So, sitting on Angel, a new one was brought me, a chirky young thing, a cowgirl affair of high felt crown and broad rim.

And, at this moment, a gentleman I had never seen before, but who is green in my memory, stepped forward and presented me with his own hat-band. It was of leather, and it bore this vigorous and inspiring inscription: "Give 'er pep and let 'er buck."

To-day, when I am low in my mind, I take that cowgirl hat from its retreat and read its inscription. "Give 'er pep and let 'er buck." It is a whole creed.

Somewhere among my papers I have the program of that round-up at Kalispell. It was a very fine round-up. There was a herd of buffalo; there were wild horses and long-horned Mexican steers. There was a cheering crowd. There was roping and marvelous riding.

But my eyes were fixed on the grand stand with a stony stare.

I am an adopted Blackfoot Indian, known in the tribe as "Pi-ta-mak-an," and only a few weeks before I had had a long conference with the chiefs of the tribe, Two Guns-White Calf, the son of old White Calf, the great chief who dropped dead in the White House during President Cleveland's administration, Medicine Owl and Curly Bear and Big Spring and Bird Plume and Wolf Plume and Bird Rattler and Bill Shute and Stabs-by-Mistake and Eagle Child and Many Tail-feathers—and many more.

And these Indians had all promised me that, as soon as our conference was over, they were going back to the reservation to get in their hay and work hard for the great herd which the government had promised to give them. They were going to be good Indians.

So I stared at the grand stand with a cold and fixed eye. For there, very many miles from where they should have been, off the reservation without permission of the Indian agent, painted and bedecked

in all the glory of their forefathers—paint, feathers, beads, strings of thimbles and little mirrors—handsome, bland, and enjoying every instant to the full in their childish hearts, were my chiefs.

During the first lull in the proceedings, a delegation came to visit me and to explain. This is what they said: First of all, they desired me to make peace with the Indian agent. He was, they considered, most unreasonable. There were many times when one could labor, and there was but one round-up. They petitioned, then, that I intercede and see that their ration-tickets were not taken away.

And even as the interpreter told me their plea, one old brave caught my hand and pointed across to the enclosure, where a few captive buffalo were grazing. I knew what it meant. These, my Blackfeet, had been the great buffalo-hunters. With bow and arrow they had followed the herds from Canada to the far south. These chiefs had been mighty hunters. But for many years not a single buffalo had their eyes beheld. They who had lived by the buffalo were now dying with them. A few full-bloods shut away on a reservation, a few buffalo penned in a corral—children of the open spaces and of freedom, both of them, and now dying and imprisoned. For the Blackfeet are a dying people.

They had come to see the buffalo.

But they did not say so. An Indian is a stoic. He had both imagination and sentiment, but the latter he conceals. And this was the explanation they gave me for the Indian agent:

I knew that, back in my home, when a friend asked me to come to an entertainment, I must go or that friend would be offended with me. And so it was with the

Blackfeet Indians—they had been invited to this round-up, and they felt that they should come or they would hurt the feelings of those who had asked them. Therefore, would I, Pi-ta-mak-an, go to the Indian agent and make their peace for them?

For, after all,

summer was short and winter was coming. The old would need their ration-tickets again. And they, the braves, would promise to go back to the reservation and get in the hay, and be all that good Indians should be.

And I, too, was as good an Indian as I knew how to be, for I scolded them all roundly and then sat down at the first possible opportunity and wrote to the agent.

And the agent? He is a very wise and kindly man, facing one of the biggest problems in our country. He gave them back their ration-tickets and wiped the slate clean, to the eternal credit of a government that has not often to the Indian tempered justice with mercy.

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will have the enjoyment of continuing at once with **Mrs. Rhinehart** in a journey from the scenes described in "Tenting To-night" through the Cascade Mountains—a perilous trip, daringly achieved, over Cascade Pass.

A Pack-Train in the Cascades

The first instalment of this exciting narrative will appear in

August Cosmopolitan.

Michael

(Continued from page 85)

"You son of a gun!" Daughtry crooned. "Glory be!" Cocky replied, in tones so like Daughtry's as to startle him.

"You son of a gun!" Daughtry repeated, cuddling his cheek and ear against the cockatoo's feathered and crested head. "And some folks thinks it's only folks that count in this world."

Still the whale delayed, and, with the ocean washing their toes on the level deck, Daughtry ordered the boat lowered away. Ah Moy was eager in his haste to leap into the bow. Nor was Daughtry's judgment correct that the little Chinaman's haste was due to fear of the sinking ship. What Ah Moy sought was the place in the boat remotest from Kwaque and the steward.

Shoving clear, they roughly stored the supplies and dunnage out of the way of the thwarts and took their places—Ah Moy pulling bow-oar; next in order, Big John and Kwaque, with Daughtry (Cocky still perched on his shoulder) at stroke. On top of the dunnage, in the stern-sheets, Michael gazed wistfully at the Mary Turner and continued to snarl crustily at Scraps, who idiotically wanted to start a romp. The Ancient Mariner stood up at the steering-sweep and gave the order, for the first dip of the oars.

A growl and a bristle from Michael warned them that the whale was close upon them. But it was not charging. It circled slowly about the schooner.

Barely had they rowed a dozen strokes when an exclamation from Big John led them to follow his gaze to the schooner's forecandle head, where the forecandle cat flashed across, in pursuit of a big rat.

"We just can't leave that cat behind," Daughtry soliloquized, in suggestive tones.

"Certainly not," the Ancient Mariner responded, swinging his weight on the steering-sweep and heading the boat back.

Twice the whale gently rolled them in the course of its leisurely circling, ere they bent to their oars again and pulled away. Of them, the whale seemed to take no notice. It was from the huge thing, the schooner, that death had been wreaked upon her calf; and it was upon the schooner that she vented the wrath of her grief. Even as they pulled away, the whale turned and headed across the ocean. At a half-mile distance, she curved about and charged back.

Delivered squarely amidstships, it was the hardest blow the Mary Turner had received. Stays and splinters of rail flew in the air as she rolled so far over as to expose half her copper wet-glistening in the sun.

"A knock-out!" Daughtry cried. "Schooner, he finish close up altogether," Kwaque observed, as the Mary Turner's rail disappeared. Swiftly she sank. Remained only the whale, floating and floundering on the surface of the sea.

Dag Daughtry, who had kept always foot-loose and never married, surveyed the boat-load of his responsibilities to which he was anchored—Kwaque, the black Papuan monstrosity whom he had saved from the bellies of his fellows; Ah Moy, the little old sea-cook, whose age was problematical only by decades; the Ancient Mariner, the dignified, the beloved, and the respected; gangly Big John, the youthful Scandina-

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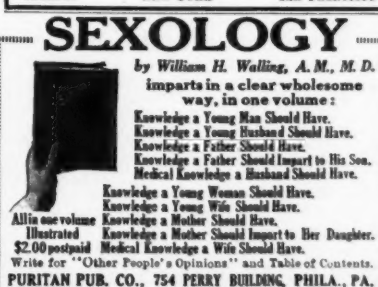
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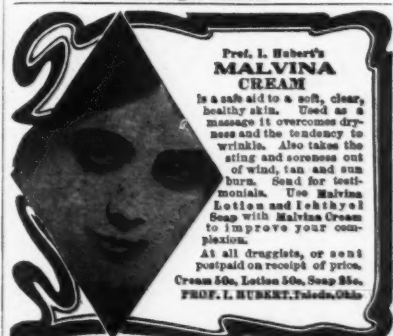
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vian with the inches of a giant and the mind of a child; Killeny Boy, the wonder of dogs; Scraps, the outrageously silly and fat rolling puppy; Cocky, the white-feathered mite of life, imperious as a steel blade and wheedlingly seductive as a charming child, and even the fore-castle cat, the lithe and tawny slayer of rats, sheltering between the legs of Ah Moy. And the Marquesas were two hundred miles distant, full-hauled on the trade-wind, which had ceased but which was as sure to live again as the morning sun in the sky.

The steward heaved a sigh, and whimsically shot into his mind the memory-picture in his nursery-book of the old woman who lived in a shoe. He wiped the sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand, and was dimly aware of the area of the numbness that bordered the center, which was sensationless between his eyebrows, as he said:

"Well, children, rowing won't fetch us to the Marquesas. We'll need a stretch of wind for that. But it's up to us, right now, to put a mile or so between us an' that peevish old cow. Maybe she'll revive, and maybe she won't, but, just the same, I can't help feelin' leery about her."

XVI

Two days later, as the steamer Mariposa plied her customary route between Tahiti and San Francisco, the passengers ceased playing deck-quits, abandoned their card-games, their novels, and deck-chairs, and crowded the rail to stare at the small boat that skimmed to them across the sea before a light-following breeze. When Big John, aided by Ah Moy and Kwaque, lowered the sail and unstepped the mast, titters and laughter arose from the passengers. It was contrary to all their preconceptions of mid-ocean rescue of shipwrecked mariners from the open boat.

It caught their fancy that this boat was the Ark, what of its freightage of bedding, dry-goods boxes, beer-cases, a cat, two dogs, a white cockatoo, a Chinaman, a kinky-headed black, a gangly, pallid-haired giant, a grizzled-haired Dag Daughtry, and an Ancient Mariner, who looked every inch the part. Him a facetious vacationing architect's clerk dubbed "Noah," and so greeted him.

"I say, Noah," he called. "Some flood, eh? Located Ararat yet?"

"Catch any fish?" bawled another youngster down over the rail.

"Gracious! Look at the beer! Good English beer! Put me down for a case!"

Never was a wrecked crew more merrily rescued at sea.

Nine days later, the Mariposa threaded the Golden Gate and docked at San Francisco. Humorous half-columns in the local papers tickled the fancy of San Francisco for a fleeting moment in that the steamship Mariposa had rescued some sea-waifs possessed of a cock-and-bull story that not even the reporters believed.

"Sunk by a whale?" demanded the average flat-floor person. "Nonsense; that's all. Just plain, rotten nonsense. Now, in the 'Adventures of Eleanor,' which is some film, believe me, I'll tell you what I saw happen—"

So Daughtry and his crew went ashore into 'Frisco town unheralded and unsung.

Big John promptly sank out of sight in a sailors' boarding-house, and, within the week, joined the Sailors' Union and shipped on a steam schooner to load red-wood ties at Bandon, Oregon. Ah Moy got no farther ashore than the detention-sheds of the Federal Immigration Board, whence he was deported to China on the next Pacific Mail steamer. The Mary Turner's cat was adopted by the sailors' fore-castle of the Mariposa, and on the Mariposa sailed away on the back trip to Tahiti. Scraps was taken ashore by a quartermaster and left in the bosom of his family.

And ashore went Dag Daughtry, with his small savings, to rent two cheap rooms for himself and his remaining responsibilities, namely: Charles Stough Greenleaf, Kwaque, Michael, and, not least, Cocky. But not for long did he permit the Ancient Mariner to live with him.

"It's not playin' the game, sir," he told him. "What we need is capital. We've got to interest capital, and you've got to do the interesting. Now, this very day you've got to buy a couple of suitcases, hire a taxicab, go sailin' up to the front door of the Bronx Hotel like good pay. She's a real stylish hotel, but reasonable if you want to make it so."

"But, Steward, I have no money," the Ancient Mariner protested.

"That's all right, sir; I'll back you for all I can."

"But, my dear man, you know I'm an old impostor. I can't stick you up like the others. You—why—why, you're a friend—don't you see?"

"Sure I do, an' I thank you for sayin' it, sir. And that's why I'm with you. An' when you've nailed another crowd of treasure-hunters an' got the ship ready, you'll just ship me along as steward, with Kwaque an' Killeny Boy an' the rest of our family. You've adopted me, now, an' I'm your grown-up son, an' you've got to listen to me. The Bronx is the hotel for you—fine-soundin' name, ain't it? That's atmosphere. Folks'll listen half to you an' more to your hotel. I tell you, you leanin' back in a big leather chair talkin' treasure with a two-bit cigar in your mouth an' a twenty-cent drink beside you, why that's like treasure. They just got to believe. An' if you'll come along now, sir, we'll trot out an' buy them suitcases."

Right bravely the Ancient Mariner drove to the Bronx in a taxi, registered his "Charles Stough Greenleaf" in an old-fashioned hand, and took up anew the activities which for years had kept him free of the farm. No less bravely did Dag Daughtry set out to seek work.

But it was a time of industrial depression. The unemployed-problem was bulking bigger than usual to the citizens of San Francisco. And, as regarded steamships and sailing vessels, there were three stewards for every steward's position. Nothing steady could Daughtry procure, while his occasional odd jobs did not balance his various running-expenses.

Daughtry would have put Kwaque to work, except that Kwaque was impossible. The black, who had only seen Sydney from steamers' decks, had never been in a city in his life. All he knew of the world was steamers, far-outlying South-Sea isles, and his own island of King William, in Melanesia. So Kwaque remained in the two rooms, cooking and housekeeping for his master, and caring for Michael and Cocky.

All of which was prison for Michael, who had been used to the run of ships, of coral beaches, and plantations.

But in the evenings, sometimes accompanied a few steps in the rear by Kwaque, Michael strolled out with Steward. The multiplicity of man gods on the teeming sidewalks became a real bore to Michael, so that man gods, in general, underwent a sharp depreciation. But Steward, the particular god of his fealty and worship, appreciated.

"Mind your step," is the last word and warning of twentieth-century city life. Michael was not slow to learn it, as he conserved his own feet among the countless thousands of leather-shod feet of men, ever hurrying, always unregarding of the existence and right of way of a lowly, four-legged Irish terrier.

The evening outings with Steward invariably led from saloon to saloon, where, at long bars, standing on sawdust floors or seated at tables, men drank and talked. Much of both did men do, and also did Steward do, ere, his daily six-quart stint accomplished, he turned homeward for bed. Many were the acquaintances he made, and Michael with him. Coasting seamen and bay sailors they mostly were, although there were many longshoremen and water-front workmen among them.

XVII

ONE night, Dag Daughtry sat at a table in the saloon called the "Pile-drivers' Home." He was in a parlous predicament. Harder than ever had it been to secure odd jobs, and he had reached the end of his savings. Earlier in the evening, he had had a telephone-conference with the Ancient Mariner, who had reported only progress with an exceptionally strong nibble that very day from a retired quack doctor.

"Let me pawn my rings," the Ancient Mariner had urged, not for the first time, over the telephone.

"No, sir," had been Daughtry's reply; "we need them in the business. They're stock in trade. They're atmosphere. They're what you call a figure of speech. I'll do some thinking to-night an' see you in the morning, sir. Don't you worry sir. Dag Daughtry never fell down yet."

But, as he sat in the Pile-drivers' Home, it looked as if his fall-down was very near. In his pocket was precisely the room-rent for the following week, the advance payment of which was already three days overdue and clamorously demanded by the hard-faced landlady. In the rooms, with care, was enough food with which to pinch through for another day. The Ancient Mariner's modest hotel bill had not been paid for two weeks—while he had no more than a couple of dollars in his pocket with which to make a sound like prosperity in the ears of the retired doctor who wanted to go a-treasuring.

Most catastrophic of all, however, was the fact that Dag Daughtry was three-quarts short of his daily allowance and did not dare break into the rent-money.

In his desperation, Daughtry hit upon an idea with which to get another schooner of steam-beer. He did not like steam-beer, but it was cheaper than lager.

"Look here, Captain," he said to Captain Jorgensen, a scow-schooner captain whose acquaintance he had made: "You

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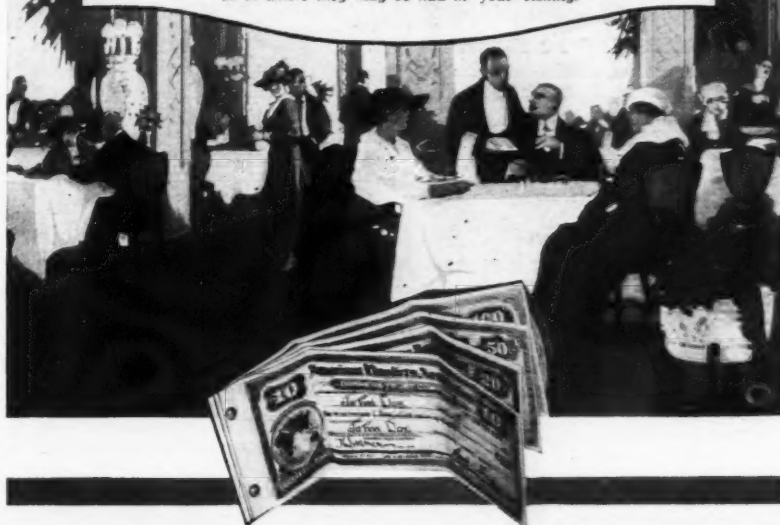
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don't know how smart that Killeny Boy is. Why, he can count just like you an' me!"

"Ho!" rumbled Captain Jorgensen. "I seen 'em do it in side-shows. It's all tricks. Dogs an' horses can't count."

"This dog can," Daughtry continued quietly. "You can't fool 'm. I bet you, right now, I can order two beers, loud so he can hear an' notice, an' then whisper to the waiter to bring one, an', when the one comes, Killeny Boy'll raise a roar."

"Ho! Ho! How much will you bet?"

The steward fingered a dime in his pocket. If Killeny failed him, it meant that the rent-money would be broken in upon. But he answered,

"I'll bet you the price of two beers."

The waiter was summoned, and, when he had received his secret instructions, Michael was called over from where he lay at Kwaque's feet in a corner. When Steward placed a chair for him at the table and invited him into it, he began to key up. Steward expected something of him, wanted him to show off. And it was not because of the showing-off that he was eager, but because of his love for Steward.

"Waiter!" Steward called, and when the waiter stood close at hand: "Two beers! Did you get that, Killeny? Two beers!"

Michael squirmed in his chair, placed an impulsive paw on the table, and impulsively flashed out his ribbon of tongue to Steward's close-bending face.

"He will remember," Daughtry told the scow-schooner captain.

"Not if we talk," was the reply. "Now we will fool your bow-wow."

Daughtry nodded, and thereupon ensued a loud-voiced discussion that drew Michael's earnest attention from one talker to the other.

"I got you," Captain Jorgensen announced, as he saw the waiter approaching with but a single schooner of beer. "The bow-wow has forgot, if he ever remembered. He thinks you an' me is fighting. The place in his mind for one beer and two is wiped out."

"I guess he ain't goin' to forget arithmetic, no matter how much noise you shout," Daughtry argued aloud against his sinking spirits. "You just watch 'm for himself."

The tall schooner-glass of beer was placed before the captain, who laid a swift containing hand around it. And Michael, strung as a taut string, knowing that something was expected of him, on his toes to serve, looked about and saw not two glasses, but one glass. So well had he learned the difference between one and two that it came to him—how, the profoundest psychologist can no more state than can he state what thought is in itself—that there was one glass only when two glasses had been commanded. With an abrupt upspring, his throat half harsh with anger, he placed both fore paws on the table and barked at the waiter.

Captain Jorgensen crashed his fist down. "You win!" he roared. "I pay for the beer. Waiter, bring one more."

Michael looked to Steward for verification, and Steward's hand on his head gave adequate reply.

"We try again," said the captain, very much awake and interested, with the back of his hand wiping the beer-foam from his mustache. "Maybe he knows one an' two. How about three? An' four?"

"Just the same, Skipper. He counts up to five, an' knows more than five when it is more than five, though he don't know the figures by name after five."

"Oh, Hanson!" Captain Jorgensen belted across the barroom to an acquaintance. "Hey, you squarehead! Come an' have a drink!"

Hanson came over and pulled up a chair.

"I pay for the drinks," said the captain; "but you order, Daughtry. See now, Hanson; this is a trick bow-wow. He can count better than you. We are three. Daughtry is ordering three beers. The bow-wow hears three. I hold up two fingers like this to the waiter. He brings two. The bow-wow won't stand for it. You see."

All of which came to pass, Michael blissfully unappeasable until the order was filled properly.

"He can't count," was Hanson's conclusion. "He sees one man without beer. That's all. He knows every man ought to have a glass. That's why he barks."

"Better than that," Daughtry boasted. "There are three of us. We will order four. Then each man will have his glass, but Killeny will talk to the waiter just the same."

True enough, Michael made outcry to the waiter till the fourth glass was brought. By this time, many men were about the table, all wanting to buy beer and test Michael.

"Glory be!" Dag Daughtry soliloquized. "A funny world! Thirsty one moment; the next moment, they'd fair drown you in beer."

Several even wanted to buy Michael, offering ridiculous sums like fifteen and twenty dollars. Into another corner, the proprietor of the Pile-drivers' Home drew Daughtry to whisper to him:

"You stick around here every night with that dog of yours. It makes trade. I'll give you free beer any time and fifty cents cash-money a night."

It was this proposition that started the big idea in Daughtry's mind. As he told Michael, back in the room, while Kwaque was unlacing his shoes:

"It's this way, Killeny. If you're worth fifty cents a night an' free beer to that saloon-keeper, then you're worth that to me—an' more, my son, more! 'Cause he's lookin' for a profit. That's why he sells beer instead of buyin' it. An', Killeny, you won't mind workin' for me, I know. We need the money."

XVIII

THE grizzled-haired ship's steward and the rough-coated Irish terrier quickly became conspicuous figures in the night life of the Barbary Coast of San Francisco. Daughtry elaborated on the counting-trick by bringing Cocky along. Thus, when a waiter did not fetch the right number of glasses, Michael would remain quite still, until Cocky, at a privy signal from Steward, standing on one leg, with the free claw would clutch Michael's neck and apparently talk into Michael's ear. Whereupon Michael would look about the glasses on the table and begin his usual expostulation with the waiter.

But it was when Daughtry and Michael first sang "Roll Me Down to Rio" together that the ten-strike was made. It occurred in a sailors' dance-hall on Pacific Street, and all dancing stopped while the

sailors clamored for more of the singing dog. Nor did the place lose money, for no one left, and the crowd increased to standing-room as Michael went through his repertoire of "God Save the King," "Sweet By and By," "Lead, Kindly Light," "Home, Sweet Home," and "Shenandoah."

It meant more than free beer to Daughtry, for, when he started to leave, the proprietor of the place thrust three silver dollars into his hand and begged him to come around with the dog next night.

"For that?" Daughtry demanded, looking at the money as if it were contemptible.

Hastily the proprietor added two more dollars, and Daughtry promised.

"Just the same, Killeny, my son," he told Michael as they went to bed. "I think you an' me are worth more than five dollars a turn. Why, the like of you has never been seen before. A real singing dog that can carry most any air with me, and that can carry half a dozen by himself. An' they say Caruso gets a thousand a night. Well, you ain't Caruso, but you're the dog Caruso of the entire world. Son, I'm goin' to be your business manager. If we can't make a twenty-dollar gold piece a night—say, son, we're goin' to move into better quarters. An' the old gent up at the Hotel de Bronx is goin' to move into an outside room. An' Kwaque's goin' to get a real outfit of clothes. Killeny, my boy, we're goin' to get so rich that, if he can't snare a sucker, we'll put up the cash ourselves 'n' buy a schooner for 'm, 'n' send him out a-treasure-huntin' on his own."

The Barbary Coast of San Francisco, once the old-time sailor-town in the days when San Francisco was reckoned the toughest port of the Seven Seas, had evolved with the city until it depended for at least half of its earnings on the slumming parties that visited it and spent liberally. It was quite the custom, after dinner, for many members of the better classes of society to spend an hour or several in motoring from dance-hall to dance-hall and cheap cabaret to cheap cabaret.

It was not long before Dag Daughtry was getting his twenty dollars a night for two twenty-minute turns, and was declining more beer than a dozen men with thirsts equal to his could have accommodated. Never had he been so prosperous; nor can it be denied that Michael enjoyed it. Enjoy it he did, but principally for Steward's sake. He was serving Steward, and so to serve was his highest heart's desire.

In truth, Michael was the bread-winner for quite a family, each member of which fared well. Kwaque blossomed out resplendent in russet-brown shoes, a derby hat, and a gray suit with trousers immaculately creased. Also, he became a devotee of the moving-picture shows, spending as much as twenty and thirty cents a day and resolutely sitting out every repetition of program. Little time was required of him in caring for Daughtry, for they had come to eating in restaurants. Not only had the Ancient Mariner moved into a more expensive outside room at the Bronx but Daughtry insisted on thrusting upon him more spending-money, so that, on occasion, he could invite a likely acquaintance to the theater or a concert, and bring him home in a taxi.

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leny," steward told Michael. "For just as long as it takes the old gent to land another bunch of gold-punched, retriever-snouted treasure-hunters, an' no longer. Then it's hey for the ocean blue, my son.

"We got to go rollin' down to Rio as well as sing about it to a lot of cheap skates. They can take their rotten cities. The sea's the life for us—you an' me, Killeny son, an' the old gent an' Kwaque an' Cocky, too. We ain't made for city ways. It ain't healthy. Why, son, though you maybe won't believe it, I'm losin' my spring. An' look at Kwaque, Killeny, my boy. He's positively ailin'."

In truth, Kwaque, who never complained, was ailing fast. A swelling, slow and sensationless at first, under his right armpit, had become a mild and unceasing pain. No longer could he sleep a night through. Although he lay on his left side, never less than twice, and often three and four times, the hurt of the swelling woke him. Ah Moy, had he not long since been delivered back to China by the immigration authorities, could have told him the meaning of that swelling, just as he could have told Dag Daughtry the meaning of the increasing area of numbness between his eyes where the tiny vertical lion-lines were cutting more conspicuously. Also, could he have told him what was wrong with the little finger on his left hand. Daughtry had first diagnosed it as a sprain of a tendon. Later, he had decided it was chronic rheumatism brought on by the damp and foggy San Francisco climate. It was one of his reasons for desiring to get away again to sea, where the tropic sun would warm the rheumatics out of him.

As a steward, Daughtry had been accustomed to contact with men and women of the upper world. But, for the first time in his life, here in the underworld of San Francisco, in all equality he met such persons from above. Nay, more—they were eager to meet him. They sought him. They fawned upon him for an invitation to sit at his table and buy beer for him in whatever garish cabaret Michael was performing.

Among the host of acquaintances made in their cabaret life, two were destined, very immediately to play important parts in the lives of Daughtry and Michael. The first, a politician and a doctor, by name Emory—Walter Merritt Emory—was several times at Daughtry's table, where Michael sat with them on a chair, according to custom. Among other things, in gratitude for such kindness from Daughtry, Doctor Emory gave his office-card and begged for the privilege of treating free of charge either master or dog, should they ever become sick. In Daughtry's opinion, Doctor Walter Merritt Emory was a keen, clever man, undoubtedly able in his profession, but passionately selfish as a hungry tiger. As he told him, in the brutal candor he could afford under such changed conditions:

"Doc, you're a wonder. Anybody can see it with half an eye. What you want, you just go and get. Nothing'd stop you except—"

"Except what?"

"Oh, except that it was nailed down, or locked up, or had a policeman standing guard over it. I'd sure hate to have anything you wanted."

"Well, you have," Doctor Emory assured him, with a significant nod at Michael on the chair between them.

"Br-r-r!" Daughtry shivered. "You give me the creeps. If I thought you really meant it, San Francisco couldn't hold me two minutes." He meditated into his beer-glass a moment, then laughed with reassurance. "No man could get that dog away from me. You see, I'd kill the man first. I'd just up an' tell 'm, as I'm tellin' you now, I'd kill 'm first. An' he'd believe me, as you're believin' me now. You know I mean it. Why, that dog—"

In sheer inability to express the profundity of his emotion, Dag Daughtry broke off the sentence and drowned it in his beer-glass.

Of quite different type was the other person of destiny. Harry Del Mar, he called himself; and Harry Del Mar was the name that appeared on the programs when he was doing vaudeville time. Although Daughtry did not know it, because Del Mar was laying off for a vacation, the man did trained-animal turns for a living. He, too, bought drinks at Daughtry's table. Young, not over thirty, dark of complexion, with large, long-lashed brown eyes that he fondly believed were magnetic, cherubic of lip and feature, he belied all his appearance by talking business in direct business fashion.

"But you ain't got the money to buy 'm," Daughtry replied, when the other had increased his first offer of five hundred dollars for Michael to a thousand.

"I've got the thousand, if that's what you mean."

"No," Daughtry shook his head; "I mean he ain't for sale at any price. Besides, what do you want 'm for?"

"I like him," Del Mar answered. "Why do I come to this joint? Why does the crowd come here? Why do men buy wine, run horses, sport actresses, become priests or bookworms? Because they like to. That's the answer. Now, I like your dog. I want him. I want him a thousand dollars' worth. Now, that dog of your—"

"Don't like you," Dag Daughtry broke in. "Which is strange. He likes most everybody without fussin' about it. But he bristled at you from the first. No man'd want a dog that don't like him."

"Which isn't the question," Del Mar stated quietly. "I like him. As for him liking or not liking me, that's my lookout, and I guess I can attend to that all right."

It seemed to Daughtry that he glimpsed or sensed, under the other's unflinching cherubness of expression, a steelness of cruelty that was abysmal.

"There's an all-night bank," the other went on. "We can stroll over; I'll cash a check, and in half an hour the cash will be in your hand."

Daughtry shook his head.

"Even as a business proposition, nothin' doing," he said. "Look you: Here's the dog earnin' twenty dollars a night. Say he works twenty-five days in the month. That's five hundred a month, or six thousand a year. Now, say that's five per cent., because it's easier to count, it represents the interest on a capital-value of one hundred an' twenty thousand dollars. Then we'll suppose expenses an' salary for me is twenty thousand. That leaves the dog worth a hundred thousand. Just to be fair, cut it in half—a fifty-thousand, dog. And you're offerin' a thousand for him."

"I suppose you think he'll last forever, like so much land," Del Mar smiled quietly.

Daughtry saw the point instantly.

"Give'm five years of work—that's thirty thousand. Give'm one year of work—it's six thousand. An' you're offerin' me one thousand for six thousand. That ain't no kind of business—for—me 'n' him. Besides, when he can't work any more, an' ain't worth a cent, he'll be worth just a plumb million to me, an', if anybody offered it, I'd raise the price."

XIX

"I'll see you again," Harry Del Mar told Daughtry, at the end of his fourth conversation on the matter of Michael's sale. Wherein, Harry Del Mar was mistaken. He never saw Daughtry again, because Daughtry saw Doctor Emory first.

Kwaque's increasing restlessness at night, due to the swelling under his right armpit, had begun to wake Daughtry up. After several such experiences, he had investigated and decided that Kwaque was sufficiently sick to require a doctor. For which reason, one morning at eleven, taking Kwaque along, he called at Walter Merritt Emory's office.

"I think he's got cancer, Doc," Daughtry said, while Kwaque was pulling off his shirt and undershirt. "He never squealed, you know, never peeped. That's the way of blacks. I didn't find out till he got to wakin' me up nights with his tossin' about an' groanin' in his sleep. There! What d' you call it? Cancer or tumor—no two ways about it, eh?"

But the quick eye of Walter Merritt Emory had not missed, in passing, the twisted finger of Kwaque's left hand. Not only was his eye quick but it was a "leper-eye." A volunteer surgeon in the first days out in the Philippines, he had made a particular study of leprosy. From the twisted fingers, which was the anesthetic form, produced by nerve-disintegration, to the corrugated lion-forehead (again anesthetic), his eyes flashed to the swelling under the right armpit, and his brain diagnosed.

Just as swiftly flashed through his brain two thoughts—the first, the axiom: *Whenever and wherever you find a leper, look for the other leper*; the second, the desired Irish terrier, which was owned by Daughtry, with whom Kwaque had been long associated. And here all swiftness of eye-flashing ceased on the part of Walter Merritt Emory. Casually drawing his watch to see the time, he turned and addressed Daughtry.

"I should say his blood is out of order. He's run down. He's not used to the recent life he's been living, nor to the food. To make certain, I shall examine for cancer and tumor, although there's little chance of anything like that."

And, as he talked, with just a waver for a moment, his gaze lifted above Daughtry's eyes to the area of forehead just above and between the eyes. It was sufficient. His "leper-eye" had seen the "lion-mark" of the leper.

"You're run down yourself," he continued smoothly. "You're not up to snuff, I'll wager. Eh?"

"Can't say that I am," Daughtry agreed. "I guess I got to get back to the sea an' the tropics an' warm the rheumatics out o' me."

"Where?" queried Doctor Emory, almost absently, so well did he feign it.

Daughtry extended his left hand, with a

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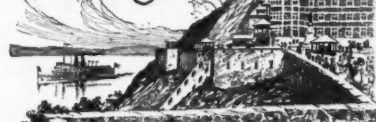
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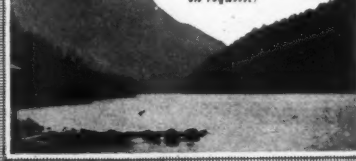
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little wiggle of the little finger advertising the seat of the affliction. Walter Merritt Emory saw, with a seeming careless look out from under careless-drooping eyelids, the little finger slightly swollen, slightly twisted, with a smooth, almost shiny silkiness of skin-texture. Again his eyes rested an instant on the lion-lines of Daughtry's brow.

"Rheumatism is still the great mystery," Doctor Emory said, returning to Daughtry as if deflected by the thought. "It's almost individual, there are so many varieties of it. Each man has a kind of his own. Any numbness?"

Daughtry laboriously wiggled his little finger.

"Yes, sir," he answered; "it ain't as lively as it used to be."

"Ah," Walter Merritt Emory murmured, with a vastitude of confidence and assurance. "Please sit down in that chair there. Maybe I won't be able to cure you, but I promise you I can direct you to the best place to live for what's the matter with you. Miss Judson!"

And while the trained-nurse-appareled young woman seated Dag Daughtry in the enameled surgeon's chair and leaned him back under direction, and while Doctor Emory dipped his finger-tips into the strongest antiseptic his office possessed, behind Doctor Emory's eyes, in the midst of his brain, burned the image of the desired Irish terrier.

"You've got rheumatism in more places than your little finger," he assured Daughtry. "There's a touch right here, I'll wager, on your forehead. One moment, please. Move if I hurt you. Otherwise, sit still, because I don't intend to hurt you. I merely want to see if my diagnosis is correct. There, that's it. Move when you feel anything. Rheumatism has strange freaks. Watch this, Miss Judson, and I'll wager this form of rheumatism is new to you. See! He does not resent. He thinks I have not begun yet—"

And as he talked steadily, interestingly, he was doing what Dag Daughtry never dreamed he was doing, and what made Kwaque, looking on, almost dream he was seeing because of the unrealness and impossibility of it. For, with a large needle, Doctor Emory was probing the dark spot in the midst of the vertical lion-lines. Nor did he merely probe the area. Thrusting into it from one side, under the skin and parallel to it, he buried the length of the needle from sight through the insensate infiltration. This Kwaque beheld with bulging eyes, for his master betrayed no tremor, wince, or quiver, or a sign that the thing was being done.

"Why don't you begin?" Dag Daughtry questioned impatiently. "Besides, my rheumatism don't count. It's the boy's swelling."

"You need a course of treatment," Doctor Emory assured him. "Rheumatism is a tough proposition. It should never be let grow chronic. I'll fix up a course of treatment for you. Now, if you'll get out of the chair, we'll look at your black servant."

But first, before Kwaque was leaned back, Doctor Emory threw over the chair a sheet that smelled of having been roasted almost to the scorching-point. As he was about to examine Kwaque, he looked with a slight start of recollection at his watch. When he saw the time, he

started more and turned a reproachful face upon his assistant.

"Miss Judson," he said, coldly emphatic, "you have failed me. Here it is twenty before twelve, and you know I was to confer with Doctor Hadley over that case at eleven-thirty sharp. How he must be cursing me! You know how peevish he is."

Miss Judson nodded, with a perfect expression of contrition and humility, as if she knew all about it, although, in reality, she knew only all about her employer and had never heard till that moment of his engagement at eleven-thirty.

"Doctor Hadley's just across the hall," Doctor Emory explained to Daughtry. "I'll return inside of five minutes," he called back, as the door to the hall was closing upon him. "Miss Judson, please tell those people in the reception-room to be patient."

He did enter Doctor Hadley's office, although no one awaited him. Instead, he used the telephone for two calls—one to the president of the Board of Health, the other to the chief of police. Fortunately, he caught both at their offices, addressing them familiarly by their first names and talking to them most emphatically and confidentially.

Back in his own quarters, he was patently elated. He lighted a big Havana and continued audibly to luxuriate in a fictitious triumph over the other doctor. As he talked, he forgot to smoke, and, leaning quite casually against the chair, with arrant carelessness allowed the live coal at the end of his cigar to rest against the tip of one of Kwaque's twisted fingers. A privy wink to Miss Judson, who was the only one who observed his action, warned her against anything that might happen. Fire and flesh pressed together, and a tiny spiral of smoke began to arise from Kwaque's finger-end that was different in color from the smoke of a cigar-end.

And while he talked on, holding Daughtry's eyes, a smell of roast meat began to pervade the air. Doctor Emory smelled it eagerly. So did Miss Judson smell it, but she had been warned and gave no notice. Nor did she look at the juxtaposition of cigar and finger, although she knew by the evidence of her nose that it still obtained.

"What's burnin'?" Daughtry demanded suddenly, sniffing the air and glancing around.

"Pretty rotten cigar," Doctor Emory observed, having removed it from contact with Kwaque's finger and now examining it with critical disapproval. He held it close to his nose, then tossed it into a cuspidor; while Kwaque, leaning back in the queerest chair in which he had ever sat, was unaware that the end of his finger had been burned and roasted half an inch deep.

And for the first time in his life, and for the ultimate time, Dag Daughtry fell down. It was an irretrievable fall-down. Life, in its freedom of come and go, by heaving sea and reeling deck, through the home of the trade-winds, back and forth between the ports, ceased there for him in Walter Merritt Emory's office.

Doctor Emory continued to talk, and tried a fresh cigar, and, despite the fact that his reception-room was overflowing, delivered not merely a long but a live and interesting dissertation on the subject of cigars and of the tobacco lead and filler as

grown and prepared for cigars in the tobacco-favored regions of the earth.

"Now, as regards this swelling," he was saying, as he began a belated and distant examination of Kwaque's affliction, "I should say, at a glance, that it is neither tumor nor cancer, nor is it even a boil. I should say—"

A knock at the private door into the hall made him straighten up with an eagerness that he did not attempt to mask. A nod to Miss Judson sent her to open the door, and entered two policemen, a police sergeant, and a professionally whiskered person in a business suit, with a carnation in his buttonhole.

"Good morning, Doctor Masters," Emory greeted the professional one, and, to the others: "Howdy, Sergeant! Hello, Tim! Hello, Johnson; when did they shift you off the Chinatown squad?" And then, continuing his suspended sentence, Walter Merritt Emory held on, looking intently at Kwaque's swelling, "I should say, as I was saying, that it is the finest ulcer of the Bacillus lepræ order that any San Francisco doctor has had the honor of presenting to the Board of Health."

"Leprosy!" exclaimed Doctor Masters.

And all started at his pronouncement of the word. The sergeant and the two policemen shied away from Kwaque; Miss Judson, with a smothered cry, clapped her two hands over her heart, and Dag Daughtry, shocked but skeptical, demanded,

"What are you givin' us, Doc?"

"Stand still! Don't move!" Walter Merritt Emory said peremptorily to Daughtry. "I want you to take notice," he added to the others, as he gently touched the live end of his fresh cigar to the area of dark skin above and between the steward's eyes. "Don't move!" he commanded Daughtry. "Wait a moment! I am not ready yet."

And while Daughtry waited, perplexed, confused, wondering why Doctor Emory did not proceed, the coal of fire burned his skin and flesh till the smoke of it was apparent to all, as was the smell of it. With a sharp laugh of triumph, Doctor Emory stepped back.

"Well, go ahead with what you was goin' to do," Daughtry grumbled, the rush of events too swift and too hidden for him to comprehend. "An' when you're done with that, I just want you to explain what you said about leprosy an' that black boy there. He's my boy, an' you can't pull anything like that off on him—or me."

"Gentlemen, you have seen," Doctor Emory said, "two undoubted cases of it, master and man, the man more advanced, with the combination of both forms, the master with only the anesthetic form—he has a touch of it, too, on his little finger. Take them away. I strongly advise, Doctor Masters, a thorough fumigation of the ambulance afterward."

"Look here—" Dag Daughtry began belligerently.

Doctor Emory glanced warningly to Doctor Masters, and Doctor Masters glanced authoritatively at the sergeant, who glanced commandingly at his two policemen. But they did not spring upon Daughtry. Instead, they backed farther away, drew their clubs, and glared intimidatingly at him. More convincing than anything else to Daughtry was the conduct of the policemen. They were manifestly afraid of contact with him. As he started

forward, they poked the ends of their extended clubs toward his ribs toward him off.

"Don't you come any closer," one warned him, flourishing his club with the advertisement of braining him. "You stay right where you are until you get your orders."

"Put on your shirt and stand over there alongside your master," Doctor Emory commanded Kwaque, having suddenly elevated the chair and spilled him out on his feet on the floor.

"But what under the sun—" Daughtry began, but was ignored by his quondam friend, who was saying to Doctor Masters:

"The pest-house has been vacant since that Japanese died. I know the gang of cowards in your department, so I'd advise you to give the dope to these here, so that they can disinfect the premises when they go in."

"For the love of Mike!" Daughtry pleaded, all belligerence gone from him in his state of stunned conviction that the dread disease possessed him. He touched his finger to his sensationless forehead, then smelled it, and recognized the burned flesh he had not felt burning. "For the love of Mike, don't be in such a rush! If I've got it, I've got it. But that ain't no reason we can't deal with each other like white men. Give me two hours, an' I'll get outa the city. An' in twenty-four I'll be outa the country. I'll take ship—"

"And continue to be a menace to the public health wherever you are," Doctor Masters broke in, already visioning a column in the evening papers, with scare-heads, in which he would appear the hero, the St. George of San Francisco, standing with poised lance between the people and the dragon of leprosy.

"Take them away," said Walter Merritt Emory, avoiding looking Daughtry in the eyes.

"Ready! March!" commanded the sergeant.

The two policemen advanced on Daughtry and Kwaque with extended clubs.

"Keep away, an' keep movin'!" one of the policemen growled fiercely. "An' do what we say, or get your head cracked. Out you go now! Better tell that coon to stick right alongside you."

"Doc, won't you let me talk a moment," Daughtry begged of Emory.

"The time for talking is past," was the reply. "This is the time for segregation. Doctor Masters, don't forget that ambulance when you're quit of the load."

So the procession, led by the Board of Health doctor and the sergeant, and brought up in the rear by the policemen with their protectively extended clubs, started through the doorway.

Whirling about on the threshold, at the imminent risk of having his skull cracked, Dag Daughtry called back:

"Doc! My dog! You know 'm."

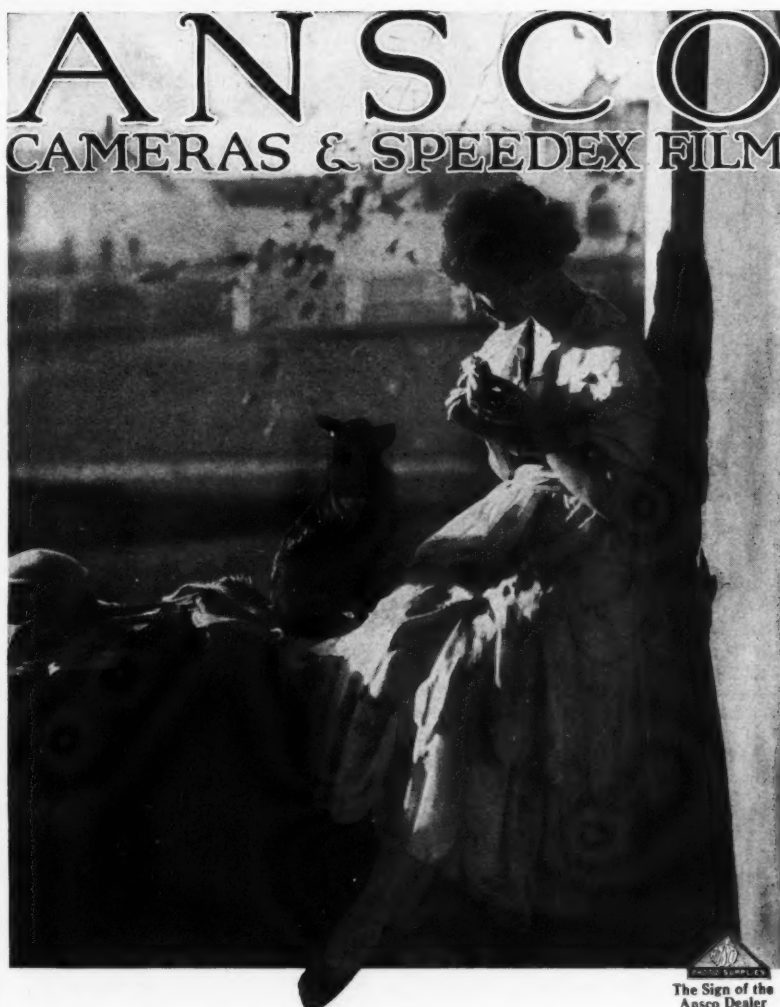
"I'll get him for you," Doctor Emory consented. "What's the address?"

"Room eight-seven, Clay Street, the Bowhead Lodging House; you know the place, entrance just round the corner from the Bowhead Saloon. Have 'm sent out to me wherever they put me—will you?"

"Certainly I will," said Doctor Emory, "and you've got a cockatoo, too?"

"You bet—Cocky! Send 'm both along, please, sir."

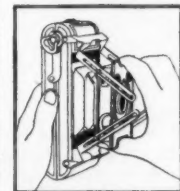
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